August 27, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Chartreuse Pajamas

A love story by Geo

Aug. 27, 1932

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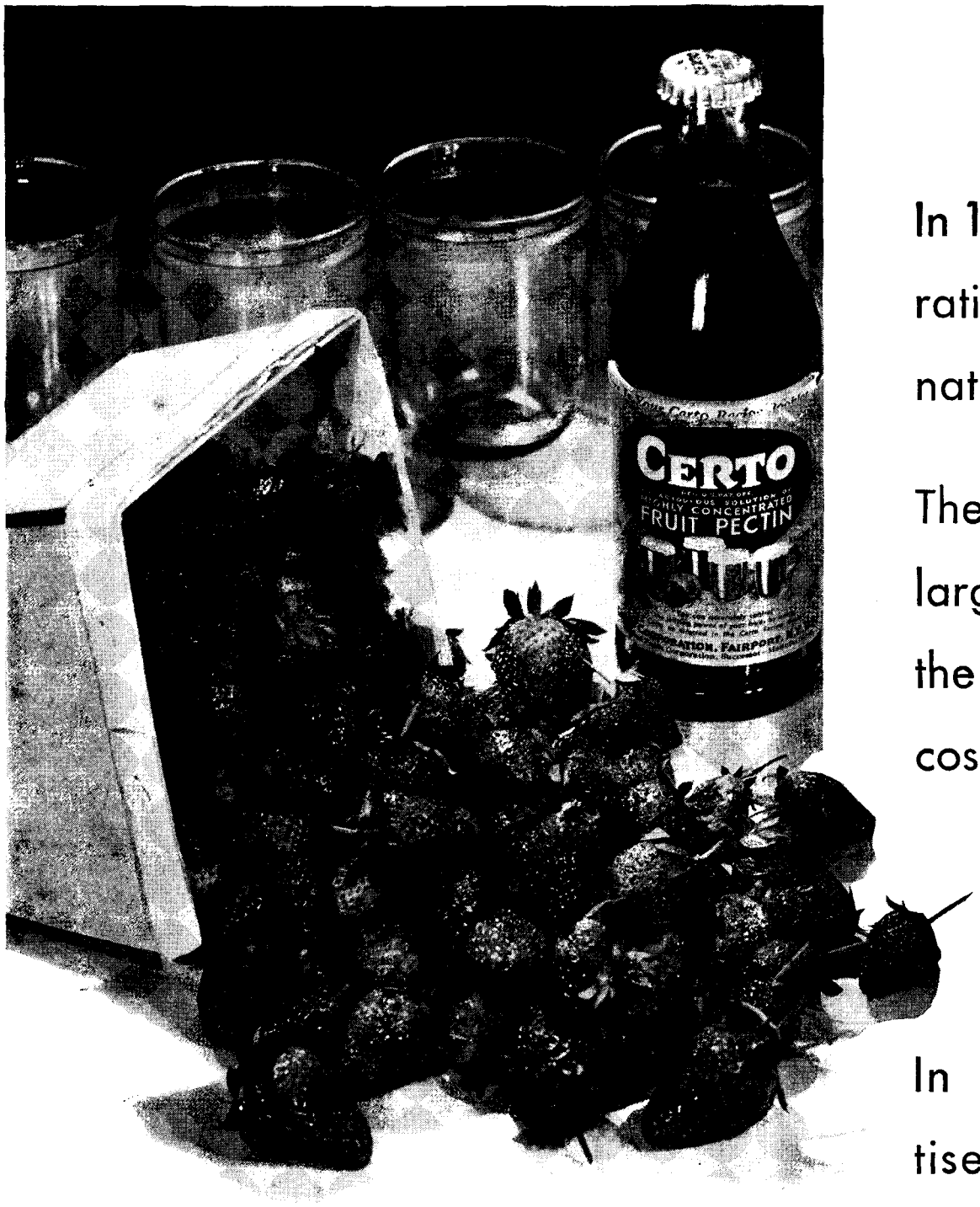

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MILLY BROWNE was divinely fair and most divinely tall and she didn't like it. At least she didn't like the tall part of it. She cherished a secret longing to be called "little darling" or "little angel" or maybe even "little devil." But nobody ever did—except as a joke. It was all very irritating.

It became more than irritating when Milly's heart was broken. Just try to look pathetic when you are nearly six feet tall.

Hank Adams, the only man Milly had ever loved, was playing around with Florence Fleming. Florence was married and "married women have such an advantage." Have they, indeed? Hank didn't think so when Milly went into action. He said, "You little devil!"

In a gay and delightful story Lucian Cary tells you why "They Couldn't Be Friends."

THERE was a little flurry in the Senate last spring when the big tax bill was being passed. Senators said hard things to one another and there was a lot of whispering in the Senate cloakroom. As a result the bill emerged with a very curious adornment—a tariff item.

It looked—and was—out of place. But certain veteran senators were very keen about keeping it in the bill—foremost among them Smoot and Watson, who will run for reelection next fall. William G. Shepherd gives you a picture of the complexities of our political machinery in "Save Smoot and Watson!"

WHEN Leslie Thomas Kent ordered five thousand motors for the Frost-Air Refrigerator Company he was exceeding his authority. He was doing something scandalous and unprecedented. No one would have approved his action except Miss Linda Johnston, who was in danger of losing her job because of it. But that was enough reward for Les, though he got more, as Frederick Hazlitt Brennan tells you in "Hello, Opportunity!"

JANICE BLAIR played the good Samaritan—once. It was on the road to Jericho, Long Island, and the wounded man was a victim of the rackets. That one kind act almost ruined Janice Blair. Not quite. In an exciting story about the problems of the modern world Elmer Davis tells you what Janice learned on "The Road to Jericho."

HENRY F. PRINGLE gives you a picture of the career and personality of Jimmy Cagney, "Tough—by Request." Don Marquis, John B. Kennedy, Kenneth Gilbert and Ann Morse add to the gayety. "Wife for Sale" and "The Frightened Lady" carry you forward to new adventures. You can see for yourself—

This Week

August 27, 1932

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Any Week

"CONDITIONS here?" says Mr. Ellis Gemming of Sacramento, California. "Oh, we're leading the way as usual. A few days ago we convicted seven doctors of fraud. Making false certificates for veterans seeking compensation for things that weren't the matter with them. They got about twenty more on the spot, too. Sure, we're making progress."

AT TENINO, Washington, four overalled gentlemen greeted the train with a series of vociferous hurrahs for Franklin D. Roosevelt. We wanted to know why, inasmuch as Governor Roosevelt wasn't present and there was no formal political rally in progress.

"I dunno," replied a citizen sitting on a baggage truck. "Maybe it's because they ain't got nothing else to do. A feller's got to do something."

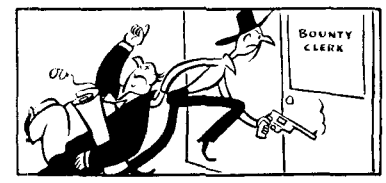
MR. LARS OLSEN (of all people) of St. Paul, Minnesota, asked us why there were so many mules in Kansas and so many Swedes in his home state.

"I don't know, either," said he, "but down in Kansas they'll tell you it's because they had first choice."

"THE way I see it," explains Mr. Luther Bannock of Ardmore, Oklahoma, "is that the candidate who offends the ears the least is going to get elected. The folks are awfully tired of campaign speeches. Down where I live a man walked into the sheriff's office and said he had come to give himself up. The sheriff wanted to know what for. The man explained that he was over at the lodge hall where a candidate for the legislature spoke for an hour and then spoke for another hour.

"'And then,' said the man, 'I just up and shot him dead.'

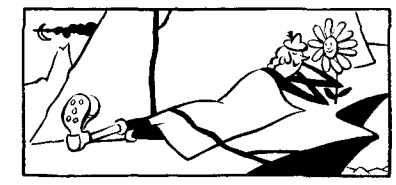
"'Wrong office,' snapped the sheriff. 'The bounty clerk is on the next floor.'"



IF YOU want to know what idiots we are, just roam through the vast agricultural areas. And then spend a day or so in the towns and cities. You behold millions of bushels of grain that will lie where it is reaped because the markets are glutted. And thousands of tons of fruit that will rot on the ground because we're all scared of something. And then, in the cities, you are informed that families are hungry.

IN THE beauty of Tulare County, California, we saw a group of the Alpine Club setting forth for a month's walking tour in the High Sierras. We asked a woman hiker about their camp facilities—whether they were really roughing it or spending their nights in comfortable cabins and camps erected for just such convenience. Not a word out of her. Instead she smiled sweetly and handed us a card on which we read:

> Twilight upon my path,
> And for mine inn tonight,
> The shadow of a tree;
> And for mine host,
> A flower.



WE'VE always wanted to own either an island or a mountain. We mentioned this craving in an unguarded moment while our ship was plowing up Puget Sound to Vancouver. Across the wind-whipped water lay an archipelago over which the sea was hurling clouds of spray and the gulls weaving a gray aureole.

"Three thousand dollars and take your pick," said my neighbor briskly. "Glad to show you a bunch."

Into our hand he thrust his business card. Just an earnest realtor on a week-end holiday.

"ALL this nonsense about California being jealous of Florida must stop," storms Mr. Surrat Myers of La Jolla. "Why should we be jealous of Florida? Why, this state's packed with folks from Florida who were told by their doctors back East that they couldn't possibly live more than six months. Most of them have been here twenty years."

WE ARRIVED at the gate of Olympic Village where the world's best athletes were quartered during the games. Astonishing place. Just ahead of us was a gushing lady who inquired sweetly whether this was where all "those beautiful Greek gods" were.

"Lady," said the guard, "I don't know about them all being Greeks but if they're gods then I went to the wrong Sunday school."

"COLLIER'S, hey?" from Mr. Henry Cord of Payette, Idaho. "I've been reading it twenty years and have sent more than five hundred letters to the editor, some complaining and some approving, and I got copies of all of them. Want to look them over?"

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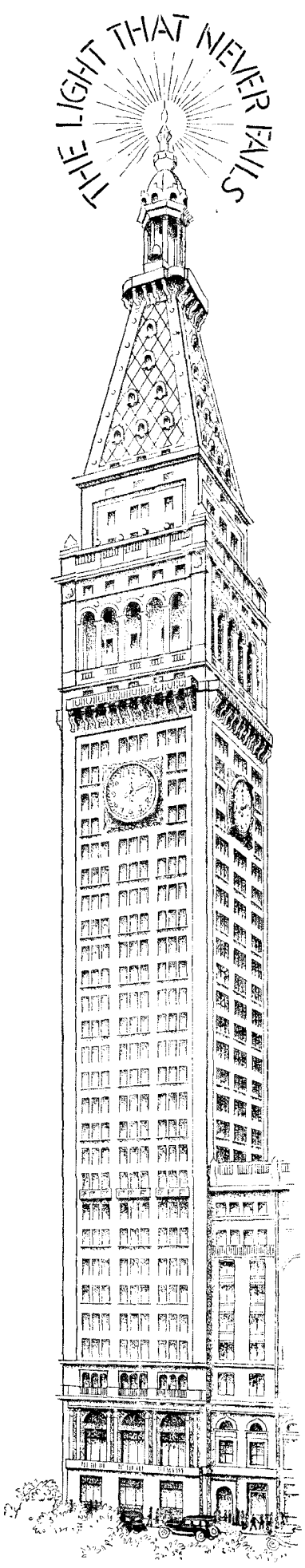
Get Readjusted



THE MEN who made the United States the richest country in the world did not go about wringing their hands and quaking in their boots. They worked—whether the going was easy or whether it was hard.

For nearly three years too many men, who themselves have had plenty to eat and to drink, good beds to sleep in and comfortable homes, have spent hours and hours predicting hard luck and disaster.

Last spring such men were saying that the United States appeared to be headed for bankruptcy. Since then the Government has begun to cut its expenses and increase its income. It is resolutely facing its difficulties. There is no reason for anyone to fear that the nation may fail in its obligations, or collapse.

The man who is saturated with gloom spreads it. When he loses his sane, clear-eyed viewpoint he may seek sympathy, but what he really needs is to be shaken out of an unhealthy frame of mind.

And the man who hoards not only robs his family but fails to do his share in promoting normal business and employment of workers. He aggravates the condition which he deplores.

Some men need jobs—need them badly. They must be helped. But more men need to get readjusted to conditions as they exist. These men may need to readjust their mode of living or their way of thinking.

Worries fester and grow in the dark. They shrivel and vanish in the light. There are times in every man's life—whether he be strong or weak, brave or cowardly—when he needs the counsel of someone who is unafraid. And there are many who know that our country has battled through difficult periods and has always emerged stronger than before.

Get readjusted.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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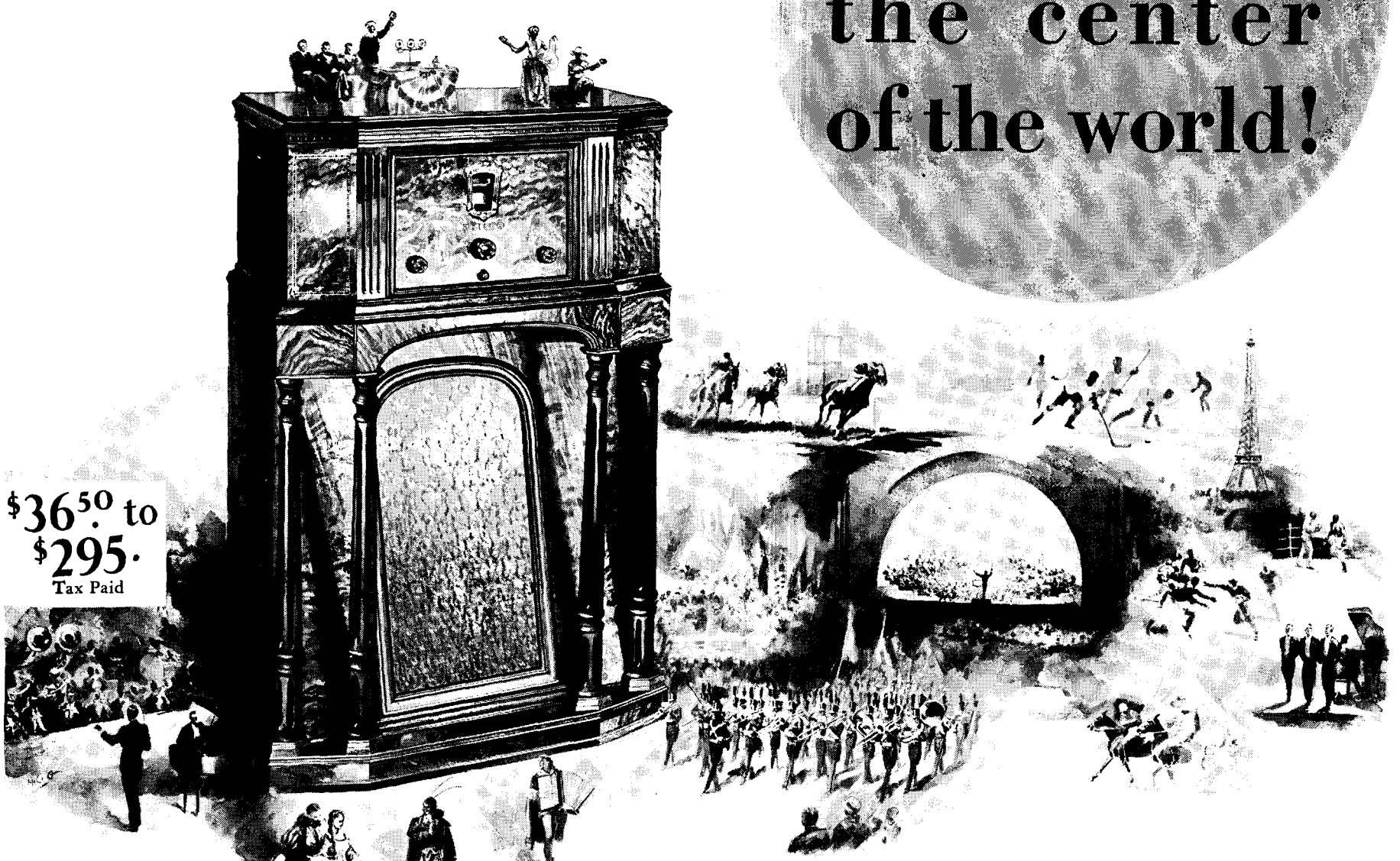

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A nearby dealer will be happy to show and demonstrate PHILCO, the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument. See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

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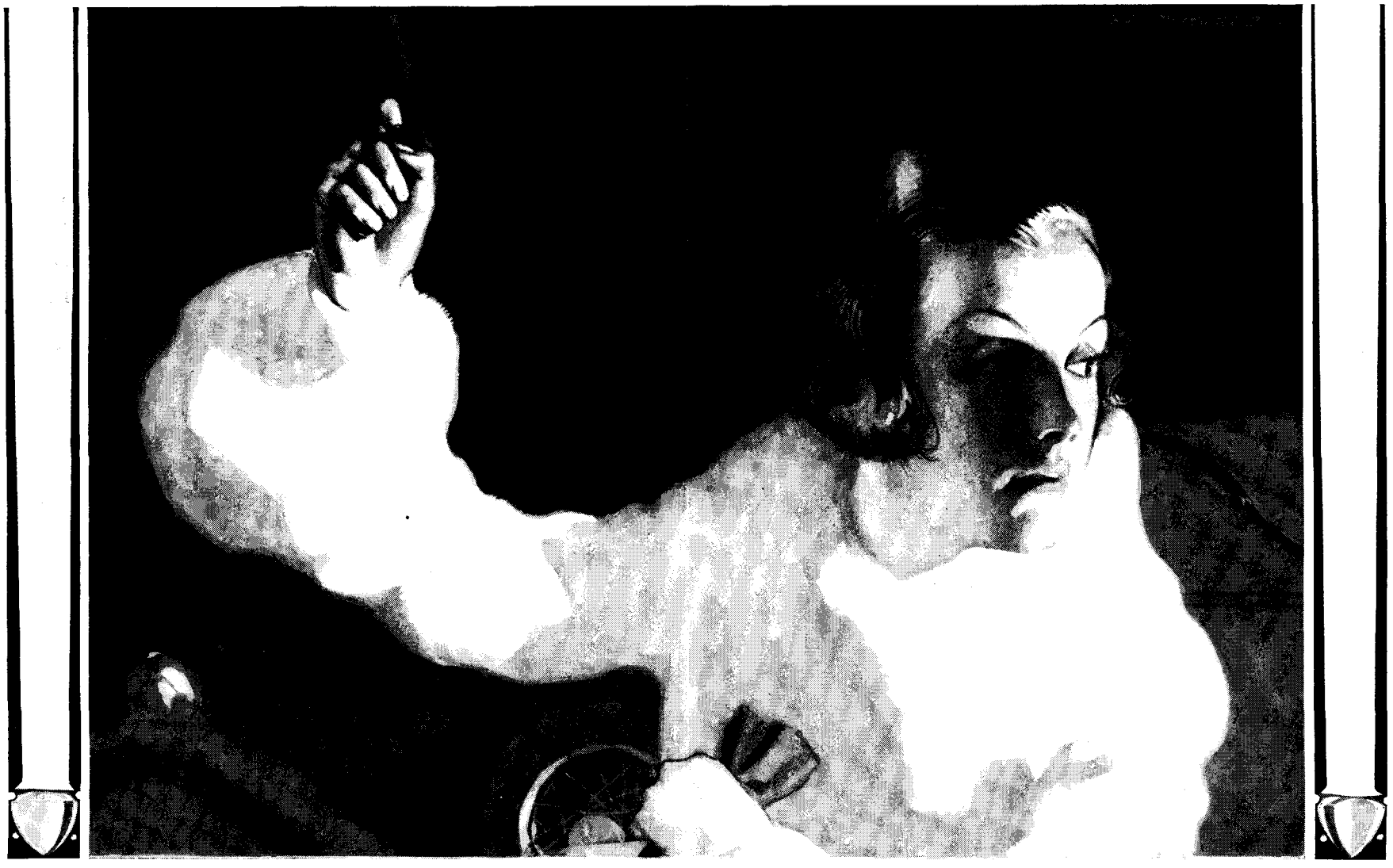

A girl in shining white was directly in her path

The Chartreuse Pajamas

She put a small blue pistol in her purse. She snatched an ermine wrap from a hanger. She scribbled a note and went out. The pajamas don't appear till later

By George F. Worts

A GIRL with burglary in her heart was climbing the fire escape at the rear of an apartment house on Sunset Boulevard. A light at the top of the fire escape, left burning solely to discourage her kind, threw a crazy cubistic pattern of shadow on the cement courtyard below. The girl passed open windows beyond which law-abiding citizens doubtless slept. She went up and up. Light from a window in the adjoining apartment house showed her face white, her eyes glittering, her hands shaking. She was slim. She was young. The light showed little else.

The girl reached a grilled landing and paused. In her panic she had lost count of the floors she had climbed. She grasped the iron rail, leaned out and counted. One—two—three—four. One more! Something brushed her ankle. She stifled a scream. A blue Persian cat said, amiably, *"Thr-r't!"* The girl whispered huskily, "Ah! Nice kitty!" and climbed.

The next landing presented four dark windows. The girl tried one. Closed and locked. She tried the next. Also locked. The third was open an inch. She lifted it. She stepped over the sill and closed the window. With a madly thumping heart she went systematically about, pulling down shades and turning on lights.

It was a luxurious apartment, furnished with rich, heavy things. There was not a book in sight. But the girl had not come here to borrow a book. She was looking for a pair of chartreuse pajamas and a calling card.

There was a large living-room, a bedroom, a dining-room, a bathroom, a kitchen and a breakfast nook. She searched them all. She looked under furniture. She looked up the fireplace. She looked under rugs. She looked in closets, in drawers, in a desk. She overlooked no possible hiding place for a pair of chartreuse pajamas and a calling card. She was presently convinced that the chartreuse pajamas were not in this apartment.

HAVING satisfied herself, she put each room in order, leaving it as she had found it. She turned out the lights, raised the shades to their previous levels, and let herself out the front door. There was no longer need for stealth.

The elevator was automatic. The frustrated lady burglar pushed the proper buttons and presently issued into the street. The taxicab she had chartered was waiting at the corner. She got into it and gave the driver a Hollywood Boulevard address. On reaching it, she again told the driver to wait. It was a palatial apartment house. She went to the twelfth floor and let herself into apartment 12-C with a key. It was a large, airy apartment, done in sea-green.

SHE tiptoed down the hall to a bedroom, turned on the lights and quickly undressed. She took everything off. From a closet she selected, after some deliberation, a white satin gown. She quickly assembled white satin slippers, sheer white silk stockings, step-ins, a slip, a brassière. Flying nakedly about the room, she was an excited nymph. She dashed into the bathroom, bathed, and, dashing back, got into her clothes. Her hair would have to do. Dressed, she preened for just a moment before a pier glass. There was sparkling excitement in her eyes and the color of it in her slender, lovely face. Her slim lips were as red as red peppers.

She removed a small blue automatic pistol from the dressing-table drawer and put it into her purse. She snatched an ermine wrap from a hanger. She paused just long enough to scribble a note, which she left on the dressing table.

Returning to the taxicab, she gave the driver an address in Beverly Hills. It was a large, sprawling white house, done in the modern Spanish manner—acres of burnt-orange tile roofs and acres, vertical acres, of white stucco. Light blazed from windows. But a number of cars were leaving the parking compound. The party was almost over.

The adventuress looked for, and presently found, a long maroon roadster. She glanced at the license plate and was so relieved that she whimpered. There were people sitting in near-by cars. The girl paid no attention to them. She got into the roadster and lifted the lid of the little compartment behind the seat. It was full of maps. She was sure the chartreuse pajamas were in here.

A man was walking toward the roadster. He was a pudgy, putty-faced man. His dinner clothes sat him perfectly. He had a toy black mustache. The girl had never met him, but she recognized him. He had been pointed out to her. Wrath boiled in her. She was too late.

She was innocently relaxed in the seat when he reached the door. She put everything she had into the smile she gave him: lure, mystery, invitation, with just the proper leavening of demureness.

"ISN'T it a dull party!" she exclaimed.

"Deadly," he said.

She pretended sudden, pretty alarm "Gracious! Is this your car? I'm s sorry. I came out for a breath of air

"Don't move," he said. "You're t nicest thing that's happened to me night. You look just the way I

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I feel reckless. Let's do something."

"I'll tell you what let's do," the girl said, with an excited air, as if it were an inspiration. "Let's steal some ham and eggs out of the icebox and drive out to the desert for breakfast!"

The toy mustache twitched. Little dark eyes half closed and opened wide.

"There," he exclaimed, "is a pious idea!"

"I'll wait here," the girl said. "You run into the house and raid the icebox."

He opened the door and reached for her hand. "Oh, no," he said craftily. "I might lose you. Come on! We'll both raid the icebox."

IT WAS fifteen minutes past midnight and Professor Daniel Gayle was in the act of committing a crime. Professor Daniel Gayle was twenty-seven years old and a member of the faculty of a large California university. His freedom and his reputation were at stake. His mind, trained to deal with problems of human behavior coolly and scientifically, was busy with cool, scientific reflections.

"The surest way to avoid police scrutiny is to appear perfectly commonplace."

It was as if he were frowning through his black shell-rimmed spectacles as he addressed a roomful of bright young faces.

"The driver of a car who wishes to elude investigation should drive neither too fast nor too slow. He must resist the primitive instinct to escape at top speed. He must put down the temptation of announcing an aspect of innocence by driving at a crawl. No car on innocent business travels at a crawl. Atavistic impulses, civilized inhibitions must all be subordinated to the dictates of shrewd reason if police apprehension is to be averted."

Professor Gayle was shrewdly driving his car at a speed just five miles in excess of the legal limit. His left elbow was shrewdly hanging in a devil-may-care attitude out the opened window beside him.

Professor Gayle was transporting six cases of pre-war champagne from a Los Angeles toy factory to his grandmother in Newhall on the occasion of her ninetieth birthday. The six cases were stowed in a large square sample trunk strapped to the trunk-rack of the professor's tan Le Farge sedan. The trunk was very conspicuous, but there had not been time to stow the champagne in the tonneau. Professor Gayle had purchased the champagne from his friend Tony Lorber, who owned a toy factory and had had to sell off some of the contents of the family cellar to meet a business emergency. Professor Gayle, anxious over the illegality of the transaction, had insisted on taking the champagne from the toy-factory warehouse after midnight. He had backed his car against the loading platform of the warehouse. The trunk had been hastily strapped on. And he had driven away.

It brought Professor Gayle closer to adventure than he had been in his entire twenty-seven years. He had always been, until tonight, a law-abiding, exceedingly respectable young man, a young man of stout moral fiber and exemplary behavior.

HAVING studied crime in the laboratory and being familiar with the works of Gross, Lombroso and Bertillon, Professor Gayle knew something not only of the average criminal mentality but of the average police mentality as well. Hence the soundness and clarity of his reflections.

And having joined the ranks of the lawless, he was enjoying the sensation of observing his own reactions, as if he were a frog, say, or a guinea pig. He found that he was slightly less frightened than stimulated. His pulse rate, he estimated, was approximately ten beats above normal. His cardio-vascular reactions were really splendid. And there was in his nervous system a certain exhilaration, a certain—yes, a certain champagne-like exhilaration for which, unfortunately, no measuring instrument has yet been devised. The title for a monograph which might well be the fruits of tonight's lawless adventure sprang into his mind: Psychopathological Observations in Criminal Pseudo-Experimentation." Terse and explicative. In fact, rather neat.

He gave his cerebral ganglia freer rein. He was a law-breaker! He was one tonight with bandits and burglars, murderers and marauders! He found that he actually enjoyed this guilty thrill and made a note of it. He turned on his dashboard radio receiver which he always kept tuned on station KGPL. Station KGPL is the Los Angeles police radio broadcasting station, directing the activities of upwards of two hundred radio-equipped police cars. To Professor Gayle, this was a wonderful criminal laboratory. All the crime in a great city at his finger tips! Hold-ups, fights, prowlers, burglaries, Peeping Toms, suicides, killings—the whole parade of crime, crimson and appalling and fascinating, marching before him!

The low hissing of KGPL's carrier wave suddenly issued from the dashboard and a calm, friendly voice said: "Calling car one twenty-one. Calling car one two one. At thirteen O six North Vine. At the Balboa Arms. Thirteen zero six North Vine. The Balboa Arms. See the woman about a pistol shot."

There was a pause. Professor Gayle was thrilled. What tragedy of love or hate was being enacted at the Balboa Arms?

"Calling all cars. Attention all cars. To broadcast fifty-seven. Information wanted on a weather-beaten black Stinson touring car containing three men wearing caps. This may be a stolen car. It was last seen at eleven-forty going west on Santa Monica Boulevard. License unknown."

Listening to the repeat, Professor Gayle glanced at his speedometer. He had inadvertently slowed to fifteen miles an hour. He had been wondering how it would feel to be driving that stolen Stinson touring car!

A WEATHER-BEATEN black Stinson touring car turned into an alley in San Fernando, twenty miles away, and three young men climbed out. Stealthily, with caps pulled over their eyes, they slunk along El Camino Real to a pair of spacious plate-glass windows separated by a doorway. The windows displayed watches, table silver and similar merchandise. Letters of gold leaf discreetly proclaimed the proprietorship of Julius M. Vitter.

In the service patio of the Balboa Arms, at 1306 North Vine, a man wearing a blue suit and a dark felt hat was hurriedly strapping a large square trunk to the trunk rack on the back of a tan Le Farge sedan. The trunk contained the body of a dead man.

Professor Daniel Gayle began to climb the winding road of Cahuenga Pass. The calm, almost amiable voice of the police broadcaster said: "Calling all cars. Attention all cars. To broadcast sixty-two. A missing person. Lester Crane. From the Balboa Arms. Thirteen O six North Vine. One three zero six North Vine. The Balboa Arms. Described as an American. Thirty-two years. Five feet nine inches. One hundred and fifty pounds. Smooth shaven. This man may have been killed or wounded or he may be carrying a gun. Blood was found on the floor of his apartment. But he is not there. Calling sheriff's car number three. In San Fernando on Camino Real. The Julius Vitter jewelry store. Investigate a burglar alarm that is ringing."

A taste like electricity was being discharged by Professor Gayle's teeth. San Fernando was only fifteen miles from here!

A long maroon roadster came to a

"We've come for Miss Spengler's card. If you don't want to get beaten to a pulp, you'll hand it over"

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Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

velvety stop beneath a eucalyptus tree beyond Burbank.

A girl's voice exclaimed, "This doesn't look like the desert!"

"It's just as private," a man's voice said. "I'm afraid we'll have to stop for a while."

The headlights went out.

"Be careful!" the girl's voice cried. "You'll break the eggs!"

Professor Gayle passed a long, low roadster parked under a eucalyptus tree. Its lights were out. It might be a police car ready to pounce! . . . A white apparition leaped from the side of the road into his headlights. A girl in shining white. She was directly in his path. He could see her eyes across his radiator cap racing toward him. She carried a large brown paper bag in one hand, gingerly, by the throat, as if it might, perhaps, contain a bomb. With her other hand she flourished a small, blue automatic pistol.

Professor Gayle savagely twisted the wheel and jammed on the brakes. The girl leaped on the running board. She jerked open the door. The professor's forehead and the small of his back were prickling.

The girl slipped into the seat beside him and slammed the door.

"Hurry!" she cried. The pistol prodded him in the ribs. "Step on it!"

Professor Gayle, with the pistol against his side, shifted to second, to third, and pushed the accelerator pedal to the floorboards. They passed a filling station. For the next mile the road was deserted.

"Turn into this road," the girl said. "Quick!"

Professor Gayle turned into the road.

"Stop here!"

He stopped.

"He can't follow," the girl said. "I snatched his ignition key on my way out. Turn on your dash light."

The professor turned on his dash light.

"Stay just where you are," the girl bandit said. "Keep your hands on the wheel. Don't move."

PROFESSOR GAYLE did not move. He kept his hands on the wheel. But out of the tail of his eye he watched the girl. She didn't look like a bandit. She was beautiful. She looked well-bred.

She removed a gray paper package about a foot long from the brown bag and placed the bag on the floor of the tonneau. She tore off the gray paper. Professor Gayle caught a glimpse of shimmering silk of an unripe lemon color. Chartreuse. A roll of chartreuse chiffon. No. Not a roll. Some kind of garment.

The girl was making little sounds, as of greedy satisfaction. "Ah!" she said. "Mm'm'm." Then she carefully shook out the garment. She looked on the floor. She looked in her lap. She had forgotten the pistol. So had Professor Gayle.

"Oh!" she wailed. "It isn't here! He has it somewhere else—the beast!"

Professor Gayle's heart was thumping violently. He was trembling.

"Is something missing?" he said.

"A calling card!" she cried. "It went with these pajamas. Without the card, they're worthless!"

Eyes swimming with tears appealed to him.

"Will you help me? You've got to help me. Listen. I came west to be the maid of honor at my very best friend's wedding. The wedding's day after tomorrow. It's Marjorie Spengler."

Professor Gayle knew about Marjorie Spengler. She was the daughter of the late Jake Spengler, the oil king. He had read in the papers that Miss Spengler was betrothed to Courtney Aylward.

"This man—this fellow—this beast," the beautiful bandit was saying, "this Jim Hewling, is trying to blackmail Marjorie. At a house party a few weeks ago, he stole these pajamas from her. Marge was frightened when she found her pajamas gone and she sent her card to her hostess with a note scribbled on the back of it saying, 'Come to my room after everybody's gone to bed.' And this blackmailer, this Jim Hewling, got hold of that card. And he's been blackmailing Marge ever since.

"Today he threatened to take the pajamas and the card to her fiancé unless she paid him some terrific sum. I broke into his apartment tonight looking for the pajamas and the card; then I went to a party where I knew he'd be, thinking the pajamas and the card would be in his car. I inveigled him into driving to the desert for breakfast. He parked back there under that tree. I got this package and snatched his ignition key. But now," she wailed, "I'm no better off than before. The card without the pajamas is just as damaging as the card with the pajamas! What shall I do?"

"THE snake!" Professor Gayle said venomously. The sensation he had enjoyed in the thickly-policed area of Hollywood and Los Angeles was burning feverishly. "Look here," said Professor Gayle. "We'll get that card. Is that gun loaded?"

"No! What will we do?"

"We'll get that card," the professor said grimly. "We'll—"

The voice of the police broadcaster interrupted and caused the girl to utter a squeak of alarm:

"Calling all cars. Attention all cars. To broadcast sixty-five. On El Camino Real. Just north of Burbank. A hold-up. By one bandit. A white female. Name unknown. Twenty-one years. Five feet two inches. Curly brown hair. Dark eyes. Wearing a white satin gown and an ermine wrap. This woman stole a wallet from a man in a parked car. She is carrying a small blue automatic. Stand by."

The girl cried, "Oh! The coward! But I'll fix that." And she climbed into the back seat with the chartreuse pajamas.

"I'll fix him," Professor Gayle said grimly.

"Don't look," the girl said.

There were whisperings of silk, sighs and gasps of excitement. The professor kept his eyes fixed on the dashboard.

The broadcast continued: "This woman boarded a passing tan Le Farge sedan, with a license in the four column. Nine X like in X-ray six four four three. Nine X-ray six four four three. There is a large trunk on behind. This car was heading north. It may be stolen. It was driven by a man wearing a dark felt hat. He may be armed, too. Careful, boys."

"The rat!" Professor Gayle exploded. "Why! In all my life—"

The girl climbed over the seat. If she had been lovely in white satin, she was lovelier still in the floating gossamer folds of chartreuse.

"Where does this scoundrel live?" the professor said excitedly.

Mrs. Jocelyn Carlyle, wrapped in a beige dressing gown, clip-clopped in beige mules down the hall to her niece's room and peeked in. The lights were on. The bed was unoccupied and undisturbed.

She read the note on the dressing table. It stated that Rhoda had gone to a party at Loren Delhaven's. Mrs. Carlyle recognized the name as that of a motion picture director.

She glanced at her wrist watch and became alarmed. She consulted the phone book and dialed a number. Mr. Delhaven answered.

Mrs. Carlyle said, "My niece, Rhoda Merrivale, attended a party at your house tonight. She—"

"My party is over."

"When did my niece leave?"

"Ages ago. Everybody's gone."

Mrs. Carlyle dropped the telephone into its cradle and frantically snatched up the phone book again.

PLUNGING through Cahuenga Pass toward Hollywood at sixty-five miles an hour, Professor Gayle heard the broadcaster's words only as a blur against which his own exciting thoughts raced:

"Calling all cars. Attention all cars. To broadcast sixty-seven. A missing person. A white female. Rhoda Merrivale. Nineteen years. Five feet two inches tall. A hundred and ten pounds. Slender. Dark brown hair. Large brown eyes. Clear complexion. Believed to be wearing a sapphire-blue gown and slippers covered with brilliants. Communicate with Mrs. Carlyle, seventy seventy-three Hollywood Boulevard."

Rhoda Merrivale, crouched beside Professor Gayle, with her ermine wrap cuddled about her, was making hysterical noises.

"It's all right," the professor said. "Don't worry. We'll get that card."

Waves of a hot adventurous nature were surging through him. He wanted to fight somebody. Let the police stop him! Let them arrest him for transporting champagne! But first—oh heaven and stars and all functioning deities—first let him face that blackmailer!

They proceeded unapprehended to the Sunset Boulevard apartment and stole up the fire escape to the fifth floor, entering Mr. Hewling's apartment as Miss Merrivale had entered it earlier.

They found chairs in the darkness and tensely waited. A key presently clicked in the front door lock. The professor was ready with Miss Merrivale's pistol. Mr. Hewling, closing the door and switching on the lights, looked at the professor, then at the girl, and his putty face hardened.

The professor shoved the gun into his stomach.

"We've come for Miss Spengler's card," he said. "If you don't want to get beaten to a pulp, you'll hand it over."

Mr. Hewling protested. He threatened. He became very ugly. He said he didn't have the card. But when the professor became really menacing, he found it. He found it in a secret drawer in his desk.

What was written, in a hasty girlish scrawl on the back of the card, was grist to any blackmailer's mill:

Darling:

Please come to my room as soon as the others are in bed. MARJORIE

"You ought to have your face bashed in, anyway," Professor Gayle said and, with remarkable presence of mind, cut the telephone wire with a pair of desk scissors. He was more and more astonished at himself. Certainly, he did not view himself as a guinea pig, either. Such glimpses as he was catching of this astounding new personality of his were

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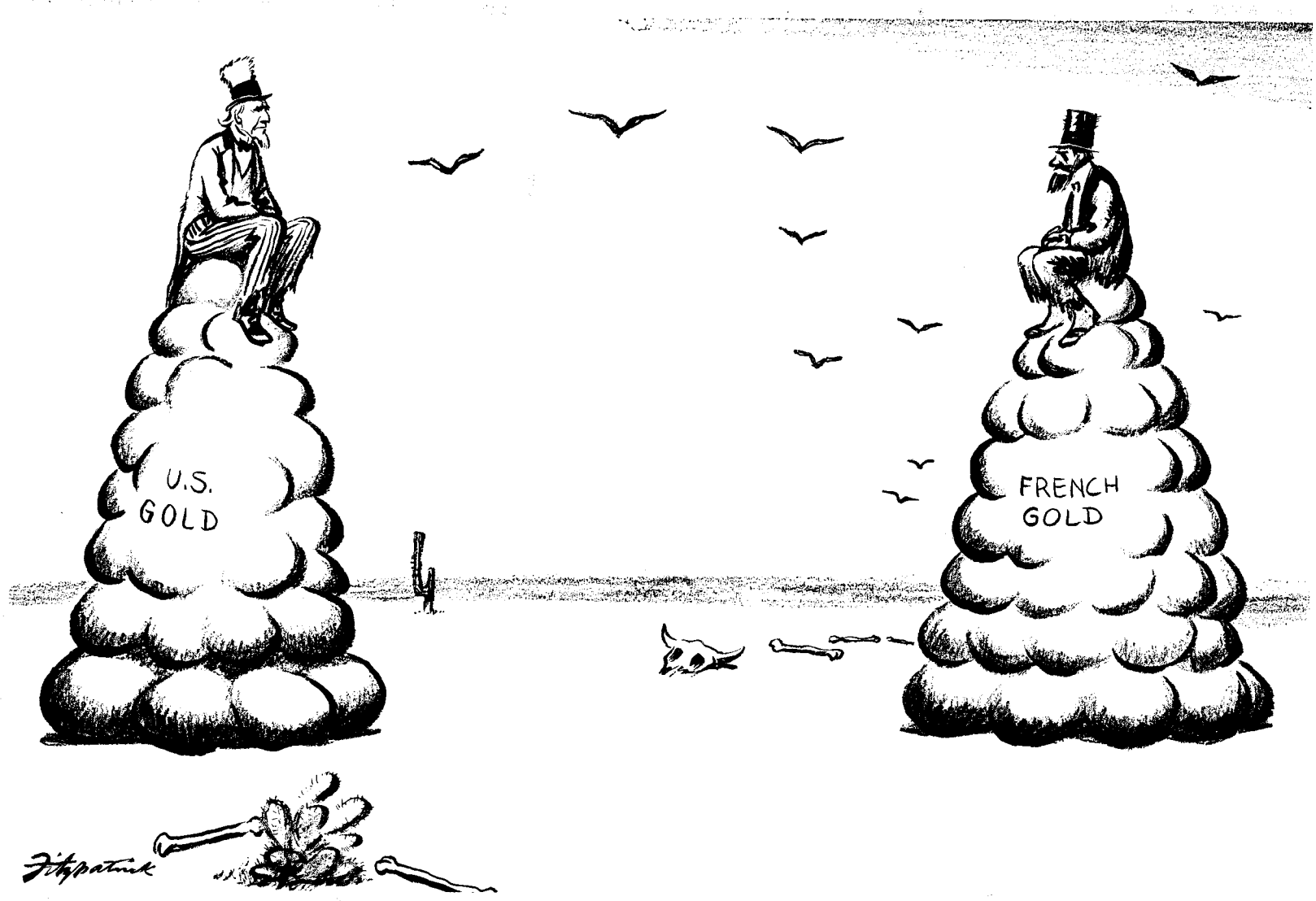

Deflation and despair are the natural corollaries of large-scale gold-hoarding

Are we too Clever?

"We are told that the disease we are suffering from is overproduction. We are in want because we have become too clever in making all the things we want." That, Mr. Churchill contends, doesn't make sense. Here he shows you why we slipped back from "the ledge of the greatest advance ever made in human economics" and how we can regain that ledge

By Winston Churchill

THE question which naturally interests us a good deal is why we are all so very much poorer in almost every country in the world than we were a few years ago. Peace has reigned. There have been no pestilences or unusual convulsions of nature. Bountiful harvests have rewarded the toil of man. Science and organization have advanced together hand in hand. Yet we are all much poorer.

The value of our possessions has been reduced; the incomes we earn have been reduced; the dividends to which we are entitled have been reduced—and more than reduced; wages have been reduced. The consuming power of all classes (from the simplest necessaries to the latest luxuries) has been reduced. Millions of men in all the great industrial countries are without employment. Many millions more are upon short time. The only things that have not been reduced are debts and fixed charges of all kinds. These have relatively increased to a formidable extent. Surely that is a very remarkable array of facts, and one worthy of the attention of thoughtful people in every country affected.

We are told that the disease we are suffering from is overproduction. We are in want because we have become too clever in making all the things we want. So much wheat has been grown that many people are nearly starving. We are stripped bare by the curse of plenty. That is the strange diagnosis of our condition.

The remedy which is proposed is even more remarkable than the disease. The disease is overproduction and the remedy is to be a further reduction of the consuming power through everyone drawing in his horns and spending as little as possible.

Surely we ought to find a more satisfactory explanation of our misfortunes and more satisfactory remedies for them than these.

I hold that the root of all this evil is the attempt to pay war reparations and war debts across high-tariff frontiers, leading directly to the maldistribution of gold, to the sterilization of gold, to the artificial enhancement in the price of gold, and the simultaneous fall in the price of every other commodity, including silver.

Let us first recall the war reparations story. After the war was over the victorious nations anticipated that they were going to get back a large part of their expenses out of Germany. The most ludicrous estimates were proclaimed of what Germany would be able to pay. One estimate was twelve thousand million pounds; another was twenty thousand million pounds. It was thought in those days unpatriotic even to question these absurdities.

Politics Scorns the Facts

Yet, after all, a child could see that what one country can pay another is limited by hard facts. Debts of any large amount can only be paid in goods. The debtor country has to make a great quantity of goods, pack them up into bales and parcels, put them in trucks or cars or ships and send them off to pay its creditors.

The process of the payment of reparations or debts by one country to another is essentially and actually the sending of a bale of goods across a frontier in a vehicle. There would not, of course, have been enough vehicles to carry the quantity of goods necessary to pay the absurd demands made by the victorious allies upon Germany and the other beaten powers. But, overlooking this, when these goods had arrived in the country to which they were consigned, what would have happened then?

The creditor countries, with one accord, would have exclaimed, "We do not want your goods; they will only upset our local industries and throw our own people out of employment. We refuse utterly to take payment in this form."

So then the Germans said, "Shall we send you some hundreds of thousands of our workmen to work for you for nothing and to build up the houses that have been knocked down, and repair the damage done?" But then the victorious powers were still more angry, and they said, "We have seen quite enough of your men in the war; we certainly do not want them in our country taking the bread out of the mouths of our own work people, whom it is hard enough to get started at work again."

So when payment by goods on a huge scale and payment by services were substantially rejected, there only remained, apart from certain sizable assets, payment in gold. But the amount of gold in the whole world was too small to pay even one tenth of these enormous debts and reparations. As for the beaten countries, they had only a few

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score millions, which would not pay even one-hundredth part of what was claimed from them.

All these facts were, of course, perfectly plain to intelligent people, but they made no difference whatever to the passions of parties, congresses and parliaments. Even practical politicians, who saw the truth, had to wait until these passions cooled. But what people said or thought, and what parliaments and international conferences decided, made very little difference in the course of events. The economic facts and tides of the world took their own course; and what has actually happened in the thirteen years since the war ended has been exactly the reverse of what the victorious nations intended. It has really been quite ludicrous. So far from being able to get vast sums of money out of the beaten nations, all that has happened is that we have, in fact, lent them a great deal more. The United States, so far from being able to collect its debts from Europe, has further lent Europe very large sums indeed. That is what has happened. So far from having been a bloodsucker of Europe since the World War, or since the United States entered the war, all that has happened, in fact has been that a large net balance of credits and desirable commodities has flowed from west to east across the Atlantic Ocean. Perhaps that was not what the United States wanted to happen. But it is all that has happened up to date.

If there is no truth in the charge that Europe has been bled white by the United States, still less is there any truth in the statement that Germany has been bled white by the victorious Allies. Here again the exact opposite has in fact taken place. Since the firing stopped, Germany, having already upon her shoulders war reparations on a scale far too immense ever to be paid, blithely borrowed enormous sums from the United States and Great Britain, as well as from other countries. And as a result, during these thirteen years, so far from being made to pay an indemnity, she has had a tremendous infusion of blood in the shape of credits and commodities which she needed, which she desired, which she has used and which she is enjoying.

No Cause for Excitement

At the same time her reparations have been successively scaled down by the Dawes Plan, the Young Plan, and by the recent Lausanne agreement till they have been reduced to a figure which, if the general economic system of the world were wisely managed, would not necessarily be beyond her capacity to pay. Therefore, there is no room either for false indignation against the United States, or for false pity for Germany.

There remains, of course, an immense account written up on the slate against Germany in favor of the Allies, and against Europe in favor of the United States. It is this terrific account which everyone is now trying to get settled. I shall watch with very great interest how this process works out in the next few years, bearing in mind what has happened in the last thirteen. Unless payment is accepted by the creditor nations in goods, or unless there is a great rise in prices which will make the debts of the past comparatively small, the war-creditor nations will not be very successful in their efforts to extract payment from their debtors.

Illustrated by D. R. Fitzpatrick

The story of reparations leads me very comfortably to the second and far more important part of this argument. Socialists and other subversives are accustomed to inveigh against what they call the "Capitalist System." The Capitalist System is, in the main, merely the observance of contracts between individuals for a considerable period of time. Upon this foundation there grew up the great gift which the Capitalist System has to bestow upon mankind—namely, the manufacture of credit which multiplies ten- or even twentyfold the scale of human transactions and the scope of human plans, while allowing freedom of choice to the individual. But nothing could be more damaging to the Capitalist System than the continued process of deflation or curtailment and annihilation of credit which has been in progress for the last three years. The ceaseless writing down of values and consequent destruction of all credit instruments strikes a deadly blow at the Capitalist System and the freedom and civilization founded upon it.

This evil has come upon us very quickly—so quickly that statesmen and financiers have in many cases been incapable of adjusting their minds to the vast transformation of values and of economic facts which is occurring. The cause of this deflation is to be found in the movements of gold.

We are told that we are stripped bare by the curse of plenty

What is gold? Gold, for the purpose which we are considering, is simply a measure of value. It enables us to measure the exertions of a Chinese coolie against those of a Brazilian coffee-grower, or a London cabman, or an American steel-worker. It does more—it enables us to measure the exertions of today against those of yesterday or against this day twelve months or fifty years ago. Gold is not wealth; it is not money; it is not credit; it is rarely even coinage. It is a measure.

Now, it is above all things important that a measure should be stable. If the measure moves about in value, now up, now down, to any noticeable extent, all contracts are vitiated. When, as Chancellor of the Exchequer five years ago, it fell to my lot to take the final steps of returning to the gold standard in Great Britain, I justified that act primarily upon the ground that we should be anchoring ourselves to reality and stability. But since then, and far more in the last three years, the value of gold has altered to a surprising extent. As gold is the measure to which all commodities and services are referred, if gold goes up in price, commodities go down, and vice versa. To say that gold has appreciated is the same thing as saying that all other commodities have depreciated.

Gold, the Symbol of Power

What has happened to gold during the last two or three years? In my day at the Exchequer, it was already observed that many countries were using gold for all kinds of purposes, apart from its supreme function of being the measure. Countries, small and large, were gathering it for national pride or military security. The possession of a hoard of gold in the Central Bank of any country (except in Great Britain, which did the greatest trade of all) was looked upon as a sign of wealth and power.

Before the war, countries had not worried so much about these aspects of gold. There was a sufficient amount of free gold in the world which flowed from country to country to correct any temporary overtrading and balance the delicately poised exchanges. But now, since the Great War, gold has been more and more considered a thing to collar and corner and amass, like warships or rifles or high explosives. Thus, it has been progressively failing to discharge its function of being an impartial, impassive measure of human effort between one country and another, between one class and another, and between the present and the past. But the climax and culmination have been reached in the last lamentable two years, when an attempt has been made to use what gold there is in the world, not merely for national vainglory or supposed security, but for the payment across political frontiers of international debts. To see why and how matters have come so grimly to a head it is necessary to look back a little into the past.

Before the war England was the only great world creditor. She lent money to new countries and received the interest back in the shape of goods through her free-trade ports. When the loans fell due for repayment she, in most cases, lent them over again. At no moment could she, any more than any other creditor, ever have been paid what was owing to her. But every year she saw great new countries developing, and values in which she was interested rising tier upon tier; she saw herself doing business upon an ever larger scale.

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Too Much Money

The story of a game of golf that was not played for love

By Talbert Josselyn

YOUNG CHARLIE BRENT liked everything about his small home town—except its golf course.

He liked the town for its neighborliness, for the interest that people took in one another, for the greetings that one got when walking down the street. . . . "Howdy. . . . Hello there. . . . Good morning. . . . How're things going?" . . . Never did one walk in loneliness, as when in a city, surrounded by a sea of unknown faces.

Neighborliness, kindliness—and a nine-hole golf course that apparently had been laid out by a left-handed man, in the dark. Well, maybe not quite that bad, but at any rate a course that was nothing more than rolling pasture land, over which ran narrow strips of so-called fairway possessing only the sketchiest of trap and hazard, and terminating in hard little greens the size of stove lids. . . . And a clubhouse that was in keeping with the course; a two-by-four cottage, made up principally of wooden lockers, where, in a subway-like crush, the membership pulled in and out of the most ordinary golf clothes, drank native gin, and argued.

Noisy. Noisy inside the clubhouse, and noisy outside.

"How'sa boy!" was the roared greeting when anybody put a head inside the locker-room, followed by a smiting on the back hard enough to dislocate shoulder blades, and the talk would bubble the louder—games being arranged, fifty-cent bets made—fifty-cent bets!—boastings about taking Old Man Par for a ride—par on that course!—and, when one had gotten out on the course, further "How'sa boy!" coming across the fairways, sometimes from across two fairways just as one was getting ready to putt. And when it wasn't the "How'sa *boy!*" it would be *whoops*—whoops for the successful shots—and cries for those of the opposite kind.

And, bitterly commented young Charlie Brent to himself, they called it golf.

Yes, they called it golf, these small-town men, middle-aged for the most part, playing for the first time in their lives, on this new course that they had finally succeeded in establishing after long effort. Playing for the first time in their lives . . . and having the time of their lives.

Well, let 'em, went on young Charlie Brent. He'd play wherever else he could, whenever he could. . . .

AND now, on this afternoon, wearing his best golf clothes, and shoving his foot down harder and harder on the pedal of his newly washed and polished little car, he glowed and grew happily excited at the thought of where he was bound. Ha, and wouldn't they like to be going with him! . . . To play at the Tall Pines Country Club. . . . Tall Pines, one of the wealthiest, most exclusive country clubs—and with the most perfect course—in all the world.

Casually had Austin J. Clendenning dropped into Charlie Brent's town the week previous and, strolling into the office of Brent and Son, Real Estate, introduced himself and asked a few questions. Charlie Brent, his father being away, had answered them. . . . Just a few ordinary questions concerning certain holdings in town and throughout the county, and ordinary answers. . . . Ordinary to Charlie Brent, but to Austin J. Clendenning, now that he had the information, worth in due time anything up to a quarter-million.

And Austin J. Clendenning, ruddy, with close-cropped gray mustache, and wearing clothes of that unobtrusive quality that bespoke three tailors per garment, thawed for a moment from out of his customary frost—came down from his mountain peak—and radiated a certain flicker of human warmth.

"You play golf?" he asked, nodding toward where Charlie's golf bag stood in a corner.

"Yes," said Charlie.

"HAVE a game with me some time, at Tall Pines, when you're over my way," said Austin J. Clendenning. "You can reach me by telephone." And then, having extended himself far more than was his wont, went back up onto his mountain peak and forgot all about it.

Charlie Brent, breathing only now and then, dizzily watched Austin Clendenning get into his chauffeur-driven car and disappear. . . . Tall Pines—*the* country club of country clubs! The one that cost so many thousands to join and so many thousands for annual dues and . . . with the perfect course, conceived by a super-golf architect; modeled and remodeled in miniature a hundred times; every shot—every perfect shot—figured to a gnat's heel, every shot that lacked perfection penalized according to the lack, so that for a dub it would be (and rightly!) a thing of horror. . . . And in the making of the course, if mountains were not moved, at least hills were, and sand dunes, and brooks; and thousands of truck loads of special soil brought in, and double-special grass seed sown, and . . .

Charlie Brent had read all about Tall Pines, and now . . .

He did not ring up Austin J. Clendenning the very next day, for that would have been too soon, nor on the following one, for that might have been too soon also, but he did on the next one—if he hadn't, Austin Clendenning might have thought that he didn't care to play. Didn't care to play on Tall Pines!

"YES?" said the voice of Austin J. Clendenning at the other end of the wire, after Charlie had finally reached him through a maze of office connections.

"This is young Charlie Brent speaking," said Charlie, and then added the name of his home town.

"Yes?" repeated Austin Clendenning. . . . Austin Clendenning, up on his mountain peak.

"I . . . uh," said Charlie Brent, "I was thinking about that game of golf at Tall Pines that you mentioned that day in our office, and I was thinking that if you wanted to play it some day this week, why, I . . ."

"Oh, yes . . . of course," came the voice of Austin Clendenning; the voice of a man rousing himself to recollection. "Yes. That day in your office. A game of golf. . . . Hmmm." Followed a pause. "My time is pretty well taken up, but . . .

He gripped Delray by the wrist, twisted with swift savagery. "You moocher!

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there was to have been a game Saturday . . . we could make it a foursome. . . . Yes, Saturday afternoon, at one o'clock, at the clubhouse. Good day."

The telephone clicked. Brief and to the point. No long-winded conversation, no "How'sa boy!" stuff with Austin Clendenning!

AND now on this Saturday afternoon, Charlie Brent, in his newly washed and polished little car, and wearing his best suit of golf clothes, was covering the forty miles that lay between the home town and Tall Pines with all the speed that the law allowed. Glowingly he thought of how on the morrow he would tell the home-town players of the lumpy little nine-hole course, "Well, I played Tall Pines yesterday," just as a man might say, "Well, I had a million dollars in my pocket yesterday."

A high stone wall loomed along one side of the road, beyond which rose a forest of mighty pines. Charlie's heart went hit and hammer. Tall Pines! . . . with the course off in the forest somewhere. There would be a lodge gate and a lodge soon. He had driven by here once, the year before. . . . Yes. He slowed, turned, and pulled up beneath the lodge gate. The gatekeeper, wearing a dark blue uniform, came out from the lodge.

"I'm the guest of Mr. Austin Clendenning," said Charlie. And added, "I'm Mr. Charles Brent."

"Yes, sir," said the man. "You are expected."

"Thank you," said Charlie.

"Thank *you*, sir," said the man.

The guest of Austin Clendenning drove on for a quarter of a mile beneath great pines drowsing in the noontime warmth, came out upon a small plateau where the towering trees were fewer, and drew up in a semicircular parking place beyond which stood a group of brick buildings centered about a two-story clubhouse done in the Georgian style.

Not more than half a dozen cars were in the parking place; the sort of cars that grace the ultra auto salons, and among them Charlie recognized Austin Clendenning's. So his host was already here. . . . Swiftly Charlie swung out of his car and reached for his bag and golfing shoes.

As he did so, a man in a dark blue uniform came out from the nearest building—it was of one story and rambling, and connected with the clubhouse by a covered walk—and took bag and shoes out of Charlie's hands.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

AT THE same time there was the sound of brakes and the crunch of gravel, and a car came to a stop in the parking place after the manner of a saddle horse checked in full stride and brought up on its haunches. Out from the car—a car that on first glance appeared to be of foreign make, and on second glance proved only to appear that way—stepped a young man who could best be described as good-looking in a heavy, surly, sultry manner, who sent a slow scrutiny in Charlie Brent's direction, taking in Charlie and Charlie Brent's clothes and Charlie's little car, and who then, leaving his own car door open, strolled toward the low brick building whistling through his teeth.

"Yes, Mr. Delray," greeted the man in uniform, and hastened to the car to take out a half-trunk-size golf bag and a pair of golf shoes, and then closed the car door.

Charlie found himself growing uncomfortably warm. That was what he should have done. . . . Should have left his clubs and his shoes in the car; that was what the attendant was for. Now the man and any of the others who had been watching would know. . . . He tried to atone for his blunder by walking extra slowly, chin lifted and shoulders wide.

He followed the man across brick flagging and entered a locker-room that was cool and roomy and delightfully shadowy and restful with deep-seated wicker chairs and covered benches. The heavy, good-looking young man was sprawled out in one of the chairs, still whistling through his teeth. He left off whistling as the attendant appeared.

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

If you don't come through, I'm going to take it out of your thick hide"

"All right," he said, "let's have a little service here!"

"Yes, Mr. Delray," said the man, and dropped golf bags to bend before the young man, to take off his shoes, to put on his golfing ones.

CHARLIE BRENT walked slowly around the room, looking at the pictures—old golfing prints and hunting prints—on the walls. Here he was. . . . Tall Pines!

The attendant came up to him.

"I'm a guest of Mr. Clendenning's," said Charlie.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "Mr. Clendenning will be along presently. In the meantime, if you . . ." And he indicated Charlie's coat.

"Of course," said Charlie. He slipped out of his coat, and, conquering a desire to look for a wall peg, handed the coat to the man, who, magician-like, produced a coat hanger and hung the garment in a locker.

Charlie sat down in one of the deep chairs and began to put on his golfing shoes. He glanced up and found the heavy young Mr. Delray, now once more whistling through his teeth, studying him sideways. The hairs on the back of Charlie Brent's neck, for some unaccountable reason, suddenly went stiff and tingly. . . . Young Mr. Delray dropped his eyes.

Voices sounded, coming from the covered walk, and Austin Clendenning and another golfer entered the locker-room; Austin Clendenning, cool and gray and remote, in flannel slacks and a lightweight sweater, his companion looking like a truck horse that had taken on weight with age, and wearing a shapeless duck hat, a wrinkled shirt, and knickers that might have been made out of gunny sacks. He was smoking a cigar and talking, and continued to talk, in a heavy, rasping voice.

Host Clendenning caught sight of Charlie.

"Oh, hello," he greeted. "You got here all right? Hello, Chester," and he nodded to young Delray. "Well, the party's all made. I don't know as you're acquainted with these gentlemen. Mr. Warrington, Mr. Brent, and Mr. Delray, Mr. Brent—or did you two meet already here in the locker-room?"

"No," said Charlie, and "No," said young Delray, and "How d'you do?" said Charlie to Mr. Warrington, and "How'r you?" said Mr. Warrington, and "So I told 'em," went on Mr. Warrington to Austin Clendenning, "sue and be damned, and I'd carry it to the Supreme Court. Try that on their piccolo!" And he laughed so loudly as to shake the building.

THE two older men continued on into the professional's and caddie master's room. Young Delray followed, and Charlie brought up the rear, with conflicting emotions struggling within him. . . . Warrington. . . . Undoubtedly *the* John Warrington, of the untold millions. . . . He had met John Warrington and was going to play golf with him! . . . and the man of the untold millions was dressed worse than the worst-dressed home-towner that ever disgraced the little nine-hole course. Maybe Charlie shouldn't have put on his best clothes—at least, clothes that didn't shout so loud that they were his best and . . .

The pro and the caddie master were standing behind a glass case containing the choicest selection of high-priced golf paraphernalia.

They bowed and smiled. "Afternoon, gentlemen," they said.

Austin Clendenning nodded.

"Caddies on the tee?" asked John Warrington.

"Yes, Mr. Warrington."

(Continued on page 39)

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There's always one Witness

Saul Varney gets rid of an obstacle. You'll be willing to agree that, whatever his limitations, Saul could plan well

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

He had experimented with the stairs; they didn't creak if you kept close to the wall and skipped the fifth one from the top

He found a queer pleasure in twisting the wind-screw, through the handkerchief, until something snapped and the ticking stopped

Varney waited to hear old Gilday snoring in the ground - floor bedroom, then turned the clock back to half-past nine

Next Varney changed the tubes of the radio, putting in the dead ones he'd been keeping for this purpose since last winter

TOWARD evening, when a dogged fall of rain began, Saul Varney's weather wisdom told him that his chance had come. Here was the three-day rainstorm that was going to make it safe, at last, for him to kill Wayne Polder.

The thought didn't frighten Varney. He was used, by this time, to the idea of doing murder; he had built up his plan so slowly and so carefully that he was altogether sure that it was practical and absolutely safe. He had stopped being afraid; he felt, for the first time in his life, brave and strong and important. It was a good feeling; it warmed him against the rain and the evening chill as he carried his filled milk pails toward the early lamplight in the kitchen windows.

Hannah Finn, old Gilday's housekeeper, scolded at him for tracking mud in on her clean floor. Varney didn't answer her. He found a secret spice of humor now in Hannah's contemptuous dislike. To her he was still nothing but old Gilday's hired hand, browbeaten, underpaid, too mean-spirited even to quarrel with a fellow servant. She'd never believe that Saul Varney could find spunk enough to kill a man. Varney seemed to hear her, on the witness stand, laughing shrilly at the idea. She'd make, he told himself, a first-rate witness for the defense.

GILDAY would make another. The old man sat twiddling with the dials of his radio when Varney came into the dining-room. He lifted his head for a brief, impatient look, a look that hardly noticed Varney, that dismissed him as of less importance than the faint bleatings of the loud-speaker.

"Out of kilter again." Gilday's voice sounded as if he spoke to a dog or a horse, expecting no answer. "Can't hardly hear it."

"When you hear the stroke of the musical note," the loud-speaker whined, "it will be exactly one minute past six-thirty-five o'clock, Eastern Standard time."

Varney felt his nerves tighten. It was like the beginning, he thought, of a play. He seemed to see a curtain rising. He moved so that Gilday would see him and pulled out his cheap watch. A thin chiming sang through the room. Varney clicked his tongue.

"Gained pretty near six minutes since I set her yesterday," he announced.

Gilday laughed sourly.

"Huh! Trust any hired man's watch to be fast when quitting-time comes!"

Varney twisted his mouth to his servile grin. Within him, though, his secret was like a warming fire. Old Gilday couldn't know that he was saying exactly what Varney wanted him to say; he couldn't guess that all this had been rehearsed, in Varney's thoughts, a hundred times.

"The old clock's right on the minute, anyhow," Varney said. He nodded at the grandfather clock in the corner. Gilday grunted.

"Of course it is. Never been wrong yet, that clock hasn't. Going on two hundred years old, too."

The radio squealed and sputtered. Gilday turned the switch and hitched his chair about to the red-clothed supper table.

"They used to build things to last. Nowadays 'most anything's used up by the time it's a year old." He let his glance travel over Varney's weedy figure. "Same way with men. Used to breed 'em to be good for eighty years' work. Like to've heard what my father'd 've said if somebody your size'd asked him for a job, even if it was only the boy's chores you been doing."

Hannah Finn, bringing in a smoking platter, snickered applaudingly. Varney slid into his chair without answering. He could hear the quickened beat of pulses in his ears. All this had happened so exactly as he had foreseen that it seemed almost as if he were compelling it to happen so. The queer, heady sense of power and of cunning grew upon him as he ate. He felt as if he made Gilday repeat that threadbare joke about Varney's having, anyhow, a man-sized appetite, as if he moved Hannah Finn to reward it with her eager, fawning giggle. He seemed to prompt Gilday, when the meal was over, to voice his invariable order to fetch the mail.

"Car's acting sort of cranky," Varney said. "Don't know if I could tease her back up the hill again, specially with the road as slipp'ry as it's bound to be, weather like this."

Often and often, in his patient rehearsing, he'd heard himself say these very words, with just this same whining in his voice.

"Huh! You mean you're scared to go out in the dark, that's all."

Always, in those rehearsals, Gilday had made this answer, and Hannah Finn had made, just as she made it now, that scornful clicking sound of tongue and tooth. It cost Varney an effort to keep from laughing in their faces.

"Well, it ain't safe driving that road, a night like this, in a car that's apt to stall on you any minute."

"Oh, quit talking and go get me my paper," Gilday snarled. "I don't pay you wages for excuses."

Varney went out forlornly. His shoulders straightened, though, as he splashed out to the shed that housed the sorry little car. He had a right to feel pleased with himself, proud. Lots of smart people wouldn't have been slick enough to put that old tube in the radio, so that Gilday wouldn't be surprised, tomorrow, when it broke down; lots of mighty smart ones wouldn't have kept complaining about the car, so that it would seem perfectly reasonable, tomorrow, when it wouldn't start.

FOR once, as he drove down the twisting, rutted, shale lane to the state road and the mail-box, Varney wasn't scared. He seemed to have suddenly forgotten how to be afraid of anything; he wasn't even frightened now by the one danger that no amount of planning and plotting could avoid—the certainty that when Wayne Polder died by mystery and violence, as he was going to die tomorrow night, people would remember the profit that would come to Saul Varney, and wonder, yes, and ask, perhaps, where he had been when his cousin died.

Always, till tonight, Varney had cringed back from the thought of standing in that thin shadow of suspicion; now he almost wanted to stand there. His secret triumph would lose part of its edge unless he faced and outwitted the clumsy, groping agencies of the law. He wanted to deal with Calvin Tupper, the sheriff, old and fat and half asleep; he even hoped, or almost hoped, for arrest and jail and a trial, a trial where a dozen witnesses would be bound to give unwilling, perjured evidence for the defense.

He reached the mail-box at the lane's foot just as the carrier's car came down the turnpike.

"Pretty late, ain't you, Ame?" Varney spoke with his usual wheedling friendliness, but the harmless question drew an impatient answer.

"Oh, no! Nothing like that! I only had to dig out of the mud three times so far. Here." He tossed a newspaper into Varney's car. "That's all I got for you. Hope it's worth risking your neck for, driving down that hill at night."

HE DROVE on. Varney turned his car and in low speed climbed halfway up the slope. He stopped, letting the engine idle while he waited for fifteen minutes by his watch. When he came into the dining-room Gilday scowled at him.

"Took you long enough!"

"Car quit on me," Varney said. "Had a sight of trouble to get her started again. No mail, neither, only the paper." Amos Boughton's gibe came to his mind. "Hope it's wuth resking my neck for."

"Wouldn't need to be wuth much," Gilday said. Hannah Finn snickered. Varney turned quickly and went through the kitchen to his room in the low loft above the woodshed. He took off his shoes and crossed the hall to Hannah Finn's room. Her alarm clock ticked noisily from the prim bureau. Varney covered it with his bandanna before he lifted it. He'd read a lot about fingerprints. There wasn't much chance that Calvin Tupper would think of looking for them on the clock, but Varney wasn't running any needless risk, however slight. He found a queer pleasure in twisting the wind-screw, through the handkerchief, until something snapped and the ticking stopped. It felt like wringing the neck of something alive, something hostile and dangerous.

He went back to his room and shut his door. His self-approval deepened. That clock of Hannah's had cost him a lot of patient, plodding thought before he figured out this simple way of dealing with it. It was the only one in the house that couldn't be reached secretly and at night.

It was a long time before the stairs whined under Hannah's ascending step. Varney waited, after that, for an end-

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Halfway down the hill he stopped the car and stood with the crank, stamping deep footprints in the clay and muddying his boots

"Say, is that clock right, McMurtry? I'll catch hot Tophet from old Gilday if it is!" Varney cried, pretending to be startled

Varney drove into Wayne Polder's dooryard and entered the house, his heavy, old-fashioned revolver in his hand

The sheriff's head turned slowly so that his drowsy eyes regarded Varney. "I don't know what you're talking about," Varney said

less hour. Even then he didn't go into the hall until he had stood at his doorway for a little while, listening to the heavy, even sounds of breathing in the other room. He had experimented with the stairs; they didn't creak if you kept close to the wall and skipped the fifth one from the top.

In the kitchen he snapped on a pocket flashlight. The clock on the shelf above the sink pointed to ten-thirty. He wrapped the handkerchief about his hand before he touched it; he set it back an hour and at the dining-room door waited to hear old Gilday snoring in the ground-floor bedroom before he turned the grandfather clock back to half past nine and changed the tubes of the radio, putting in the dead ones he'd been keeping since last winter.

He lay awake a long time, going over it all again, trying to find a flaw in the simple scheme that was to borrow from tonight the extra hour that he must have tomorrow. He couldn't find one. Gilday didn't bother to keep his watch running any more; with the radio silent, with the sun hidden behind that bank of clouds, there wouldn't be anything to suggest to Gilday or Hannah Finn that the two clocks might be wrong.

He fell asleep long after his usual time, but habit woke him promptly at six o'clock. His watch, though, told him it was only five and the thin gray daylight at the window seemed to back its lie.

VARNEY lay luxuriously still, listening to the steady drum of rain. Hannah Finn, without her alarm to rouse her, would sleep till she was called; Gilday, if he woke, would laze in bed till he smelled breakfast cooking. Varney waited till his borrowed hour had passed. Then, dressing, he took pains to make a lot of noise; when he passed Hannah's door he heard her moving about behind it. He grinned as he went downstairs. It was better this way than if he had been obliged to call her. The less talk there was this morning about time and clocks, the safer it would be for Varney, tomorrow, when old Calvin Tupper came up the hill to question him about those very things.

Breakfast was waiting when he came in with the milk. Gilday, slippered and frowzily unshaven, slouched at the table. He took no notice of Varney; he went on talking, in the tone that somehow made it seem as if he didn't know Varney was present, to Hannah Finn.

"Kind of hungry this morning. Woke up early. Thought you must've overslepp yourself."

Varney bent over his plate. There was a sudden tightness at his throat.

"I might have," Hannah said. "I broke my 'larm clock when I was winding it last night, but I woke up, just the same, without it, right at six sharp."

Varney could breathe easily again. He ate quickly and in silence and went out to the barn. Presently he heard Gilday shouting to him from the kitchen porch.

"Get the car," Gilday called, when Varney showed himself. "Radio's dead. Want you should go to town and get me some fresh tubes."

Varney nodded. Again he had the curious feeling that he'd made up that speech. It was exactly what he'd meant Gilday to say. He chuckled softly as he crossed the barnyard to the shed. It paid to think things out ahead; you could dovetail them together so that they'd do double duty for you, like that radio, for example. It had to be put out of commission so that it couldn't contradict the clocks. It was also giving Varney exactly the kind of excuse he needed for a trip to town, an errand in which he had no interest, on which he could seem to go sulkily and against his will.

It was simple enough to postpone the journey until it suited him to go. He had planned this out long before. Gilday knew nothing about cars; all Varney had to do was to pretend that he couldn't start the engine. He complained bitterly when Gilday made him keep on tinkering with it, all through the morning and most of the afternoon. When, at six, according to the perjured clocks, the motor came to life, Varney did his best to persuade Gilday that it was too late and too dark to start on the long drive to town. He was browbeaten, at the last of it, into going, prophesying gloomily that he'd have more trouble on the way.

Halfway down the hill, at the bottom of a sharp dip, he stopped the car, stood with the crank, stamping deep footprints in the soaked clay, muddying his boots to the knee. He trampled a flat place in the weeds at the roadside. In spite of the rain there would be something here, tomorrow, to back up a tale of a breakdown.

It was dark when he reached the village, but he could recognize Polder's car parked before the store and he felt a sudden leaping of his heart. He hadn't been able to think of a safe way of making sure that Polder would drive in, on a night like this. He'd had to rely on chance and Polder's habit to arrange their meeting here, in front of witnesses.

He went into the store. Polder, a bag of groceries in the bend of his arm, was on the point of starting home. He was

a big man, heavy-set and hearty; his voice, greeting Varney, had its old touch of carelessly good-natured contempt:

"Why, hello, Saul. What you doing out alone this late at night?"

He chuckled at his joke. His glance dropped to Varney's mud-smeared boots.

"Wade down, did you?"

Varney wagged his head.

"Pretty near had to. The old bus lay down and died on me, back on the hill. Took me the best part of an hour to get her going."

He spoke loudly enough to be sure that his voice carried to the corner where Calvin Tupper sat, his chair tilted back against the wall, his hands clasped over his paunch, his head settled deep in a cushion of nested chins. Varney's new courage grew upon him. Nobody could be afraid of a sheriff like Tupper. Even Saul Varney couldn't.

HE HUNG about after Polder had gone. There were four men, besides the sheriff and the storekeeper, who would have to swear that he'd been here for quite a while after Polder started home. He waited until the store clock pointed to half past seven. Then, pretending to be startled, he pulled out his watch.

"Say, is that clock right, McMurtry? I'll catch hot Tophet from old Gilday if it is!"

There was a delighted clack of laughter from the loungers at the panic in his voice. Watches were consulted; the clock was, by their joint evidence, adjudged to be some minutes slow. Varney ran out; as he drove away he heard, above the clatter of low speed, somebody shouting after him. He knew that back in the store there would be more laughter; the loungers would be slapping their legs and guffawing joyfully because he'd left the radio tubes on the counter. They'd never guess how long it had taken him to figure out a likely scheme for coming home without those tubes.

Everything dovetailed together. They'd all remember, now, when he'd started, and why he'd been in such a hurry; nobody'd see anything suspicious in his forgetting those tubes; they'd laugh out loud at the idea that a man so comically afraid of a call-down from old Gilday could ever be brave enough to do a murder. Everything fitted perfectly. It certainly paid to think things out ahead.

He turned at the crossroads, into the narrow lane that climbed Polder's Hill. Near the top of the long rise he stopped to look at his watch. Eighteen minutes since he'd left the store. He had time to spare. He fumbled in the door pocket and drew out a heavy, old-fashioned revolver. He laughed under his breath and drove on, the gun hidden under his rubber coat, into Wayne Polder's dooryard and entered the house.

HE WAS not laughing when he drove away, but he was so free of panic that he could drive down the long descent slowly and carefully. He had thought ahead about even this. The important thing was to be sure of getting the car safely away from Polder's Hill. There was plenty of time for cautious driving, but a side slip on one of those steep turns meant—for an instant the thought made Varney feel as if a hand closed on his heart. Then he laughed at himself. There was nothing to be afraid of.

He made better speed when he came to the paved turnpike. At the foot of Gilday's lane he stopped to take the mail from the box, the morning paper and a few advertising circulars. He looked at his watch. A little past eight. Just about right. To get home from the village in half an hour or so, on a night like this and with a car that wasn't running very well, was pretty good driving.

The heady sense of cleverness and courage grew in him as he neared the house. Not many people would have figured out the thing he was about to do. It puzzled him, below his glow of self-content, to find that he wasn't afraid to drive the car straight at the big stone stepping-block in the dooryard. There was a chance here of getting hurt and he'd always had an unconquerable fear of pain. Now, though, he had no fears; he even put on a little extra speed, just before he struck. There mustn't be any room for doubt about this wreck.

It all happened just as he had seen it happen, over and again, in his patient imaginings. The crash brought Gilday to the door, shouting angrily. Varney climbed out; the old whine was in his voice:

"Much as a man's life's wuth, driving a rattletrap like that. Ketch your death o' cold, standing in the rain f'r an hour to tinker with the engine, and then get your neck broke when the steering-gear goes back on you."

Under the old man's wrath he remembered cannily to keep his new-found courage hidden; he managed that there should be talk about the time of his arrival, a good deal of talk. They'd be bound to remember that he'd been home by ten minutes after eight. He bent his head meekly under the storm that broke over him when Gilday found that he'd forgotten to bring home those tubes.

"Didn't forget to fetch the mail, anyhow," he said, when the old man stopped for breath. "Here 'tis."

He laid it on the table. It diverted

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Gilday's attention long enough for Varney to get away to his own room.

He wasn't afraid, during the long time he waited in the dark, with the steady batter of the rain in his ears. He wasn't frightened when, long after Hannah Finn had gone to bed, he went downstairs and gave back his borrowed hour to the two clocks. He wasn't afraid as he waited, afterwards, for sleep. He felt no stab of panic when, at the breakfast table, he heard a car in the lane. When Calvin Tupper stood at the door and rested his vague, sleepy gaze upon him, Varney almost wanted to laugh in the man's fat, empty face.

"Left your do-funnies behind, last night," Tupper said. "Fetched 'em up, long as I had to come this way."

He laid the two little cardboard cubes on the table. Gilday seized them gladly.

"Much obliged to you. Figured I wouldn't get the radio going till Varney could walk down to town and back. The dum fool wasn't satisfied to leave these tubes behind, when that was all I sent him after—had to take and smash the car up f'r me too."

"Noticed," Tupper said. "How'd it happen, Varney?"

Varney shrugged his shoulders. "Guess the steering-gear must've broke. About fit to fall apart, anyhow, that car was. Had to stand in the rain and tinker with the engine for about an hour, going down to town."

Tupper nodded sleepily. "Heard you talking about it down to the store. Guess I saw where you broke down. Noticed a place, about halfway down the hill, where the weeds was tramped pretty flat."

"That's where it was." Varney managed to speak carelessly, but it cost an effort. He wanted to laugh; it seemed a pity to be so fearless and not to show a sign of it.

"Must've taken you quite a while to get home," Tupper was saying. "Mean hill to climb in a car that can't keep running when it's going down."

AGAIN Varney had to resist the desire to laugh aloud. It was funny to watch old Tupper trying to be smart.

"Why, no," Varney said. "I made a real quick trip home, considering. Guess it didn't take me over half an hour."

Tupper blinked.

"H'm. That's fast traveling, the way the roads are." Tupper paused. "Just guessed at it, you said. Prob'ly took you longer."

"What's the idea?" Varney had heard himself saying it over and over in just that complaining whine. "What difference does it make to you what time I got home last night?"

"It might make a sight of difference to you," Tupper said slowly, "if you can prove you got home in half an hour. Figure you can prove it, Varney?"

"I guess Mr. Gilday might remember," Varney said. "And Mis' Finn, too. Seems to me there was some talk about the time—"

"Was." Gilday spoke impatiently. "What's it all about, Cal? What do you care when the dum fool got here?"

"Come to that in a minute," Tupper said. "You back him up about being here by eight or so?"

"It was ten past eight," Gilday snapped. "I can swear to it and so can Mis' Finn. But—"

"How'd you come to notice the time so partic'lar?" Tupper interrupted. Gilday laughed.

"I hadn't been noticing much else for an hour. Expected him back by seven. Sat here watching the clock and cussing him till I heard the smash outside."

"I see." Tupper nodded. "So he was gone f'r a couple of hours, eh? Or maybe a mite more?"

"That's it. Left here around six, got back around eight. But why in time do you want to know? Don't tell me you're figuring he's done something to get arrested for!"

"Sure about the time, Gilday? Couldn't be wrong, could you?"

"Set right here, front of the clock, waiting for him. Think I'm blind, Tupper, or crazy? Think I can't tell time?"

"Clock might be wrong, couldn't it?" Tupper suggested mildly. Varney had been waiting for that; he knew the effect it was bound to have on old Gilday.

"Wrong? That clock? Say, Tupper, that clock ain't been wrong in a hundred years!"

"How would you know if it was wrong?" Tupper put in. Gilday laughed triumphantly.

"By the radio, that's how! Check up on her two, three times a day."

Tupper nodded. "Ain't been working, has it, the radio?"

"No, but—"

"WHAT other way you got to tell the time?" Tupper asked. "Carry a watch?"

"Ain't bothered with it since I been house-bound." Gilday said. "But there's a clock in the kitchen, and—"

"Reckon it agreed with this one yesterday, didn't it? Cook by one and eat by t'other, so you'd be apt to notice if they didn't say the same."

"They did," Hannah Finn declared. "I always set the kitchen clock by this one."

"I see. Any more clocks around the house?"

"There's my alarm clock, but it ain't working," Hannah said. Tupper's head twisted slowly to look at her.

"It ain't, eh? What's the matter of it?"

"I couldn't say. Spring's broke, maybe. Felt like it, anyhow, when I went to wind it last night."

"What?" For the first time Tupper's voice sounded awake. "*Last* night?"

"Why, yes—no, come to think, it was night 'fore last."

"That's more like it." Tupper nodded contentedly. "Guess you must keep your door bolted nights."

Hannah stared. "It's none of your business what I do with my door, Cal Tupper. Sheriff or no sheriff, I'll thank you to tend to your own affairs and keep your nose out of mine!"

"Aim to, Mis' Finn. Had to figure out how Varney worked things, that's all, so's he could count on you and Gilday to swear he was here last night when he was really up top of Polder's Hill." His head swiveled slowly so that his drowsy eyes regarded Varney. "Real smart, how you worked it. Must have done a sight of figuring."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Varney said.

"And I don't either," Gilday burst out testily. "What in time are you up to, Tupper? Why would Varney drive up Polder's Hill, even if there was time f'r him to do it? Why—"

"Guess he figured that a place where he couldn't get to, the way it was going to look, would be a first-rate place f'r him to kill Wayne Polder."

THE sheriff spoke evenly, quietly. In the moment of tight silence Varney felt a queer lifting of his heart. He wasn't a bit afraid; he was only amused, alert, confident.

"Kill?" Gilday's heavy laugh rumbled. "Him! A man that's scared to go out in the dark, kill Wayne Polder!"

"That's one reason why I know it was Varney that did it," Tupper said. "It takes a man that's scared to be real smart when it comes to killing, and this was figured out almighty smart. Even stomping down the weeds back yonder, so it'd look as if he'd really had a bust-down going into town! It needed a scared man to look ahead like that; needed a scared man to smash up the car so there couldn't be a chance of him having sneaked out, middle of the night, and driven up to Polder's."

His glance came back to Varney.

"Ain't said anything yet, Varney. Don't need to, if you ain't a-mind to. Safer f'r a man that's guilty to keep his mouth shut till he's got a lawyer setting 'side of him."

Varney squared his shoulders.

"I'll talk, all right," he said. "I'll do a sight of talking, Tupper, and time I'm done you'll wish't you hadn't done so much. Come in here and try to make out I'm a murderer! All I got to go by is your say-so. I don't even know if Wayne was really killed. If he was, it couldn't've been me that done it, and there's plenty of witnesses to swear to it."

"That's right," Tupper admitted. "Figured that out ahead of time, didn't you? Figured there'd be a sight of witnesses to prove you couldn't've done it. Didn't figure, though, that there'd be one who seen you do it."

Suddenly, at the last of it, Varney found that he hadn't forgotten how to be afraid.

"There wasn't nobody—" just in time

(Continued on page 49)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Despite the attacks made upon it, the "taxi dance" hall thrives today as well as any other kind of entertainment in the United States. More than 75 of them in our 13 largest cities normally employ about 3,000 hostesses who act as partners to approximately 150,000 lonely men each week for "10¢ a dance."

An unborn child has a legal personality and can inherit or be deeded real estate. In many states its mother, when under sentence of death, cannot be executed until after its birth.—*By J. R. Green, St. Louis, Mo.*

The highest price ever paid for the privilege of ruling an empire was the $15,000,000 given by Didius Iulianus in 193 A. D. for the Emperorship of Rome. He was executed nine weeks later and thus his reign cost him an average of more than $1,500,000 a week.—*By Albert Halavin, Schenectady, N. Y.*

The Onas, an Indian tribe of Tierra del Fuego off the lower tip of South America, are the only islanders in the world who have never built, owned or used a boat in all their history.

On round trips across the Atlantic, large liners sell between $20,000 and $25,000 worth of liquor.

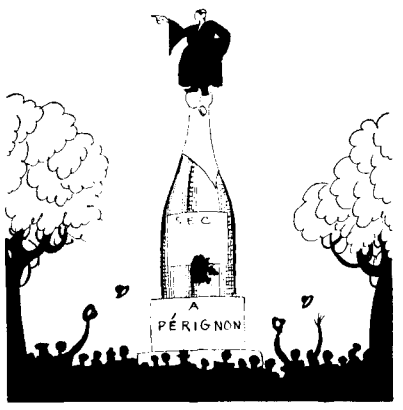
In several countries there still exist secret murder cults whose members go forth at night, drugged and dressed in animal skins, indiscriminately to kill human beings in the name of some age-old, degenerate religion. Among them are the Leopard Men of Africa, the Tiger Men of India and the Werewolves of Europe.

The Crown Jewels of England, kept in the Tower of London, comprise today the greatest exhibition of jewelry in the world. They are the only royal gems that may be seen by the public, and more than 7,000 persons visit the display each week.

Through the use of photo-electric cells and powerful electronic amplifiers, it now is possible to hear the dying sounds of germs and the growing noises of microscopic crystals.—*By M. A. Shearouse, Guyton, Ga.*

Londoners, who seldom wear straw hats, recently ordered 100,000 within 48 hours after the Prince of Wales appeared in one; Russia has perfected a new mineral salt process for *peeling* wool from sheep; and France has erected a statue to the memory of Dom Pérignon, the priest who invented the modern form of champagne 250 years ago.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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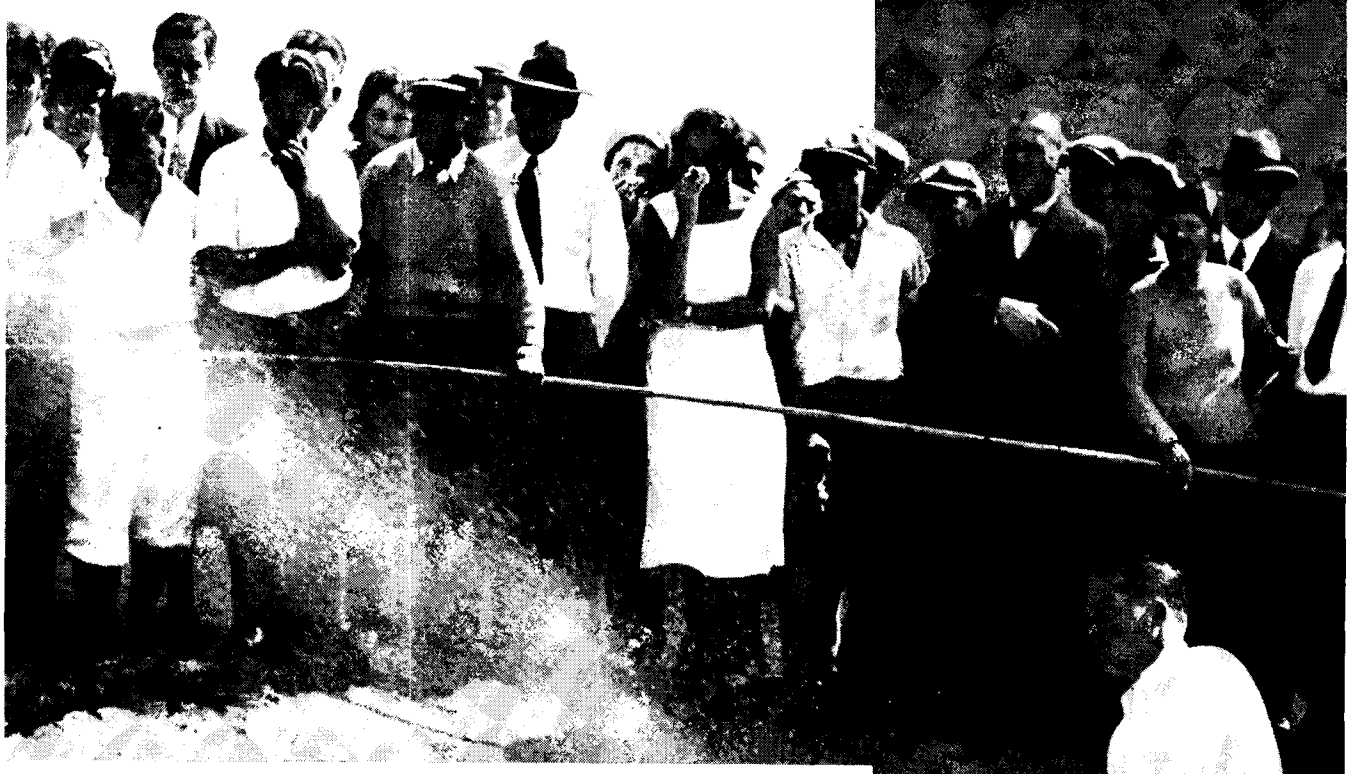
Inflaming Youth

Who lifted golf from the "old man's game" class? Francis Ouimet. What one person inspired young girls to take up tennis? Helen Wills Moody. Who is the baseball hero of every kid? Babe Ruth. Here's how they did it

By Grantland Rice



Ro'ofo'os

Bobby Jones drew the attention of thousands of young people to golf

FROM Los Angeles on up through Palo Alto to San Francisco a large part of the landscape seems to be cluttered up with kids practicing quick starts or swinging at tennis balls.

"What's the answer to this?" I asked one of the veteran sportsmen of the West Coast, "—climate, or the fame that Wykoff, Eastman, Vines, Helen Wills Moody and other native sons and daughters have gathered in? No wonder California turns out so many stars in so many different sports."

"Climate," the Western veteran answered, "was probably the first incentive, in a land where you can play outdoors twelve months in every year. That's a big start. But the trail-blazing part goes back beyond the reigns of Wykoff and Eastman, of Vines and Mrs. Moody. I should say in tennis and track it went back to the popular appeal and the magnetic personalities of Maurice McLoughlin and Charley Paddock.

"These two were more than mere champions. They caught and held not only the fancy of the crowds, but the admiration of the kids. Morrie McLoughlin—with his flaming red hair, his quick smile, his smashing, slashing type of game—gave tennis a virility it had never known before. McLoughlin wasn't the greatest tennis player that ever lived. He had speed and power and a certain number of faults. But he gave tennis a big boost in the West and he later carried this same popular appeal to the Eastern courts.

"Helen Wills showed the tennis world what a young girl could do against such older opponents as Molla Mallory and Suzanne Lenglen, and thousands of American girls donned a sun visor and reached for a tennis racket.

Charley Paddock was something more than a good sprinter. He was a great sprinter, one of the fastest that ever lived, and he was also another vivid personality with a world of color. That famous finishing leap of Paddock's a few yards from the tape exemplified his running spirit. You got the idea that at the big moment running wasn't fast enough and that he had to fly. And that is just about what he did.

And Along Came Ouimet

"Since that time we have been lucky in personalities. You know how popular Little Bill Johnston always was. And Frank Wykoff and Ellsworth Vines have come along to keep the kids interested. They have added their share to building up track and tennis in California."

Until you dig down under the surface you will hardly appreciate the tremendous effect certain trail-blazers have had upon different sports.

I have always thought that Francis Ouimet, back in 1913, had more to do with building up golf popularity for the kids of the nation than any other man. At that time golf had little popular appeal. It was still an "old man's game," a sort of glorified croquet. Then Vardon and Ray, the two great British masters, came to the United States. If they had been defeated by some well-known professional there would have been no great excitement. But they were stopped by a twenty-year-old Boston amateur, who only a short time before had carried clubs on the same course.

Ouimet first tied the two star Britishers in a brilliant finish. The next day he beat them both in one of the best rounds ever played—a 72 over Brookline, muddy and soft with rain. Almost in a flash golf jumped from the social columns to the front page and the sporting page. And when Ouimet sank the putt that tied the two invaders the roar that rolled across Brookline was as loud as the shot at Lexington, "heard round the world."

Here was something that a kid could understand. So thousands of *young* boys who previously had known only baseball and football, track and field, went out for golf. Three years later Bobby Jones, at the age of fourteen, reached the last eight in the amateur championship. And the same Bobby Jones later on became one of the great trail-blazers, one of the most magnetic figures in sport, turning the attention of thousands between the ages of ten and twenty to golf.

When a Babe Ruth comes along and begins hammering the ball out of the park day after day, the lure of home-run hitting suddenly spreads. Before Ruth began building up the headlines most of the great hitters choked up the bat—that is they held their hands well apart and at least eight or ten inches from the end of the lower grip. Wee Willie Keeler belonged to this class. So did Ty Cobb. Batting was then largely a matter of scientific placing. But within a year after Ruth had come to fame the majority of ball players were gripping the bat right at the knob and taking their full cut at the ball.

Beacon Lights

It was Christy Mathewson, more than anyone else, who carried the appeal of professional baseball to college players. When Matty came in there were few college entries in the big leagues. Such college stars as Dutch Carter and Greenway of Yale, Coburn of Harvard and others had all passed up the professional game. But after Matty there soon followed Bender, Plank, Coombs, Coakley, Overall, Lundgren, Collins and others. Today there are more than two hundred college ball players in the two big leagues.

Andy Smith of Pennsylvania first laid the foundation for football popularity along the Pacific. Andy came along to build up a team or a series of teams that were almost invincible. One of his California teams beat a strong Ohio State eleven, champions of the Western Conference, 28 to 0. This soon had its effect upon the prep-school players of California. They turned to football with a rush, inspired by Brick Muller and other stars. In a short while there were fifty-two prep-school football captains in one California freshman class. The entire state went football-minded. The trail soon led to Stanford—to Southern California—to St. Mary's and to other Western universities. Something had to be done to meet California's supremacy, so Stanford sent for Pop Warner and Southern California sent for Howard Jones. These two great coaches lost no time in turning the marvelous material that came along into winning line-ups.

There have been thousands of possible or prospective champions in the past who, lacking inspiration, never came out for games that might have made them famous. It is along this line that the McLoughlins, the Paddocks, the Ouimets, Joneses, Ruths and others have done their most effective work. They have been the beacons that lighted the way.

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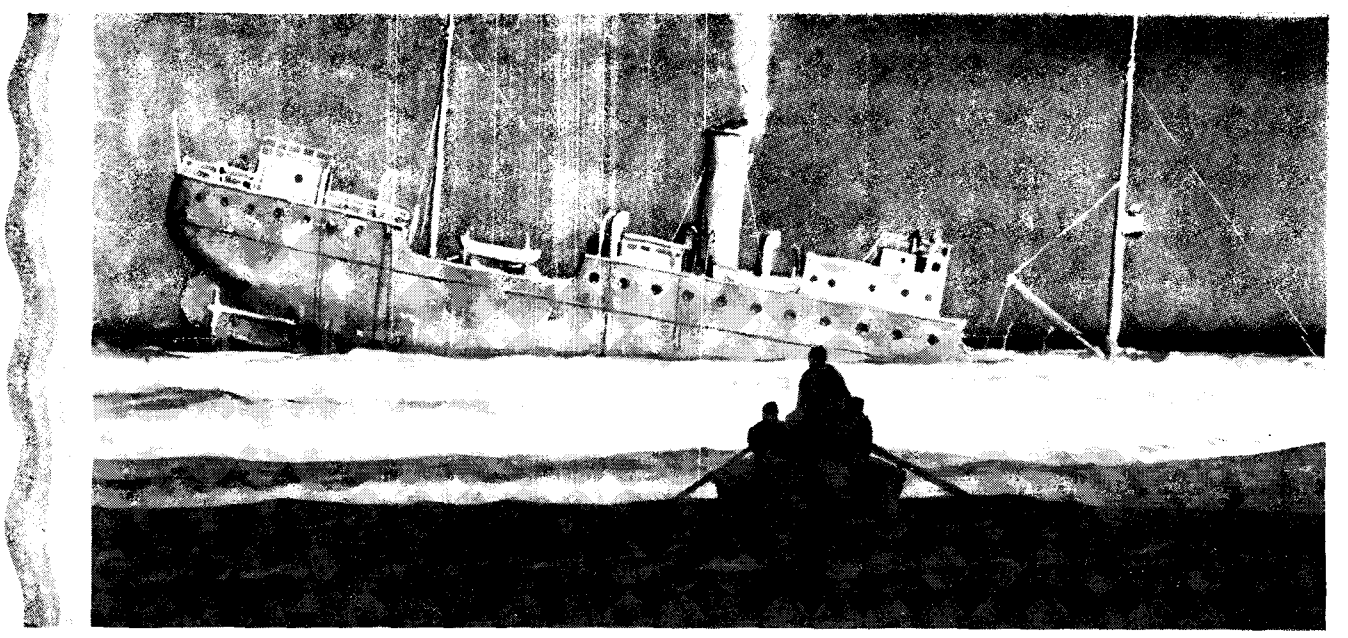

Let the Girl go

A story of love well tested in the crucible of danger

By John C. Groome, Jr.

THE captain of the Mindora stood on the weather side of his bridge, staring grimly at the rapidly enveloping blanket of sinister, gray fog. In his face were lines of worry.

"I love you," the girl at his side murmured almost inaudibly.

"Start the siren," said the captain to the chief officer, who had the watch. "Slow ahead, both engines."

"Why?" asked the captain, this time to the girl, but scarcely altering his voice. Before she could reply there came a call from the bow lookout.

"Vessel on the starboard bow, close aboard, sir!"

"Half astern both," the captain ordered in a conversational tone.

In a very few seconds, with her way checked, the Mindora lay rolling easily in a mild ground swell, surrounded by a slimy, cold fog, dirty, wet and thick as soup. Save for the lap of the sea against the hull there was no sound in all the world.

The girl neither moved nor spoke as she remained near the captain, almost shoulder to shoulder with him. Her tall, slim figure in its close-fitting blue and white sweater and white sport skirt swayed with the roll of the ship. There was no smile on her somewhat freckled face, and her lips were parted in eagerness as her heavily lashed blue eyes strove to pierce the shroud of the fog. This was her first experience at sea and the contrast between the western New York town of her birth and life aboard the Mindora had proved more than stimulating. It was also her first interlude since the death of her husband, who had left her a widow relieved in mind and financially independent.

The Mindora's siren screamed an angry wail at one-minute intervals but still no sound came from the other vessel. The fog shut down even thicker until the lean, empty jackstaff was barely visible from the bridge.

Another uneasy minute elapsed. The captain still looked to starboard and to windward. The girl glanced to port, casually at first and then with rapt attention. She saw something that at first she did not identify—something white and curling, gliding silently through the water, and converging on them. She grasped the captain's arm and with her other hand indicated what she saw. The captain followed the direction of her finger, recognized the cutwater of another vessel and leaped for the telegraphs. Below, an engineer was roused by the demanding clamor of the gongs as the annunciators leaped, fore and aft, coming to rest on "full astern," while from above the deep-throated whistle gave out four blasts again and again in rapid succession.

On the taffrail deck, the owner reposed in a wicker chair. He was enjoying a cigar which he was efficiently chewing and smoking at the same time. Across from him was his wife. The feminine apparel and absence of the cigar were the only visible bases of comparison between herself and her husband. In the background were several guests. As their tea was spilled from the cups by the vibration they rushed forward beyond the protecting weather-screens and peered excitedly into the fog. A large oil tanker slid alongside from out of the blank gray wall, so close aboard that they could almost have reached out and touched her. On the bridge of the yacht the captain prepared to address a few remarks to the master of the tanker.

"Steady, sir," admonished the chief officer. "You're yachting now, sir." The captain looked at him sharply, and choked off his speech. The tanker reversed his engines and backed away, to be immediately swallowed in the fog, his shrill air whistle blowing often enough now.

The after guard once more settled themselves among their cushions, as the reassuring, measured vibrations told them they were again under way.

A long, slim and elegantly turned-out gentleman spoke to the owner's wife:

"Where *is* Anne, Mrs. Brown?"

MRS. BROWN shrugged her shoulders. She ventured no opinion as to the whereabouts of Anne, but implied by her expression that the worst was to be expected.

"Probably on the bridge," suggested Mr. Brown.

"She is always on the bridge in thick weather," his wife replied. To which the sleek gentleman retorted, "So is the captain."

"Just so," said Brown. "Where he belongs." He pressed a button and instantly the steward appeared. "A few cocktails, Josef," he directed that individual, who was an Irishman from County Kerry by birth and known in the forecastle as "Mike the Mug."

"Oui, monsieur," answered Mike in painfully acquired French.

Anne at that moment was just behind the weather dodger, looking anxiously at the captain's uncompromising face as he stood glaring into the impenetrable grayish wall surrounding them.

"You're crazy," he told the girl evenly, without moving his eyes from their eternal straining ahead. "You've only known me four weeks. You know nothing about me; nothing, except that I am a hired servant on this antiquated hooker that passes for a yacht."

"Do I seem like a woman who loses her head easily or gets carried away by summer moons and salt water?" she retorted.

For the first time since she had come on the bridge he gave her his full attention, looking into her eyes squarely and searchingly. Suddenly one of his rare smiles flashed across the weather-browned face—a smile which instantly transformed him from a rather terrifying, stereotyped mariner into a very human creature. Anne had once before seen that smile lighten the taciturn captain's features at an inane question of her host and it was not until then that she had realized he was other than an efficient automaton, in immaculate regulation uniform with its four rows of gold braid. After seeing him smile, Anne had set herself to the task of discovering the man beneath the uniform and in doing so she had, for the first time in a shallow if sheltered existence, discovered herself.

They were interrupted by the cautious appearance of Josef's head a few inches above the level of the bridge deck. He had been trained in a school where stewards came on the bridge only when sent for, and then with apprehension. Even now he was poised for instant flight.

"Mrs. Brown is distressed that you are missing your tea, madame," he said, and hurriedly ducked out of sight. The girl lingered a moment, and then reluctantly made her way aft. The captain stepped to the chart-room and checked his dead-reckoning position. Then he returned to the bridge and resumed his vigil.

CAPTAIN RAKES of the Cable Ship Lord Dawson looked approvingly at an array of bottles that would have put to shame the Belmont Bar in its prewar days. He knew his Americans and what was denied them at home. His cabin was brilliantly clean but without a superfluous article of furniture or equipment. The old-fashioned brass hot-water jug shone like gold, and the surface of the round mahogany table was waxed to perfection. Against the bulkhead was a desk and a book cabinet containing one shelf of standard works on navigation and one complete shelf of P. G. Wodehouse's novels. The quartermaster on watch knocked and announced:

"Captain Ross and Mr. Yancey, to see the captain."

"How in blazes did you know I was on that teakettle?" asked Ross as soon as the introductions were completed.

"Quite simple," said the Englishman. "You see, I was pottering around in a small motor launch almost under your bows as you steamed by the Yacht Squadron Anchorage. Your manly figure, once seen on the bridge, is never to be forgotten. So I sent you a note. And now that I have spotted you, may I inquire just what you are doing in Halifax in that most extraordinary-looking vehicle?"

"IF YOU have reference to the Steam Yacht Mindora, twin-screw, quadruple expansion, reciprocating engines with—"

"Don't forget the keel condensers," interrupted Mr. Yancey.

"Oh, yes," agreed Captain Ross "complete with keel condensers and V bottom. We dare not take the ground. But I digress. I am no longer a component part of the Navy of the United States."

"Nor am I," added Mr. Yancey.

"But quite, quite," said Captain Rakes. A man of immense resource but limited vocabulary. "Have a gin," he added beaming, as though the problem were solved thereby.

The steward appeared with beef broth that can only be found in the United Kingdom or on His Majesty's ships. It was rapidly absorbed. There followed deep-dish mutton pie and a bottle of Pommard, carried reverently on its side in a basket.

"Since Sumter was fired on," sighed Mr. Yancey, "the Yanceys have never tasted Pommard like this."

"Quite," said Captain Rakes.

"Bob's family," explained Captain Ross between mouthfuls, indicating his chief engineer with his knife, "are very nice people. They don't know he is master plumber in a sewage-disposal plant."

"Late Engineer Officer U. S. S.

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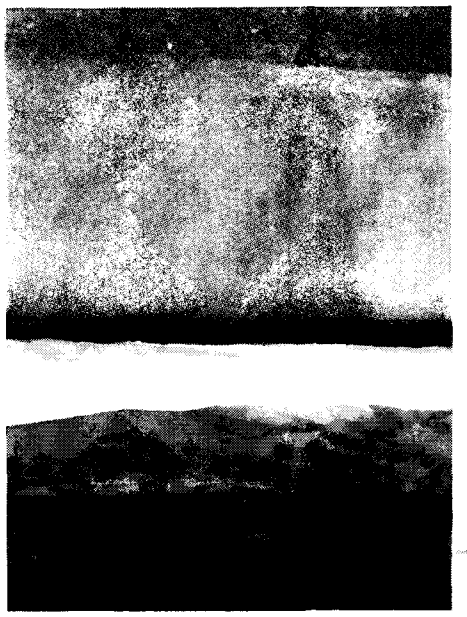

Illustrated by Donald Teague

She grasped the captain's arm and with her other hand indicated what she saw

Barnegat," added Yancey, expanding from the Pommard.

"Late Executive Officer U. S. S. Barnegat," asserted Ross, indicating himself with his knife and accepting more pie.

"Quite, quite. But why 'late'?"

"It began with a woman," started Ross.

"It always does," put in Yancey.

"She was brought on board the Barnegat by my late fiancée's brother, who was one of the officers."

"*And* remained all night," finished Yancey.

"There was an investigation, followed by a General Court. The brother sidestepped. It was brought out that *I* and *not* he had been entertaining the lady, together with Yancey here, all of whom *had* been in my cabin. To save the face of my fiancée's family I took it all standing. Yancey, the fool, then resigned, just to keep the ball rolling."

"And," said Yancey, "here we are. Very simple. The girl, of course, jilted Ross forthwith. Lieutenant-Commander, all very rosy. Discredited ex-Navy officer, most reprehensible."

"Not jolly at all," said Rakes. "What about your august uncle, the admiral, to say nothing of that submarine show you put on in the North Sea?"

"I sadly suspect had it not been for them I would even now be cracking stones in the Naval prison at Portsmouth. Our Navy frowns upon young ladies spending the night on board ship."

"Not only frowns upon, but views with alarm," corrected Yancey.

"In order to eat, I wangled the present berth out of Calkins, you know, of Calkins & Calkins, world-famous yacht brokers, who was in my class at the Academy. I think I can stick it until I get back to New York, but no longer."

"Your after guard, jolly, what?" asked Rakes.

"JOLLY is the word," said Yancey darkly. "Most unsophisticated lot of landsmen, though kind to dumb animals, I suppose. Guests worse, although I believe one of them can get by. A Mrs. Anne Alvarez, who is all to the merry according to Josef, the steward. The captain here can tell you more. He teaches them nautical astronomy, with particular reference to meridian altitudes of the moon."

"They stay," growled Ross, "the hell off the bridge."

"Including Mrs. Alvarez?"

"If you would gossip less with Josef and pay more attention to that ex-convict second engineer you picked up in your New London speakeasy, you would be of more value," returned his captain.

"That is small reward for leaving my happy home and following the boyhood companion on his experimental voyages with the new-rich, is it not?" asked Yancey, plaintively.

"He would come," admitted Ross, grudgingly, "though God knows why."

"All very remarkable. Have a brandy? Pleasure."

The conversation was interrupted by a messenger who handed the captain a slip of paper. Rakes perused it solemnly. "Sailing orders," he announced abruptly. "Sending us to your country —Portland—"

"When will you sail?" asked Ross.

"About Tuesday or Wednesday. Time enough to show you the town, my boy."

"I know you would," answered Ross gloomily, "but I can't be away from the ship and we shall only stay a day or so."

The conversation turned to matters nautical, to the Arctic Patrol, the North Sea and the general conduct of the late war, during which Rakes and Ross had become fast friends. Long after midnight Ross and Yancey rose reluctantly and were escorted to the gangway by their host. Captain Rakes' face was a little wistful as he watched his American friend go over the side of the Lord Dawson. The last time he had seen Ross it was in very different circumstances. To outward appearances the captain of the Mindora was the same care-free sailor that he had been when commanding a destroyer, but there was a change in his manner that was very disconcerting to Rakes.

For some time after his guests left he sat alone, thinking hard. Then an idea came to him. He seized a pen, grabbed some official paper, and laboriously inscribed a letter to his very good friend, the admiral, Ross' uncle, who was the pride of the American fleet and the scourge of the Naval Department.

WEDNESDAY morning was bright and clear with a fresh northwest wind that drove the haze well offshore and raised the visibility to a point that repaid the travelers for their days of fog. So all was well on the Mindora. Mr. Brown expanded on his taffrail deck. The sleek Claude became perceptibly sleeker, and Josef was kept busy answering bells. On the bridge Captain Ross paced back and forth as the Mindora steamed slowly out of the harbor. He saw with regret that the cable dock was now bare and untenanted, as the Lord Dawson had sailed the night before, carrying away Rakes and his brief revivification of the days before a youthful sense of obligation had wrecked one of the most promising careers in the Navy.

Involuntarily the captain glanced now and again at the bridge ladder, half expecting to see Anne's head appear. He had made no answer to her declaration the afternoon of the fog. He had no answer that his brain would sanction and he refused to consult his heart.

The subject of his thoughts suddenly stepped out of the chart-room and smiled at him disarmingly.

"Where were you hiding last night and the night before while we were ashore?" she asked.

"Why?" He was consciously inarticulate in her presence and it annoyed him greatly.

(Continued on page 31)

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Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

THE Oliver family, since the death of Mr. Oliver, has found itself in terribly reduced circumstances. Mrs. Oliver has been ill; Keith, who is in love with a girl whose family disapprove of him, loses his job. He is offered one in Guatemala, but dares not leave his mother and sisters. Eve, the youngest, whose meager salary has kept them all for the past few weeks, is "fired" the day before Christmas. Elinor, the eldest girl, is married, but Mrs. Oliver dislikes the husband.

Norah Oliver, her job also gone, is desperate. In a moment of madness she puts an ad in the paper offering herself in marriage to any man who will look after her family. The events which follow are fantastic.

She meets Barry Dunsmuir, a scholarly, bespectacled explorer, who wants a wife—one who will live on his New Jersey farm, "Foxaway." If Norah will marry him, he will gladly support her family. As soon as they are married he intends to go away for a few months on an exploring trip with Sassoon. They will keep their marriage secret until he returns. Norah can go immediately, with her family, to Foxaway, making it appear for the time being that she has a job as secretary-housekeeper

Desperate, and influenced by her feeling of responsibility to her family, Norah finally agrees. They are married on the twenty-seventh of December and Barry Dunsmuir sails that afternoon. About a week later Keith sails for Guatemala, and Norah, Eve and Mrs. Oliver start for Foxaway. The trip is long and tiring. They are met at the station, and on their arrival at the house find that Huldy, the caretaker of the house for years, has forgotten they were coming. Nothing is prepared; the house is cold; there is practically no food, and the outlook is desolate. But they must at least spend the night. There is no other place to go.

V

THE cascading of coal on the fire awakened Norah; winter dawn was gray at the uncurtained, unshaded windows of the old kitchen. The bent figure of Huldy, spare and bony, and clothed in a belted chocolate percale, was at the stove. Norah stirred in her oddly assorted bedding, and Huldy, replacing the nest of iron rings that was the only stove opening, turned to smile at her grimly.

"Morning!" Norah whispered.

"Morning! It's most eight," Miss Barnard returned with relish. "I thought you folks was goin' to sleep the day out!"

"How do you feel?"

"I don't feel—" Huldy opened one of the smaller rings, looked into the range. "I don't feel none too good," she admitted.

Norah sat up, and every bone in her young body responded sorely to the fatigues of yesterday and the cramped discomfort of the night. Her fingers and her nose felt cold, and her face sleepy and warm.

The scene was not inspiring. Three mattresses littered a large part of the kitchen's free space; each was a jumble of blankets and pillows, with the casually strewn contents of three separate suitcases to add further confusion. A silent hump in one of these nests, with a snarl of dark hair at the top of it, was Eve; she did not stir. The hump on the next floor-bed moved, however, and Mrs. Oliver looked cautiously forth from a curve of blanket.

"Norah, is it morning?"

"Eight o'clock."

"My gracious!" Norah's mother raised herself; subsided again. "It's bitter cold!" she said. "I heard the wind all night."

"Did you sleep at all, Mother?"

"I don't think I slept very much," Mrs. Oliver said, sighing. "Well, Norah, this *is* an adventure, isn't it?"

"In a word, yes," Norah agreed, struggling out of bed. She groped about amid the covers for her own belongings: slippers, an old wrapper. Huldy, hugging her own shoulders, had drawn a rocking chair close to the stove.

"My sister's husband come by about five," volunteered Huldy, "an' I'm going back with him to Matty's."

"About *five!*"

"Yes, 'twas real dark. I got my candle lighted an' come down to the side door. Seems he run out of oil-cake, an' he come down for a sack. Seems Matty's all upset about my feelin' so poor, an' she wants I sh'd come up to her for a spell. I's thinkin'," Huldy added, as Norah made no sign, "if you folks are stayin' for some time—?"

"We're going back to the city this morning," Eve said, from a looped Shaker bonnet of blanket.

"Go on," Norah said, putting the filled kettle on the stove.

"I's thinking that I could stop at the store for ye, if so be's there's anything you needed," Huldy finished.

"We ought to have some groceries—some bread, anyway," Norah said.

"I told Ollie to bring some bread."

"Coffee?" Mrs. Oliver suggested.

"There's coffee here."

"That was Chess Adams come 'round with you last night," Huldy further explained; "his mother's my cousin, and her husband's sister is Emma Taft. Emma's got a girl, Pauline, who'd come up here and help you some, any time you'd like it. She's an awful big, stout girl, and she's stronger'n most boys."

"I wish you'd send her 'round," Norah said. She gathered her own bed and bedding into a great roll, dropped it in a corner out of the main line of march.

"Norah," her mother said pleadingly, "we mustn't talk as if we could stay here, dear. Really—*really*—!"

IT WAS a long time before Norah answered her, except with a puzzled, half-smiling glance of sympathy.

Huldy's brother-in-law returned with bread and a round, flimsy bakery ring of coffee-cake, and Norah paid for them. Huldy, with every kindly wish for the comfort of the three Olivers, departed, after a long demonstration of how the oil-stove, brought down from her vault-like chamber, worked and, incidentally, how it smelled. The range dampers were also explained to the attentive Norah; the fire strengthened, the kitchen was hot.

Norah and Eve and their mother breakfasted informally on smoking coffee decorated with rich brown blobs of cream, rich, stiff country jam, fresh scrambled eggs as delicate as fresh flowers, and the spongy, cheap grocery bread.

After breakfast, dirty, warm, weary, well-fed, the temptation was to fall into a dreamy stupor of idleness. But the arrival of Emma Taft's Pauline was invigorating. Pauline was an enormous, tall, energetic girl who was versed in the ways of country kitchens.

The morning raced away. At Pauline's suggestion a door was opened into an adjoining apartment known as the "kitchen chamber." The round-bellied iron stove in the place was fired, and when it was warm enough to be entered, Pauline and Norah and Eve carried the bedding in there. There were already two old beds in the place, with exhausted-looking, rust-stained mattresses. Norah was amazed to see how the whole situation, mental, moral and physical, improved when the beds were decently made, the suitcases put in order, and the kitchen cleared of its overnight tenants.

LUNCH had to be more eggs, more tea and spongy bread, more jam; but the invaluable Pauline had found various "roots" in the cellar, and the real luxury of the meal was supplied by a rich, dark Hubbard squash, baked in broken squares, hot, filling, sweet.

"I'd a-made ye a pudding," Pauline said, "if I could 'a' laid my hands on Huldy's vanilly."

Norah loved this Pauline already. Work simply vanished beneath her ungainly, red-knuckled hands; her presence meant comfort.

"How do we get to the store, Pauline?"

"Well—we ain't got no car. Ef I could git hold of my brother Johnny—"

Pauline wiped the hot, empty dish-pan with a rag, turned the pan upside down, hung the rag on the hot pipe that ran above the range.

"I could walk over to Mis' Abbot's," she finally said. "Her George'll take me down."

With money and a list she departed, and the Olivers sat down to their luncheon and their talk.

"You do as you like, Norah," Eve said. "But I will *not* stay here!"

"You don't have to stay here," Norah assured her.

"I don't see," Mrs. Oliver began, brightly reasonable, "how any of us can stay here. In the first place, it's extremely—it's *amazingly* uncomfortable; and in the second place, I don't see that we accomplish anything. I don't blame Mr. Dunsmuir; he hasn't seen the place for years and he probably remembers it as a boy would, in the summer vacations.

"But this dreadful woman, Huldah, who was supposed to have everything in order, and warm, and food in the house—!"

"Food in the house is nothing. A bathroom in the house is what I am just silly enough to like!" Eve said.

"Well, Huldah was sick," Norah offered mildly.

"Her being sick or well wouldn't affect the plumbing," Eve suggested.

"It's as good as Washington had!"

"Yes, dear, and Cleopatra had no limousine! And they're both dead."

"Well, they didn't die as a result—"

"Oh, girls, girls," Mrs. Oliver said. "This is the way I see it," she went on as both the girls laughed rather shamefacedly. "This is no time of year to come to the country. We must go back and make some temporary arrangement until Mr. Dunsmuir returns in March. *Then* if he wants Norah to come up here, and it's warm and sunny, it will all be quite different. Doesn't that seem a more reasonable plan?"

"But where would we go, Mother?"

"Well, to some very modest little hotel, I suppose."

"I'll get a job," Eve announced. "I'll not come up here ever again. Not under chloroform!"

"We haven't money enough for that," Norah protested. "Mr. Dunsmuir has advanced four hundred dollars—one hundred at Christmas, and three hundred that he put in the bank for me. Of that, half is gone—we have only a little more than two hundred dollars left. How far would that go if we had to pay hotel rent and all our meals? It wouldn't last three weeks. Here, we could live three months on it, easily."

"But, Norah, what then, darling?"

"Why, then it will be summer, Mother, and warm and comfortable here, and Mr. Dunsmuir'll be home, writing his book, and I'll have a hundred-dollar job with all expenses paid."

"Darling, you really think we can *stand* this?"

"Well, if we don't, we merely owe Mr. Dunsmuir four hundred dollars, and we've broken up the city place for nothing."

"I don't think you ever should have borrowed it," Eve said firmly.

Norah said nothing. But there was a stubborn set to her jaw.

IN MID-AFTERNOON, when the kitchen was quiet and orderly and some concoction of beef and vegetables was simmering under Pauline's careful eye on the stove, the three newcomers buttoned themselves into their heavy coats, and went on an inspection of the house.

A long dining-room, with windows north and south, bisected the house. It had a great, gaunt, smoke-stained fireplace, a good table, forlorn chairs; it smelled coldly of long-ago meals. Beyond it was a square hall, with a fine old boxed stairway, and a glass-pan-

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The Ladysmith had been

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lost, in a heavy storm just outside the ice pack

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

"I'm Hazel Dunsmuir—poor Barry's cousin"

eled door with a dirty fanlight. Two large rooms flanked the hall, one almost empty, with a doctor's table and some medical books for its chief furnishing; the other a big, charming, country parlor, where there was a horsehair and walnut set, a clock under a glass bell, a fireplace, some dim old portraits, hooked rugs, a hanging lamp in chains, and many books—lines of them, dim and fascinating and full of promise, ranged in old bookcases along the walls. The windows of this room, south and west, would look into the garden when the garden came back from under the snow; they had no undercurtains, but their many panes and fine lines were disguised under long dangling ropes of rotted and moth-eaten rep. An old square piano, covered in scalloped plum-colored flannel, completed the inventory of the room's furnishing.

Upstairs were bedrooms, one after another, all large and with many windows. But there was no bathroom, and the closets were mere shallow niches in the corners. Everywhere were deep, fine window sills, fine old shutters, and heavy white-painted doors rounded at the top. And here and there, among the cheaper pieces, were good chairs, good chests, mirrors of fine and even elegant lines.

And everywhere were dirt, decay, neglect. The windows were filthy, curtaining and bedding were tumbled roughly together, books had fallen to the floor, rugs were awry, dead flies were piled on tables and sills, paper had moldered on the walls and fallen in long, plastery streamers. Cold had the house in its bitter grip; the women shivered as they went gingerly about on the littered floors.

THEY went back to the kitchen, which seemed a haven of refuge after the bleakness and the gray winter shadows of the house.

"What do people do in a place like this?" Eve demanded, when they were sitting in their respective chairs about the stove. "It kills you to get up and get dressed, you're never clean, you have to slave to get warm, and get anything to eat, and fill lamps, and sweep. And then you go to bed again. Is that the way country people live, Mother?"

"I suppose they do, dear."

"There are a thousand things we could do here," said Norah.

"As what?"

"Oh, in a place like this? Run a hotel, or open a roadside restaurant, or have a school. Or you could put up jam or bake bread or have a summer camp for kids; there are a thousand things, aren't there, Mother?"

"I suppose so," Mrs. Oliver conceded rather dubiously, with a little preliminary clearing of her throat.

"Well, we'll be comfortable tonight," Eve said, "and I go down on the ten-o'clock tomorrow."

"What do you think, Norah?" the mother quavered.

"I'm thinking—I like it," Norah confessed suddenly.

"Oh, Norah, act your age! A Trappist monk couldn't live here!"

"It's—ours," Norah went on, as if she were thinking, rather uncertainly, aloud.

"It is not ours. It belongs to a man we hardly know, who is cruising off in the South Seas somewhere—"

"I MEAN in this way it's ours," Norah elucidated, as her sister paused on an indignant note. "It's—got possibilities. It might be very thrilling to be the secretary of a man here. It would be different."

"You said it," Eve agreed, inelegantly.

"I mean—I have to stick it," Norah finished.

"You don't!"

"I say I do."

"Oh, come, let's not be heroic; let's not be Casabiancas sitting in the hole in the dyke at this late date!" Eve exclaimed scornfully.

"Swimming the Hellespont, you mean," Norah suggested.

"I DON'T care what he did; I know he was one of these smug smarties who tell everyone else how to do everything!" Eve countered unabashed.

"Well, after all, I did enter upon a contract with Mr. Dunsmuir—" Norah began mildly.

"You didn't sign anything!"

"Only a marriage register," Norah thought. Aloud she said, "Well, I'm going to stay. And you can go down and live with Elinor if you like, and look for a job. Only, while you *are* here, Eve, do try to see it as a sort of adventure—as fun—"

"Fun!" Eve echoed. But this was a new note from Norah, and Eve was a little impressed. Norah had gained in firmness, somehow.

Eve penetrated to the tomb-like parlor again, and returned with books. She gave her mother a bound copy of Go-

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dey's Lady's Book, and Mrs. Oliver, warm and fed and resting by the stove, turned its pages in amusement. Eve, waiting for the kettle to boil before beginning piecemeal ablutions in the bedroom off the kitchen, opened Pride and Prejudice.

"I've never read anything of Austen's. I suppose you ought to," Eve observed, in the most agreeable and mollified tone she had used for twenty-four hours.

Norah had bundled herself up again for more investigations and some fresh air. She left the two in the kitchen with a repetition of her former inexplicable phrase, "I tell you I like it. But I'm—thinking it out."

SHE went through a door back of the stove into a sort of laundry passage, where there were wooden tubs, ropes, ladders, stove wood and firewood, coal, kerosene tins, all the litter of a kitchen annex, with empty jam glasses aligned on a cobwebbed window sill, and a rickety stairway ascending to some sort of lair above.

Beyond was a long line of linked sheds; more wood, more ladders, and farm machinery, and finally off at an angle a feed-room, smelling sweetly of oats and clean sacking, and a slippery open step powdered with snow, beyond which again was a chicken house and a chicken run, whose inhabitants appeared to feel mournful and resentful in the cold.

Then came the old-fashioned great stable and the hay barns, set in a strange jumble. Norah went from one to the other like a fascinated child, unfastening leather thongs at the doorways, loving every trough and whitewashed plank, every homely, rustic makeshift in the way of mangers and stalls.

There were chickens in the barn too, fluffing and snuggling in the hay. Norah frightened herself when she frightened one and, starting back, looked down at the improvised nest where the hen had been. Why—what was it?

She stooped, laughing. It was only an egg, warm and white, with a curled little warm feather clinging to it. Only an egg, but Norah had never found a fresh egg before. She went on, carrying it carefully, ridiculously thrilled by the adventure.

The ground was rising now, and outside the barns the bare limbs of enormous elms and maples were moving in the wind. At the upper end of the farmstead Norah let herself out through a great hay door, and was suddenly in the barnyard.

THE door slammed behind her; she braced her back against it to get her bearings before going farther, for the wind was fitful. An early January twilight was softening the outlines of the world; everything was very still, in a sort of late afternoon hush between the rushes of the wind. The sun, which had been hidden all day, was smoldering low against a patch of stripped young alders toward the west, and sending bloody angles and shafts across the sheds and fences. Foxaway stood on rising ground with low mountains rolling away from it in three directions. Down the hill in the direction Norah, with her back against the barn door, was facing, a road, bordered by enormous trees, ran a straight quarter of a mile to the village. On each side of the road were stone fences, fields and occasional strips of dense, heavy woodland; the hills behind the farm were thickly wooded and deep in snow.

The village was lifeless; the shabby clapboarded and scattered houses had drawn into themselves for the long cold season; smoke rose dreamily from their chimneys into the last red winter light; there was no moving thing to be seen except a mud-spattered motor-car that moved for a few blocks, stopped again.

Over the whole world—the fields and roads, the hills and fences and the great denuded trees—the winter night was deepening. The sky turned gray, masses of black cloud formed themselves on the western horizon. Here and there, in the village, a speck of yellow showed where a lamp had been lighted in some farmhouse kitchen. Norah could hear a cow mooing; there was silence, the cow mooed again.

The air was cold, heavy and pure, except when wind flurries came, clicked branches, and stirred gray lichened shingles on the old roofs. The smoke of the kitchen fire was snatched and whirled away into the all-enveloping grayness; then the wind fell again, and the world was more silent than before.

Norah felt an almost unbearable excitement thrilling in her veins. She was tired, her thoughts were confused and vague, but their sum was exhilaration; here in this gusty country twilight, when the snow was thinned on the hills and the winter fields and forests at their shabbiest before a storm, a wild elation seized upon her. It was one of the moments in which a soul is reborn; Norah knew then that this land belonged to her and she to it; she must form her life and herself here, this was the beginning of new things, better things—this was her opening door.

Eve

She had no choice. The man she had so strangely married had sent her here, and these great stripped trees stirring so uneasily high above her head in the dark, and these stark fields and woods of Foxaway, and the mellowed old sheds and roofs that were blended now into one total of shadow in the fast-gathering gloom—these were her friends, her weapons, her teachers.

A laugh that was like a shout burst from her, and she started at something that moved close beside her; it was Pauline, with a shawl over her head, and a basket in her hand.

"Pauline!"

"You call me?"

"No. What have you got? Eggs?"

"I found eight or nine. They ain't layin' so well, now Huldy's been too miserable to give 'em hot mash. I'll start in on 'em tomorrow. The last winter I was up here with Dr. Dunsmuir we sold more'n seventeen dollars' wuth of eggs."

"You *did!*" Norah exclaimed. Another door opening.

Norah

"Yes'm. Them's young hens; they'll do real good on hot mash." Pauline said.

The two women walked down through the fences and paddocks together.

"Your sister says she's going down to New York State on the train tomorrow."

"She doesn't like it here."

"No."

A gale of wind tore by them, and Pauline diverged to remark:

"Ef we ain't in for a snow I miss my guess."

"No, do you really think so!" Norah chilled for a moment by the thought of Eve, was all enthusiasm again.

"Can't you taste it?" Pauline asked, surprised in her turn. "That flat taste to the air like it hasn't no salt in it."

Presently she said, "You reckon your ma'll go, too?"

"I don't think so. I believe my mother'll stay."

"You were tellin' me you're Mr. Dunsmuir's secretary?"

"He has all the material for a book, and he wanted to get started on it. But then he had a chance to go on this trip with Dr. Sassoon. So he'll start it when he gets back."

"I'd rather stay hum, where it's comfortable and folks can live like Christains!" Pauline commented as they went into the house.

"Eve meant to go down to town the second day after our arrival," Norah wrote to Barry some weeks later. "But the aforementioned storm prevented; I'm not going to try again to describe it; suffice it to say that there never in this world was anything so gorgeous. Just one of these little thorny bushes with the red berries on it and the snow weighing down the thorns and the red berries, was enough, as Whitman says, to stagger sextillions of infidels. I'm reading your uncle's Whitman.

"Eve finally did get to the station on the third day, and about a week later Mother went down for a few days, and came back. And Eve came back, and Uncle Rodney came—for life, I think. They complain, but they stay. But as for me, I'm *mad*—drunk—enthralled with Foxaway. I don't want to go anywhere else, I don't want to miss one minute of it. You can't think how crowded, dry, dull, feverish the city seems, from here.

"WE WERE here a week before I knew that the milk was coming from *our* cows. Or cow, at least, for Lily and the 'old heifer' are both dry, and come in triumphantly in May. It is Dolly's milk we are enjoying and what milk—and what cream! The Kleisers get all the milk we don't get for caring for our cows, but they're going away, so the cows come home next week. The chickens are all laying like mad, and I can sell all the eggs we don't use. I had a man named Ingersoll for a day chopping wood; he lives up Old Creek way. But I forget you don't know any of these people. I meet them when I'm walking, or at Lassen's, the grocery. Lassen's wife is going to give me an Airedale puppy, 'when they are ready,' as Daisy Ashford says.

"Your cable arrived, and I am sorry about poor Mr. Cotton's death, but very glad if you are to have the opportunity to go to the Bay of Whales with Dr. Sassoon. That means July, if you come back on the Ladysmith, according to the papers, and July will still be glorious here. But every day now is like a miracle, and my heart is too full; it is really too full.

"Sometimes the events of December and my answering the advertisement seem like a strange dream, and perhaps we will keep them so. It is impossible for me to get myself back in that mood again, and remember how I felt.

"YOUR letter from Hobart asked what we do. I hardly know. The time simply rushes by. Mother and I sleep in the big room off the kitchen, and I usually come out to the kitchen at about half past seven. That is sunrise now, and the view from the windows is lovely. Then we have breakfast; Pauline has hers. She sleeps over the woodshed, where the steep roof is. She is the comfort of my life, by the way—she got a dollar a day when she went home nights, and gets sixteen dollars a month now, and her mother keeps sending us pies and fresh bread, as if to hold our distinguished patronage.

"Then after breakfast there are thousands of things to do. We are taking the house room by room, and cleaning and straightening and restoring. Your uncle's study is made into a lovely workroom for you, and the parlor is simply lovely; every good thing in the house in there.

"Last week we had mild, mild days—

(Continued on page 45)

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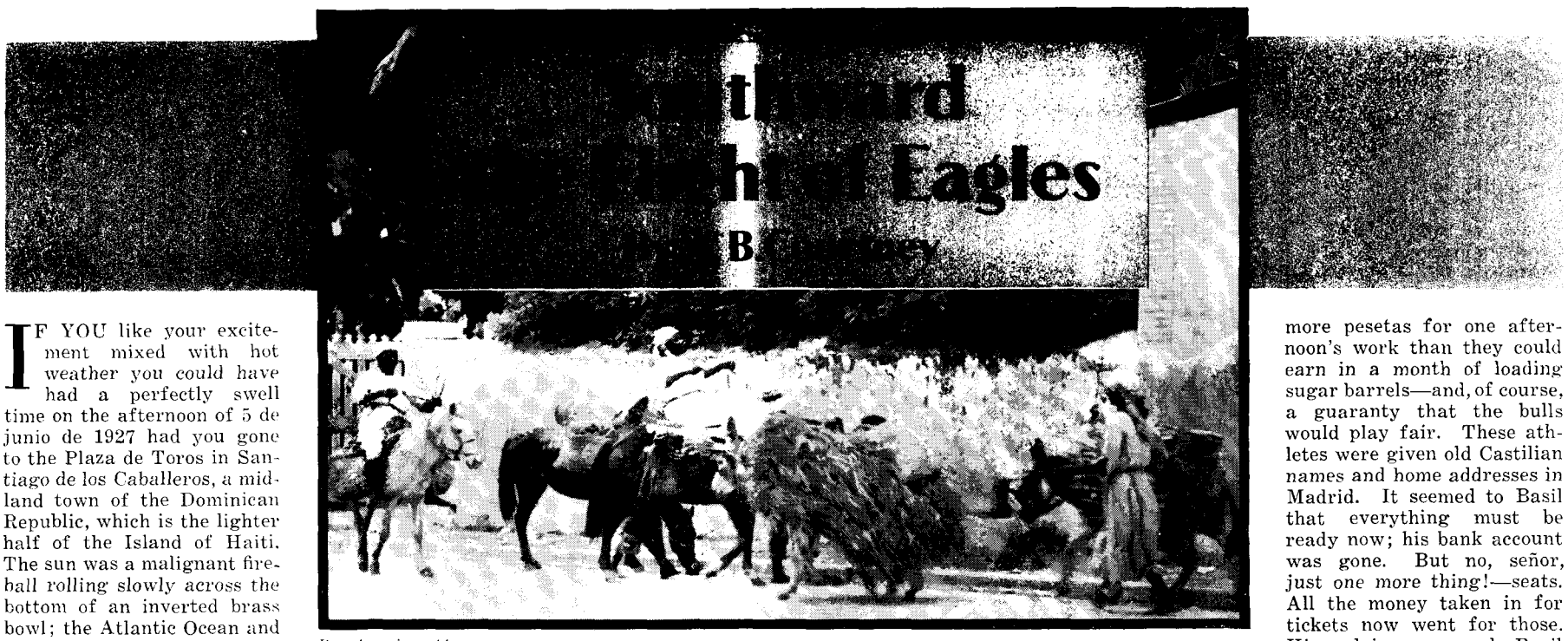

Pan-American Airways

Donkey transportation along the road to Haiti's airport

Along the emerald necklace of the West Indies, tying together the three Americas, stretches an airway system that operates with machinelike precision. Here is the story of the men who blazed that trail—and especially of Basil Rowe, one-time promoter of bullfights

IF YOU like your excitement mixed with hot weather you could have had a perfectly swell time on the afternoon of 5 de junio de 1927 had you gone to the Plaza de Toros in Santiago de los Caballeros, a midland town of the Dominican Republic, which is the lighter half of the Island of Haiti. The sun was a malignant fireball rolling slowly across the bottom of an inverted brass bowl; the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea, between them, couldn't muster enough breeze to stir the royal palms on the slopes of the Peak de Yaqui in the Sierra del Cibao; the fields of sugar cane—but if you have never been in the West Indies in cloudless midsummer it would be difficult to make you understand how warm it was.

The important thing is that over and above the atmospheric torridity a social heat was boiling within the Plaza de Toros. The toros themselves were growing sticky about matters; they wanted only to be let alone to nibble the scant grass or to scratch their horns on the grandstand. The matadors, in turn, were hotter than the bulls, what with dodging seats, stones, tin cans, oranges, knives and bad words. But the hottest spots in all that arena were under the collars of several thousand Dominicans who had paid out their good pesetas—for what, Madre de Dios?

Even Basil Rowe can't tell you exactly how hot it was that day. Not that Basil suffered from the heat; on the contrary, chills were gamboling up and down his spine. He did not relish the manner in which those fans were yelling, "Kill el Norteamericano! Slay the damned Yanqui and boil him in the fat of a sick pig!" For Basil, you see, was the only damned Yankee on the premises. Moreover, he was the damned impresario of this particular bullfight.

Bullfight promotion was not his regular business. He was an aviator, who had come to Santo Domingo several months ago to barnstorm and had made a lot of money before he fell into the hands of a Dominican Wallingford. It could be observed by anyone whose head was not altogether a coconut shell, the new friend had said ingratiatingly, that Señor Basil was of the very stuff of pioneers, like the sainted Columbus. Had he not sailed the very first ship of the skies into Santo Domingo, even as Señor Chris had sailed here the very first ship of the seas? There remained but one other pioneer venture worthy of such Dons as Columbus and Rowe. Santo Domingo had no bullring, no bullfighting. The Dominicans are Spanish—si, señor, a trifle darker than the other Spanish, it is true, but nothing is to be gained by going into *that*. Let Señor Basil be convinced; an afternoon of the Spanish national sport would fill the largest arena that could be constructed on the island.

Señor Basil had been convinced, to the extent of gambling all the money he had in the world. The place selected for this momentous innovation in Santo Domingo's athletic history was the mushy lot from which Basil had been barnstorming. Men, lumber, donkeys appeared by magic and in great quantities.

Ready for the Big Show

Negotiations were conducted by the adviser chiefly because Señor Basil's Spanish was, as yet, restricted to such elementary phrases as: "The ride will cost you five bucks"—"Keep your hands off that wing"—"How far did you expect to fly in ten minutes, to Europe and back?" The first Plaza de Toros in Santiago de los Caballeros took form, a date was set, tickets were printed and all were sold before the ink was dry; in brief, everything was ready for a grand bullfight—except bulls and bullfighters.

Basil's Dominican partner had then come along with an old jitney, some rope, two lanterns, and a wooden mallet. Under cover of night the partners raided remote farmyards; and they braced themselves in the low crotches of banyan trees and lassoed the wild bulls of the plateaus. In the darkness it was not easy, and oftentimes the light of dawn would reveal that all the captives were obviously not bulls.

On the docks of Santo Domingo City Basil found a couple of big, strong young stevedores, not too dark, who were willing to become matadors upon promise of free beer, free costumes, and more pesetas for one afternoon's work than they could earn in a month of loading sugar barrels—and, of course, a guaranty that the bulls would play fair. These athletes were given old Castilian names and home addresses in Madrid. It seemed to Basil that everything must be ready now; his bank account was gone. But no, señor, just one more thing!—seats. All the money taken in for tickets now went for those. His adviser assured Basil that he was investing for the future. It did not matter, really, if he lost a little money on this first performance. But now, on the gala afternoon, as he heard the cries go up for his blood, Basil wondered whether money would be all he'd lose.

Despite a considerable amount of secret practice the bulls and the fighters hadn't got on so well. The crowd, while inexperienced, had seen enough bullfights in the movies to know that this was not a *corrida de toros* half so much as a game of tag, you're it.

A Great Day for the Bulls

Basil felt that the end of the festival could not be far off when he saw his bravest toro climb the fence at one side while his most valiant matador shinnied over the opposite side, a spreading maneuver which began with an unexpected and unintentional face-to-face meeting in the center of the ring. Basil therefore legged it.

Not sixth sense, exactly, but six months' experience with the West Indian temperament had led him to make sure of a head start sufficient to give him time to crank his little plane, which stood at the far end of the lot. It was an escape such as you have doubtless read of in fiction, but you'll wait and read a long time to learn of another like it in real life. The crowd was almost upon him as the ship began to roll. Those in his pathway scattered or dropped; those outside it threw rocks; and the plane staggered into the air, pulled up as much by the muscles of its pilot as by the laws and forces of flight. The Plaza de Toros, in all its unpainted newness, dropped away behind his left wing. The sepulcher of his savings. He turned upon it a sad and lingering farewell look, and the last impression he had was of three bulls tranquilly grazing right in the center of its deserted confines.

Today you can fly luxuriously over the West Indies from Nassau in the Bahamas to Port of Spain in the heel of the Lesser Antilles; over Central America from Havana to Mérida and clear down to the Canal; and over and around, and up and down, South America from Buenos Aires to Caracas. You may have anywhere from nine to thirty-nine traveling

Acme

Basil Rowe, flying soldier of fortune

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companions, and may take your ease in an overstuffed lounge chair while you sip iced lemonade served by a steward who will converse in Spanish or English, as you prefer, while he brandishes a map with red arrows to show you where you are at four minutes past nine.

At each base you will see a pair of smartly uniformed pilots march out to the plane with military precision, and after them a radio operator who takes his post in a cubicle in the tail. You'll see a dispatcher on a dock-end or in a control tower wave a checkered flag to signal all's clear for your take-off or landing. If it's Sunday, when you unfold the newspaper you find at your seat you will likely come across a picture in the roto section showing Colonel Lindbergh officially opening this or that new section of the line. And all this splurge, all this orgy, of modern transportation exists just because Basil Rowe, the adventurous son of French parents who settled in the Catskill Mountains of New York, promoted a bullfight on that sweltering afternoon five years ago!

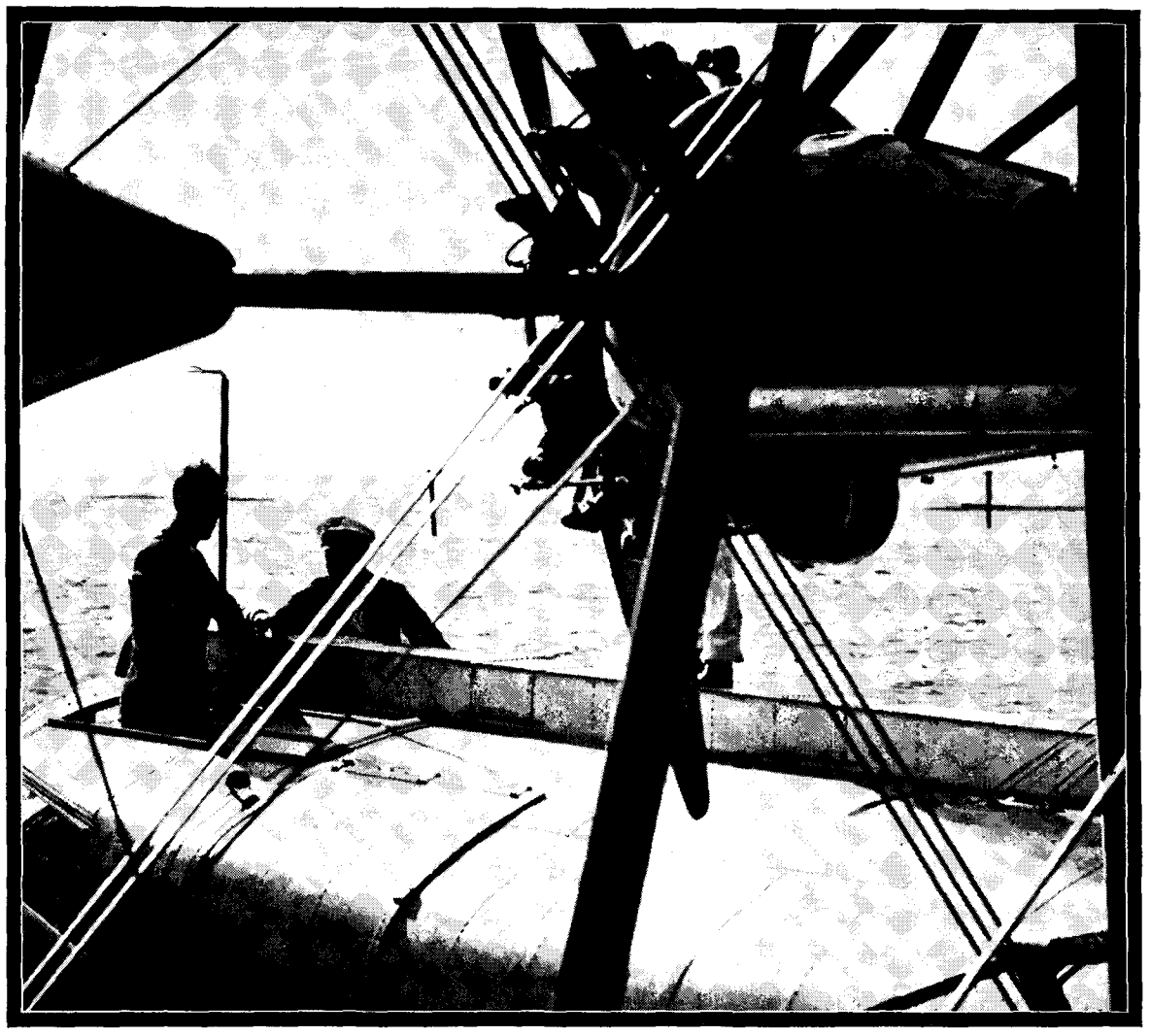
That statement is not so mysterious as it sounds. Curb your impatience long enough to take a quick backward look at a few milestones, and you'll get the idea. Wherever you come upon an airport in Spanish America nowadays, whether in the jungles of Honduras or the pestilential swamps of the Guianas or cupped between snowy peaks in Peru or astride a palm-fringed plateau in Costa Rica, draw off quietly to one side and look up into the sky. It will be better if it is twilight and you are alone.

Stare with the inner eye of sympathy and you will see a ghostly picture—a vision of the days of long ago in aviation. It is of a wandering young American flyer, out of funds and out of gas and with the swift nightfall of the tropics already heralded by saffron and scarlet in the western sky. He has flipped his Jenny into a careless bank, while he rests his chin on the down side of the cockpit and appraises the ground with a sour eye. Presently he will spit a wad of cut plug, and bring an airplane to rest, in whole or in part, on that particular spot of earth for the first time.

Magellans of the Air

He and his kind were the frontiersmen of the air; the restless Dan'l Boones who always pined to see what was beyond the mountains. Bill McMillen gave the Argentine and Chile their first look at an airplane. Ed Snyder did the same for Mexico, and George Fawcett for Peru. In Honduras and the twopenny countries adjacent thereto flew Morgan; while the skies over Colombia knew the cavorting of a red-headed Irish-American from the Middle West whose name has already faded from the time-beaten plaque of the pioneers. And in the West Indies there was Basil L. Rowe.

Down in Miami and along the necklace of island gems worn by the Carib Sea, Basil's last name is pronounced row—what you do to a boat when the motor balks. But up in Shandaken, New York, the little village where he was born, folks would think he was putting on airs if he pronounced it any other way than row—what you have with your wife when she burns the toast. Back in the Department de la Loire it was spelled Rau.



Col. Charles Lindbergh and Basil Rowe on the American Clipper

Basil made his first landing in 1897 and never did apply himself seriously to the job of growing up. He'd have to stand on a chair to be five feet six, and if he weighs 140 pounds it's because somebody else has a foot on the scales. When you fly beside him, you wonder whether he's a descendant of the first citizen of the Catskills, Rip Van Winkle, for his body and mind seem incased in a permanent repose. It's a bit disconcerting until you notice his eyes, which are as bright as Sunday buttons; the nearest thing to a lynx's eyes you've ever seen outside a lynx's head. In his physical appearance he is wrung-out, and he has that apprehensive, sidewise walk which is peculiar to men who have spent their youths as house-to-house canvassers—only he was never a house-to-house canvasser. He was an automobile mechanic until the war, in 1917, furnished him with his first good excuse to leave home.

As an enlisted mechanic in the Air Corps he had taken so many flights with pilots whom he watched carefully to see how they did it that when the war ended he felt that he could do it, too. So he bought a condemned Jenny and, with only his experience as a humble passenger behind him, he actually flew it home to the Catskills, which the historian Francis Parkman described as a "congealed stormy ocean." In no time this mountain lad became one of the foremost racing pilots of the nation, boon companion and sworn rival of such stars as Casey Jones and Jim Ray, the present genius of the autogiro. Basil has a whole atticful of medals and mugs among his souvenirs of those days.

Basil Rowe is chief pilot of an international airline

His best souvenirs, however, are his memories.

As a partner of Clarence Chamberlin he shared many incredible adventures, not the least being the flight instruction of the Honorable Colonel Hubert F. Julian, the Black Ace, Aëronautical Minister to His Majesty Haile Selassie I, Lord King of Kings of Ethiopia, Conquering Lion of Judah, and Emperor of Abyssinia. They groomed Rupert for the Most Stupendous Heroic Achievement of the Colored Race, the New York to Africa non-stop flight, when Ace Julian took off from North Beach, New York, and landed at—North Beach, New York, farther from Africa and upside down.

You remember, of course, the Age of the Professors in aëronautics. You'd go out to your local amusement park on Sunday to see the professor—a scrawny scientist in ill-fitting tights, with an American flag tucked in his belt—take his seat on a trapeze slung beneath a hot-air balloon. At an appropriate altitude, depending upon how anxious the professor was to get home to supper, he would pull a rip-valve to deflate the bag, and simultaneously drop from his trapeze and float gracefully to earth with his parachute, kissing his hands to the ladies.

When airplanes came in, the professors haggled into partnerships with the barnstormers. It seems that the consuming ambition of every professor was to think up stunts that nobody else had been mad enough to try. One professor who teamed with Basil, an ex-mechanic named Fox, proposed to swing underneath the plane from the port wing-tip to the starboard, by means of a rope attached to the axle of the landing gear. Basil took him up to try it, at a fair in Pennsylvania. It didn't work. There he was hanging to the rope, far below the plane. He tried to writhe himself into a pendulum swing; and Basil, looking down upon his white face, tried to tilt down his wing to meet him. No use; the ship fluttered and wobbled, the ground came up fast.

Basil looked around for a lake or a big stack of hay to drop him into. He couldn't see either, but there was a nice cemetery in view. The professor, meanwhile, had managed to climb hand over hand to the axle, where he sat—pale, shaking, his hands skinned to the bone—while Basil made the most gingerly landing of his career.

Napoleon Was Right

Basil saw the barnstorm-hop price go down from $25 to $5. He made up his mind that when it went below $5 he would seek less sophisticated lands; and one day in 1926 he heard the airport barkers yelling $3, so he packed up. "Why don't you try Porto Rico?" said a friend. "You wouldn't have any competition." "Porto Rico," murmured Basil vaguely, reaching for a map. "Is that good flying country?" "Finest ever," said the friend, who had once passed within forty miles of Porto Rico on a banana steamer; "flat as last night's beer."

So our hero left the land of his birth, and when he saw Porto Rico's skyline he wished he had his friend by the neck. An illustrious fellow countryman of Basil's ancestors, one Napoleon, once illustrated a description of Haiti, which is the geographical twin of Porto Rico, by seizing a sheet of paper, crumpling it into a tortuous ball and throwing it upon a table. "There," he thundered, "is Haiti!" Basil will bear witness for Napoleon any time.

But here he was; and with that genius for making the best of things which has made him the great airman he is, he searched out an open lot near San Juan, flung his windsock to the breeze, and went to work, although he couldn't speak a word of Spanish and was suffering

(Continued on page 32)

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The Wet Betrayal

By Clinton W. Gilbert

BY IGNORING their party platforms calling for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, the Republican and Democratic members of the House and Senate have probably put off the repeal of Federal prohibition until 1937. That is the earliest year now in which it is likely that three-fourths of the states can be got to ratify a repeal amendment.

This estimate assumes that such an amendment will be passed at the next session of Congress, which is uncertain, the session being a short one in which a filibuster by the drys might prevent the passage of a resolution to submit repeal; and it allows for the delay which the election of state special constitutional conventions to consider repeal will inevitably entail.

If the parties in Congress continue to play politics with prohibition, as they did at the end of this session, or if they divide on the lines of Federal or state control of the liquor traffic, as they did in their platforms adopted at Chicago, then there may be a longer delay.

Both party conventions were unanimous for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The only difference of opinion in either convention was over the language to be used in declaring for an end of prohibition.

Congress Dodges the Platforms

In the month after the Republicans declared for ending prohibition, the Republicans in the Senate and House made not one honest effort to advance the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. And in the fortnight after their party had committed itself in unequivocal language to repeal, the Democrats in Congress equally made no honest efforts to advocate repeal.

Senator Bingham, Republican leader of the wetter group in the Republican convention, contented himself with merely trying to embarrass the Democrats by forcing a vote on legalizing beer, which the Democratic platform favored. And Senator Glass, Democrat, countered by trying to embarrass the Republicans by offering a repeal amendment consistent with the Republican platform. Both issues were avoided though the Senate was shamed a few hours before adjournment into a meaningless vote to take up repeal.

If platforms meant anything, the session might have been prolonged a bit while a vote was had both on beer and on repeal. The shabby spectacle of dodging and playing politics that this session afforded foreshadows what is likely to happen with regard to the Eighteenth Amendment in the short session beginning next December.

The chief factor in the delay of ratifying a change of the Eighteenth Amendment after it is passed will be the rather general practice of state legislatures of meeting only once in two years in the odd-numbered year. Of the forty-eight states, forty-three will have sessions next year, which is an odd-numbered year. Of these only nine will be meeting in 1934. Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and South Carolina have annual sessions of the legislature. Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi and Virginia have biennial sessions, in the even-numbered years. Alabama has only a quadrennial session and is not due to have its legislature meet again until 1935.

The next session in Congress begins in December and ends when the terms of the members end on March 4th. Nothing is accomplished ordinarily during December. So it may be assumed that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment will not be taken up seriously until after New Year's. During the two remaining months there are appropriation bills to be passed. And there may be important legislation before Congress having to do with the depression. So there won't be much time to consider a repeal resolution.

Much politics will be played with repeal. The Republicans will maintain that the Democratic plan of repeal will entail the return of the saloon. The Democrats will say that the Republican plan of retaining Federal control of the liquor traffic means that prohibition may in effect be restored at any time by the vote of Congress. The fact that neither of these things is true will not prevent their being the subject of ardent debate, at least in the Senate. So, if a filibuster does not prevent action, a resolution for repeal is likely to be passed late in the session.

Now, of the state legislatures which will be in session in 1933, about half have sessions beginning generally on January 1st, limited to sixty-one days or less. That is to say, if the repeal resolution is passed near the end of the session of Congress, it will also be near the end of the sessions of the legislatures of half of the states that will be in session in 1933. With a good many drys in state legislatures who will use obstructive tactics, it is unlikely that many state legislatures will be able to pass upon a repeal resolution if it should be submitted to them late in the session of Congress which ends on March 4, 1933.

In 1934 there will be only nine state legislatures in session, those of four states which hold biennial sessions and those of five states which hold annual sessions. Most of the states which will probably not have time to act on repeal in 1933 will not have legislative sessions again till 1935.

In any case action by all the state legislatures will not take place until 1935 or 1936. Alabama, at any rate, does not have a regular session until 1935. Of course there might be special sessions of the legislature in some states which will expedite the process. But special sessions are expensive in these days when states are forced to economize. And in states not overwhelmingly wet there will be no disposition to rush the consideration of repeal.

But action by the state legislatures does not end the process of repealing the prohibition amendment. Both parties in their platforms provide that the question of ratification or repeal should be submitted, not to the state legislatures, but to constitutional conventions specially elected in the states for the purpose of ratifying or rejecting repeal. This was a concession to the wets who feared the overrepresentation of the drys in the rural districts of the states and also the ability of dry state legislators to get themselves elected in wet districts on other issues than prohibition. But it involves delay.

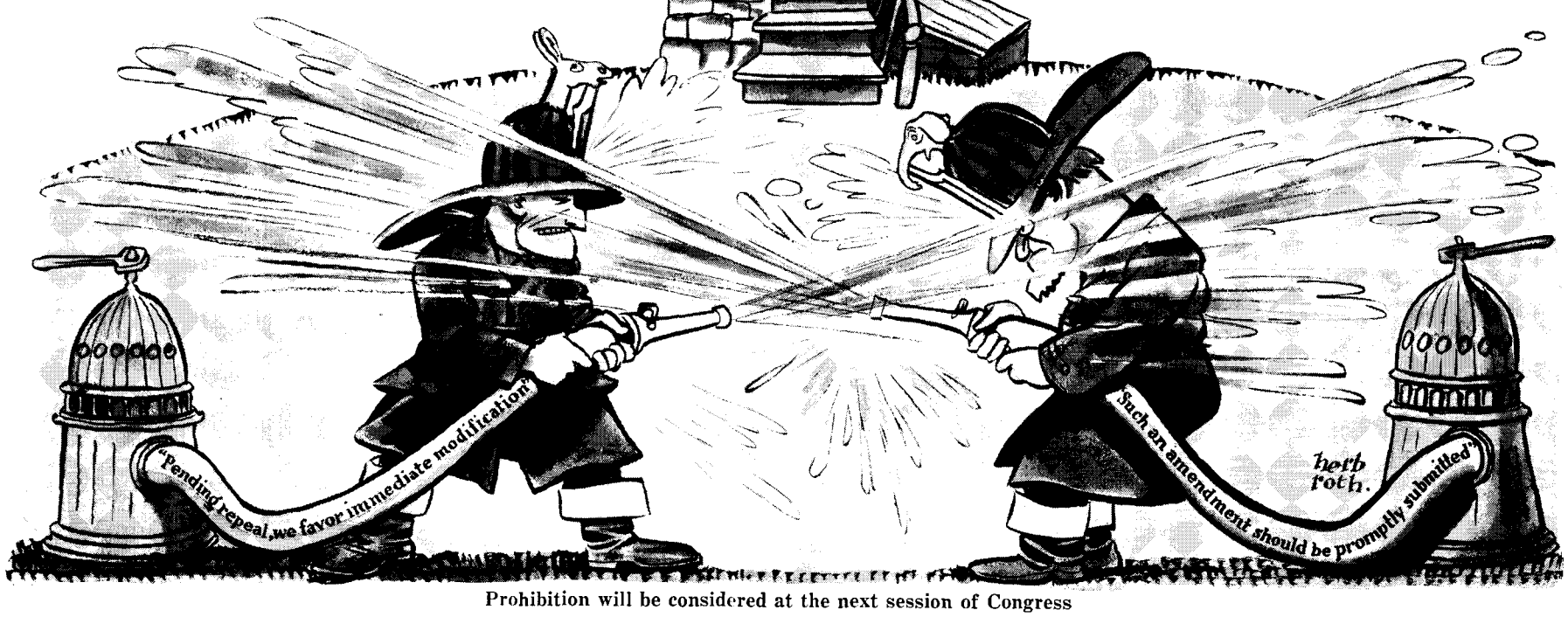
It's a Five-Year Fight

In general, state-wide elections are held only once in two years, usually in the even-numbered years. A special state-wide election to elect members of the state constitutional conventions would be expensive. Most states won't hold them. So the election of members of the constitutional conventions will, in a good many states at least, take place at the next general election after the state legislatures have passed acts providing for such elections.

State legislatures acting on the repeal resolution in 1935 or 1936 will in many cases provide for election of members of state constitutional conventions in the general election of November, 1936. So the earliest time at which state constitutional conventions will be likely in many cases to meet and consider repeal will be late in 1936 or early in 1937.

If action by the states on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is long delayed, nullification of the Constitution will be inevitable. The House of Representatives not later than 1934 will decline to make appropriations for prohibition enforcement. In states which have no prohibition laws we shall probably see the return of the saloon. The manufacture and sale of beer will be legalized and the Federal government and the states will derive revenue from its use as a beverage. But the sale of hard liquor, in states which have no prohibition laws, will go on without any contribution to the public treasury.

Illustrated by Herb Roth



Prohibition will be considered at the next session of Congress

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Lady Castle's Secret

What is a past, between women, when the future stands in jeopardy?

By Diana Maugham

"It wasn't my fault that he swore he'd never forgotten me. I couldn't stop him telling me he loved me"

Illustrated by Ben-Hur Baz

LADY CASTLE sat in the small retreat she had made for herself at the end of the garden and watched the sun set over the woods. The face that had been famous on two continents was old now, and very peaceful. Cleverly and unobtrusively made up, a hundred little wrinkles showed through the powder round the eyes and at the corners of the mouth.

Her eyes were very youthful in their expression as they rested on the scene before her. Lady Castle was brooding over her own contentment, a state that had never ceased to fill her with a half-humorous surprise.

How bored she would have been in the days of footlight fame to sit all by herself in a garden! How terrified she had been lest she should be bored if she married Sir Richard Castle! But she had loved him too much to refuse, and to her never-ending astonishment she had not regretted it once in thirty years.

Her husband, her son and her garden possessed her completely.

She had known real jealousy only once; that was when her son had presented her to his future wife.

DOROTHY was a pretty, very charming creature, and most obviously in love with Dick. But Lady Castle had had a dreadful impulse to hurl herself to the floor and scream. However, she had controlled herself well, and they were very good friends. The girl made Dick happy, and for that Lady Castle was deeply grateful.

The sun had all but disappeared, and it was suddenly cold. Lady Castle stood up and turned to go, when voices caught her ear from the wood below.

The word "Dick," flung up in an angry tone, stopped her abruptly. She heard the rest of the sentence almost before she realized she was listening.

"It's always Dick," the voice said passionately.

"He's got you all the time; he can't grudge me this little."

Lady Castle stood quite still, and then, turning slowly to her seat, sat down deliberately. The evening was so still that the slightest rustling in the wood, the cracking of a twig, floated clearly up to her in her retreat. There was the murmur of a woman's voice. Lady Castle sat as still as a statue, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes closed. The murmur ceased, and the man's voice spoke clearly and bitterly:

"But if he never knows? I tell you he can't ever find out, so how can it hurt him? Darling, please be reasonable. It's our last, our only, precious chance. I go abroad tomorrow and God knows when I shall see you again. Dorothy, I've loved you so long."

THE voice sank low, and there was a silence. Lady Castle sat as if immovable. There was a rustling of branches: they were coming nearer. Next time the man spoke she could hear every word, although his tone was low:

"All right, then. Let me know tonight if you won't decide now. After dinner. We have that wing of the house entirely to ourselves. My precious, I hope I can guess your answer." His voice sank to a whisper that was just audible: "Be kind to me, sweetheart."

There was a quiet: the murmurs had ceased. Lady Castle guessed at what the silence contained, and rose stiffly to her feet.

Her son's wife and his best friend!

"Charming," she repeated to herself. She felt curiously sick.

"Quite charming." And, with the short steps she always took, turned her prettily arched feet toward the house.

Flossie, ancient dresser, maid and trusted friend, had a difficult time with her mistress that evening. "You might be dressing for a ball," she grumbled, as she recurled Lady Castle's hair for the third time.

Lady Castle took no notice. She was staring at the old woman in the glass; nodding, turning her eyes, occasionally lifting a thin hand in gesture, and letting it fall.

Dinner was served, and Lady Castle kept them all waiting. She descended the staircase like a queen, sweeping into the hall with her figure erect and her head high. The small group by the fireplace turned and looked at her—Sir Richard with simple admiration, Paul Trevellyan in approval, Dorothy with that mixture of awe and surprise she always experienced with her mother-in-law.

LADY CASTLE'S hair was piled in soft, white masses on her head; her dress clung tightly to her well-corseted figure; her eyes were bright and sparkled like the rings on her fingers. As she walked before them into the dining-room she looked, in the gentle light, like a beauty of the nineties. Sophisticated, no longer young, but with the grace and detailed charm of a miniature.

Dinner would have been a silent meal without her gayety. Sir Richard was sleepy after a day in the open air. Dorothy and Paul avoided each other's eyes, and spoke only occasionally. But Lady Castle was in the lightest of spirits. She entertained them all with stories of the past. She imitated

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Harry Morse Meyers

"Whereupon Mr. Smith promptly knocked him for three or four rows of bleachers"

Wolf's Clothing

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

IT WAS half past five on a Saturday afternoon in late June when John Smith came slowly down the steps of the Emergency Hospital. His hat was now too small for his bandaged head, and he felt that he looked ridiculous. Moreover, despite the rest which the hospital doctor had insisted upon his taking, he was still slightly dizzy, though not too dizzy to estimate the price that would be exacted for his truancy. No vengeful teacher lying in wait could compete with his vision of Mrs. Smith. And anticipation rekindled his resentment at the fumblers of this world.

Well, anyhow, he reflected, nobody could expect him to push a lawn mower today. Maybe, when he hadn't shown up as usual on Saturday afternoon, that big loafer of a brother-in-law of his had cut the grass. But no; that would be too much to expect. Though the lummox hadn't even a job, he wouldn't lift a finger to help around the place. And his sister wouldn't even suggest it. No. You'd think *he* was supporting the house; coddled, catered to, handed the best of everything. And paying with sneering indifference. With a sigh, dreading the upbraidings that would greet his tardy appearance, John Smith bought an Evening Courier and boarded a trolley car for his suburban home.

AS HE spread the paper to read the baseball scores with the wistful eye of one who longed to spend every Saturday afternoon at a ball game, his glance was arrested. "WHAT'S IN A NAME?" ran the heading. And:

"The very dull game of ball at Sox Park this afternoon was enlivened in the last half of the fifth inning by a man who later said he was plain John Smith—and stuck to it. Mr. Smith is a mild-looking man. But dynamite looks mild. And though this John Smith bears no resemblance to portraits of his bristling namesake of early Virginian days, similarly valiant blood courses in his veins.

"The particular spark that ignited this modern John Smith was innocent enough—a foul ball which Trix Welsh popped into the right-field bleachers. Although the ball club must have taken at the gates all of twenty thousand dollars, when the dollar-and-seventy-five-cent ball was not forthcoming the usual anxiety regarding such an item was exhibited. A police officer, amid boos and hoots and catcalls, forced his way into the bleachers. Through some obscure deduction of his own he demanded the ball of Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith denied having touched the ball.

"What the officer intended to do about it is not clear, but he started by laying violent hands on Mr. Smith. Whereupon Mr. Smith promptly knocked him for three or four rows of bleachers. Reenforcements appeared in the persons of two more officers, but by that time the Smith blood was roused. What are three policemen to a Smith? In theory, nothing. But actually, though sustaining heavy casualties, the three subdued him. And his head bloody but unbowed, he was led away.

"At Station 15, however, Captain Nelson, on hearing the facts, released him and suggested that he have his wound dressed. And the captain, we thought, smiled a little at the excellent measure of shiners and loosened teeth that Mr. Smith had handed out for his cracked head.

"Oh, yes! Incidentally, the lost ball had been meekly returned by a man three times the size of Mr. John Smith."

When John Smith finished reading he was grinning. He felt that the name of Smith had been further glorified. The exploit made him—as it must make every Smith—throw out his chest.

But on reaching his house his chest caved in and his grin was wiped away by his glimpse of Mrs. Smith peering from a front window.

STEELING himself against the flood of rebuke that he faced, he went slowly up the steps and fished out his latchkey. But the door was snatched open and, as he drew back in dismay, Mrs. Smith's arms encircled him.

"Oh, John!" she cried, regarding his bandaged head. "Your poor head!"

John Smith blinked at her. Over her shoulder he saw his brother-in-law staring from the hall with none of his customary indifference, but in his gaze a respectful regard, and hanging from one hand a copy of the Evening Courier. Mrs. Smith having loosened her embrace, John Smith stepped into the hall and carefully removed his panama.

"Did it hurt you much?" asked his brother-in-law.

"Oh," replied Smith, gently touching his bandage, "not till afterward. They took five stitches at the Emergency."

"We just read about it in the Courier. Here it is."

Then, as Smith noted the respectful attitudes of his wife and her brother, the significance of his situation, its obvious advantages, dawned upon him. He waved aside the proffered newspaper. "I read it myself," he said. "And the less said about it the better."

Gauging them both with a glance, he took a deep breath. "See here," he announced, "after this I'm going to the ball game every Saturday. I work pretty hard all week, and there's no reason why I shouldn't have a little relaxation." He eyed Mrs. Smith. "Is there?"

"Why—" she hesitated. "No, John. Only—I didn't think you cared particularly for ball games."

"I'm crazy about ball games!"

"All right, all right, dear," said Mrs. Smith hastily. "It's nothing to get excited about. You'll have to be careful with your head, you know."

John Smith, grown suddenly hard, looked his brother-in-law up and down. After all, the big boob was only a Stivvins—and who ever heard of a Stivvins amounting to anything! "And," he said boldly, "you can cut the grass. You may as well do something around here."

"Why, sure!" agreed Stivvins heartily. "It's often occurred to me, but I thought you wanted to do it in your own way."

"Shuh!" Smith snorted. "There's only one way to mow grass and that's to push the lawn mower." He turned to Mrs. Smith. "What have you got to eat? Baked beans, I suppose."

"Yes," nodded Mrs. Smith, "and pickles and hot biscuits. It's Saturday night. Everything is ready—we were just waiting—"

"Well," Smith interrupted, "I don't want beans tonight. I want a nice, thick steak. I'll drop down to the store and buy one."

"But John!" protested Mrs. Smith. "Your head! Frank will run down and get a steak."

JOHN SMITH, raising one impressive hand, took up his hat with the other. "I'll get it myself," he insisted, opening the door and swaggering down the steps.

He didn't feel at all like eating steak, he reflected anxiously as he walked along the street; in fact, he didn't feel like eating much of anything. But he had to get out to make a few telephone calls. Some of the boys from the store might think of calling up to learn how he was—especially that fumbling Jackson kid who had let slip off a shelf the box that had cut his head.

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The Frightened Lady

By Edgar Wallace

The Story Thus Far:

LADY LEBANON'S chauffeur, Studd, has been murdered—strangled to death with a long red scarf—near the Lebanon ancestral seat, Mark's Priory, Mark's Thornton, England. Two Scotland Yard operatives, Chief Inspector Tanner and his aide, Sergeant Totty, resolve to solve the mystery.

Living with Lady Lebanon, in Mark's Priory, are her son Willie (a weak and eccentric boy) and Isla Crane, her secretary whom, for reasons of her own, Lady Lebanon wishes Willie to marry. Among the servants—presided over by Kelver, a most efficient butler—are two Americans: Brooks and Gilder, footmen.

While interviewing the members of the household, Tanner is amazed at Isla's obvious terror. The girl, however, professes—as does everyone else—to know nothing of the crime. Puzzled by her conduct, the inspector turns his attention to Tilling, a gamekeeper, whose beautiful wife had, according to rumor, been in love with Studd; he determines to watch the man closely. . . . Examination of the red scarf with which the chauffeur was strangled reveals that it was made in India. If Tanner can only find the owner!

A Dr. Amersham, who lives in Ferrington Court, London, has been paying frequent visits to Mark's Priory. He had quarreled with Studd shortly before the tragedy; had, indeed (although Tanner does not know it), been observed leaving the scene of the murder shortly before the body was found. He is, according to all reports, a man of mystery—a strange figure who seems to exercise an almost hypnotic influence over Lady Lebanon. Willie detests him.

With Sergeant Totty, Tanner calls on the doctor. Amersham, visibly nervous, professes to know nothing of the crime; he admits having been in India—in the Indian Medical service—for several years. . . . Back at headquarters, Tanner turns to Totty. "I am giving you a job after your own heart," he announces. "I want you to shadow Dr. Amersham."

III

THERE was one quality in Sergeant Ferraby which was a very sore point with Totty. Ferraby belonged to that select band of public-school men who had drifted into police work. The incidents of Queen Elizabeth's reign were no mysteries to him. A charming, well-spoken man, he had shown an aptitude for his work which had earned him early promotion. Secretly Totty admired him, and carried his admiration to the point of imitating him. He had cultivated what Tanner, in his more offensive moments, described as the Oxford and Cambridge accent, and this he employed much more frequently than Mr. Tanner was aware.

There was excellent reason for Totty's reluctance, for shadowing is a boring and tedious job, involving hours of patient watching, during which time nothing happens. To follow a man in the street without losing him is not as simple as it sounds, especially a man who has at his call the services of a fast car.

WHEN he strolled into the busy vestibule of Ferrington Court it was without any hope of finding a profitable hook-up in the resplendent porter and elevator attendant.

If Tanner had been more observant, and had troubled to pierce behind the disguise of gold lace and purple raiment, he would have recognized the attendant as a former constable of the Metropolitan Police Force, one Bould. Totty knew him immediately and hailed him as a friend he was grateful to meet.

"Funny thing Tanner didn't notice me when he was here this afternoon. What's he after, sergeant? That fellow Amersham?" Bould asked.

"Why should he be, Bouldy?" said Totty, who invariably put a *y* to any name on which a *y* could hang. "Bless my life, it's surprising to see you here. You look like a movie theater barker!"

The ex-policeman surveyed the sleeve of his well-fitting coat with a scowl.

"I don't know why they go in for all this fancy stuff in a respectable place like this. It's art, but art never meant anything to me," he said, and then went back to the afternoon visit: "He went up to Amersham's place. I suppose it's connected with that murder down in the country. It's a funny thing, I've been expecting to see the chief inspector here ever since I knew our bloke was connected with the case."

"What sort of a fellow is Amersham?"

Mr. Bould shook his head.

"He treats servants as if they was dogs," he said. "A jump-up if ever there was one! And what a gentleman! I could tell you a few things about him," he added darkly.

THERE was a little office where he sat when the elevator was not required, and into this he ushered Totty.

"If you sit there in the corner nobody'll see you when they come in." He indicated a seat. "Amersham? He's hot. He had a party here about—now, when was it? It must have been two months ago. All the other tenants complained. . . . Women, champagne—it was more like a modern Babylon than anything else."

"Was it?" said Totty, in a hushed, sympathetic voice, and asked avidly for particulars.

Unhappily, all that was truly Babylonian had happened behind closed doors, Mr. Bould being able only to supply such lurid particulars as he had gleaned at first-hand from Joe—Joe being the evening footman who had opened the door to Tanner that afternoon.

"That's his weakness," said Bould, after he had given a "few particulars" which were not wholly satisfactory to the listener since authentic details were sadly missing.

"Is he in now?"

Bould shook his head.

"No, sergeant; he went out about half an hour ago, but he's coming back—he's got an appointment. He's got a young lady calling; he said if she come before he returned I was to put her in the waiting-room. We've got a grand waiting-room—have you seen it?"

"I haven't and I don't want to," said Totty. "Where's the servant—Joe, is it?"

Mr. Bould winked.

"Out. He let him off early tonight."

He winked again, and Totty, who knew the sign language of the lower ranks, realized that the retirement of the servant and the advent of the lady visitor were no odd coincidence.

"IS TANNER after him for something? I shouldn't be surprised if he was," said Bould. "That feller's always seemed suspicious to me—he's got plenty of money—gets it from somebody down in the country by all accounts. He's only here about three nights a week, and then it's parties and theaters—and—saturnalia. Do you know what saturnalia means?"

"I've heard of it," said Totty.

He threw a warning glance and shrank into a heap in the corner. A quick step sounded on the marble flooring of the vestibule. Bould went out quickly, snapping out the light as he did so, and a second later Totty saw the doctor pass, heard an inquiry, and then the slam of the gate and the whine of the elevator as it shot up.

It had hardly gone before Totty heard another step and, peeping cautiously round the edge of the plate-glass window, he saw a girl, and his mouth opened at the sight of her, for it was the girl he had seen at Mark's Priory—Isla Crane!

She was dressed in a long coat and a little black hat pulled down so that her face was not easy to recognize. But Totty never forgot any person he had ever seen. She was a little pale, tired-looking, obviously nervous. Her very uneasiness suggested guilt—though, in fairness to her, it may be said that almost any emotion spelled guilt to Totty.

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Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

Her finger touched the knob. "You'll open all the doors, please," she said, "and then you will go into another room"

She looked left and right, and had half turned towards the office when fortunately the elevator came down and Bould stepped out.

"This way, miss. You want to see Dr. Amersham, don't you?"

"If you please," she said in a low voice.

Totty waited until Bould returned.

"That's her," said the attendant. "Good looker? They all are, the girls who come here. If she was a daughter of mine—"

He lifted his eyebrows impressively.

Totty made no comment. There was nothing remarkable in the visit. The girl was secretary to Lady Lebanon, and probably she bore some sort of message from her employer. But she had not come as a messenger. Her nervousness, her pallor, were all significant to this worldly detective-sergeant.

"Is there any way I can have a look into that flat?" he asked Bould suddenly.

Mr. Bould's face was grave. The policeman in him urged the instant discovery of pass-keys, or at least an entrance into the empty flat next door to the doctor's. There was a convenient balcony which ran along the front of the doctor's apartment and was only separated by an iron bar under which an inquisitive man might duck. But he was no longer a policeman: he was custodian of the welfare of Ferrington Court and all that were accommodated therein, and for that he received a respectable wage which might be jeopardized by an indiscretion.

"Well, I don't know, sergeant," he said, scratching his chin. "If it was an important case, or you had an arrest to make, of course I'd do anything you wanted."

Totty argued for a few minutes and they went up in the elevator together.

ISLA CRANE had hardly pressed the bell before the door opened.

"Come in, my dear."

Dr. Amersham was genial, fatherly, much more of a friend than he had ever appeared in the presence of Lady Lebanon.

"It's terribly good of you to come," he added. "Let me take your coat."

But Isla had not come to be entertained.

"No, thank you, I'll keep it on. I can't be here for more than a few minutes. How did you know I was in town?"

The doctor smiled as he showed her into his drawing-room.

"I've been on the phone to her ladyship, and she told me you were here. A night off, eh? I hope I haven't spoiled your evening. It is abominable the way you are kept in that gloomy Priory."

"I am going on to Stevenage in the morning to see my mother," said the girl shortly.

He pushed a chair up for her, but she did not sit down.

"Lady Lebanon told me the hotel you were staying at," he said. "I was fortunate to find you before you went out."

"What do you want?"

Her tone was without friendliness or compromise, and he mentioned this.

"I didn't expect to make a friendly call," she said coldly. "You said you wanted to see me urgently about her ladyship. I shouldn't have come otherwise."

"You're a little hard, Isla. Let me take your coat off."

But she stepped back and avoided his helpful hand.

"Why did you want to see me?"

It was difficult for him to find an approach. The disinterested friend was a rôle not easily assumed in the circumstances.

"Somebody wants to marry you—do you know that?" he asked, and, when she did not reply: "How does the idea strike you? You'll be Viscountess Lebanon, with precedence over commonplace baronesses and the smaller fry of the peerage. That's funny, isn't it? By the way, you're not to tell her ladyship that I asked you to come and see me."

SHE shot a quick glance at this man. "Why not, if it concerns her?"

"It concerns you and me—and your prospective marriage. It would be rather a good thing for you, Isla. The boy will make a very good settlement on you, or rather, she will. You don't seem very excited over the prospect."

He saw her moisten her dry lips.

"Lady Lebanon has told me, or, rather, hinted to me," she said, "but I don't wish to be married, and I have told her so."

He laughed.

"And I presume she ignored your wish in the matter and went on as though it were all settled? A domineering person is Lady Lebanon, and rather difficult to resist when she sets her mind upon a thing."

If he expected her to reply he was disappointed. He waited for a second or two, and, when she showed no inclination to speak, he was irritated.

"Why the devil don't you take your coat off and behave like a rational being, Isla?" he said. "You and I are in the same boat. We're both upper servants of the same all-highest. We both draw our salaries and our sustenance by hiding our real feelings—"

"Is there anything more you wanted to say?" she asked. "Because, if there isn't, I'm going."

SHE half turned, and then, before she realized what was happening, she felt herself jerked round towards him and she was in his arms. They were strong arms; his clasp was not easily broken. His little beard brushed her cheek; his pale eyes held a luminosity which terrified her.

"Isla, there's nobody else in the world but you," he said breathlessly. "I want to be your friend. I want to help you through the rotten time that's ahead of you."

"Let me go for a moment," she said evenly, and he was deceived.

On the wall of the room was a little

(Continued on page 36)

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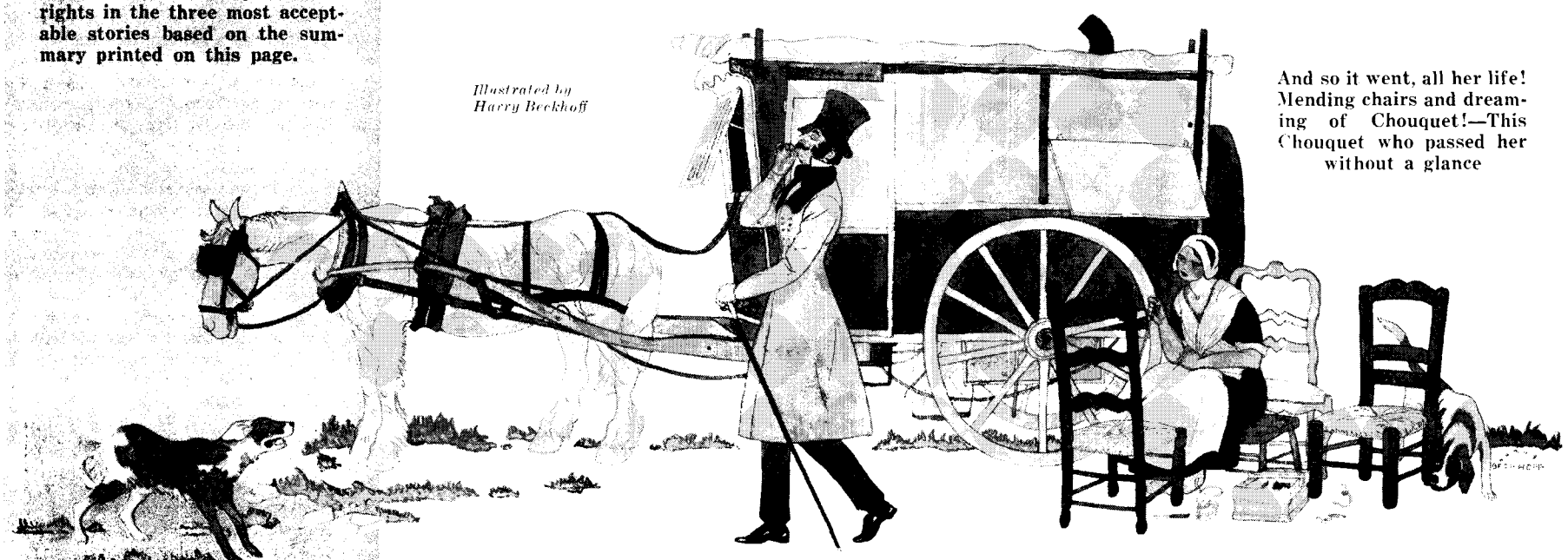
THE question at issue was whether profound love ever could visit the same person more than once in a lifetime. The ladies said no, maintaining with the perverse logic of their poetic sex that a person who could shift his affections from one object to another was incapable of experiencing a genuine, consuming passion. They implied that just as there is but one God, so there can be but one love.

The gentlemen opposed this idea, especially the marquis, who had a wide experience of love. He appealed to the doctor for confirmation. But the doctor was wise and would not take sides. He thought that the capacity for loving was a matter of temperament. "Nevertheless," said the doctor, "I recall an instance of devotion that is really extraordinary. I know of one person who loved for fifty-five years without faltering, without deviation—and this remarkable passion never ceased until death put an end to it."

"Beautiful," murmured one of the ladies. "What it must be, to be loved like that. How I envy the woman who inspired such adoration!"

"Sheer waste of time," chuckled the doctor. "A man, not a woman, was the object of the passion of which I speak. As a matter of fact, he is Monsieur Chouquet, the apothecary. You know him well. And this woman who loved him with such a single heart, you knew too. She used to go from place to place, weaving seats for chairs. She has often come to this house, looking for work."

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff



And so it went, all her life! Mending chairs and dreaming of Chouquet!—This Chouquet who passed her without a glance

EVERYBODY in this region knew her. For years she drove about in the horse van that was all the home she had ever known, accompanied by two large dogs. She died not long ago. And as she lay dying, she sent for me. I went at once. The curate was there before me. She made us the administrators of her will, and told us the story of her life to explain her strange testament. I have never heard anything that moved me more.

She began life, as she ended it, mending chairs. With her father and mother she journeyed in the horse van from village to village. Her parents were taciturn. When she behaved they left her alone. That was the extent of their tenderness. There was never any talk when the parents worked. And they worked incessantly, goaded by poverty. When they were not working, they were eating or sleeping. The child, who was to become the old chair woman that we knew, experienced no affection, no gayety, no comfort. She had no friends, for she was always on the move.

Nothing ever happened to give her pleasure. From infancy she was condemned to be wretched. Small boys amused themselves by stoning her.

As soon as she was old enough her parents sent her from house to house to solicit business. She trudged through untold miles of village streets, lugging broken chairs. Once in a very great while, some woman would look on her with compassion and give her a copper coin. It wasn't often. These gifts she hoarded carefully.

SHE was eleven when she first saw little Chouquet. She found him sobbing, back of the graveyard, because he had been robbed of his fortune—two sous. Heaven knows why the sight should have stirred her compassion, melted her heart—she who knew what real misery was. But it did. And she took all her savings, seven sous, and laid them in young Chouquet's hands. He clutched them greedily and stopped his uproar.

When she saw that he was comforted she was suffused with happiness, exalted. She flung her arms about the small boy and kissed him. He offered no objections because he was busy counting the money. This was her first taste of rapture.

Months passed. She journeyed from hamlet to hamlet with her parents. She began to filch pennies from them. By the time she got back here she had amassed two francs. But she could not reach Chouquet. He seemed always to be inaccessible, entirely out of her reach.

It was not till a year later that she caught him. He was out playing marbles. She flung herself at him, embraced him, kissed him passionately. He was struck with terror and screamed for help. Whereupon she gave him all her hoardings—seventy sous. Then he let her kiss him to her heart's content.

It went on like this for years.

The peak of her romance came when she was able to give him five francs, all in one large silver coin. After that he was sent away to school and she lost him forever, for when he returned he ignored her, denied her so much as a look of kindness.

Yet she worshiped him from a distance. To see him, perhaps once a year, was happiness. When at length he took a wife, she tried to drown herself. She was rescued and carried to the apothecary's to be revived. Chouquet did what was necessary. He said to her, "Are you crazy? How can people like you be such fools!" She was delighted. The sound of his voice did more to restore her than stimulants. Chouquet had spoken to her! She paid him lavishly.

Her parents died, but she took over the business and continued the circuit of the region, driving the old van, with no companions but her horse and two forbidding dogs.

And so it went, all her life! Mending chairs and dreaming of Chouquet! Dropping into his shop, once a year, twice a year, to buy some trifling thing, to see him, to place a coin in his hand.

And when she died she gave me all her savings, the pitiful economies of this life of hers devoted to the adoration of this oaf, this clod, this Chouquet who passed her on the street without a glance. She gave me her savings, more than two thousands francs, and charged me to give it all to this dull, unfeeling man so that he would think of her once, at any rate, when she was gone.

I gave the curate enough to bury her decently and took the rest to Chouquet's the next day. I found him at table with his wife. They sat there, plump and smug, and they smelt of drugs. I accepted a chair and began to tell them.

When it dawned on Chouquet that this poor old wanderer, this mender of chairs, this tattered nobody, had loved him hopelessly, he swelled with anger. It was as though I had delivered a deadly insult. His wife, too, was beside herself. She muttered, "The wretch!"

Chouquet got up and strode back and forth, stuttering. "But, Doctor!" he cried. "Imagine! It is too infamous!"

I was astounded. But I went on. "You have heard her story," I said. "But since you find her devotion so distasteful, I will distribute this legacy to the poor."

That shocked them. They looked at me aghast. I took the bag of coins from my pocket. I poured this little hoard of gold, of silver, of copper on the table under their eyes. I said, "Well?"

Madame Chouquet looked and her eyes bulged. She stammered, "Well, but— The last wish of a poor creature like that! We ought not to refuse—"

Chouquet said: "For the sake of our children— After all, give it to us."

I said good-by formally, and left them. I thought that was the end of it. But no. Chouquet came to me the next day. He was brusque. He said, "Didn't she have a van—that woman? What have you done with it?"

"Nothing," I said. "Do you want it?"

He said, "I'll take it. I can make it into a shed that will be useful."

So Chouquet has his shed. He bought five railroad bonds with the money of the woman who lived only because he was in the same world with her.

THE doctor's story ended. He looked about at the company. Nobody spoke until the marquis took out his handkerchief and touched his eyes. "Decidedly," said the marquis, "men know nothing of love. Only women have the secret!"

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Make Mine a Speakeasy

Miriam Hopkins is opposed to the saloon—for the simple reason that she is fond of the speakeasy. But the name is as elastic as the enforcement of the Volstead Act. It covers dives where raw liquor is sold to unwary longshoremen and luxuriously appointed restaurants (Have you a card?) where good food and drink are well served. Of course, Miss Hopkins is accustomed to the best

By Miriam Hopkins

I WAS sixteen years of age when first I entered a saloon. I've never been in one since.

It was all on account of falling in love with John Barrymore. I had seen John with his brother Lionel in Peter Ibbetsen—incidentally, the brothers gave about the finest performance I have ever seen. John played Peter, nicknamed Go-Go. An uncle gave me a birthday present of a black Pomeranian, which was promptly tagged Go-Go, in honor of John Barrymore.

I was going across town in New York, one afternoon, when Go-Go, freed from his leash, scampered off under swing doors on Sixth Avenue. I scampered after him and came to a sudden stop. This was a saloon. As a girl I'd been brought up in holy horror of saloons. Go-Go had no such scruples. From what I could hear on the sidewalk he was warmly welcomed by those within, and he yipped delightedly at meeting congenial company. I looked around for a policeman or somebody who might help me. But everybody seemed too busy.

Social Centers

Taking a long breath, summoning courage, I pushed wide the swing doors. A man, with a curl in the center of a bald head as red as his face, stared at me open-mouthed. Several men with foam on their lips turned and gaped in surprise. Go-Go was in the arms of one of these men, gnawing at a frankfurter. I got a quick glimpse of a huge, soaped mirror reflecting, as in a mist, a voluptuous nude who cared little for dieting. There were serried ranks of golden bottles and a colored man at a steam table wielding a knife like a rapier on a huge ham.

"Please," I cried, "give me back my dog."

A gruff voice said: "Sure enough, miss."

A big man with enough hair on his arms to coat two Pomeranians brought me my dog. I passed through the swing doors and the incident was closed, save that when I told John Barrymore of what the puppy named after him had done—disgracing me by running into a saloon—John said:

"He just wanted to find his namesake."

Those who know more about these matters than I tell me that this particular saloon was a tolerable place. I didn't like it. There was a rough flavor to it the instant you got behind the swing doors. And I'm told that the average run of saloons was infinitely worse.

Broad-minded as I am, I'm willing to condemn the old-time saloon on hearsay. Evidently it irritated lots of people, enough of them so that even the most lucid and logical advocates of repeal, like Al Smith, always explicitly state that they are against the return of the saloon. I know facetious old-timers who aver vehemently that they are against the return of the corner saloon, that they'd like to see at least one in every mid-block. But I'm opposed to the saloon on entirely different grounds. If it ever came back it would replace the newer saloon that is properly spelled with one *o*—I mean the salon we call, rather crudely, a speakeasy.

This is the newer, modern social salon of good liquor, good food and good fellowship. Not the crude, rude drinking dive—the blind tiger or blind pig, which has no right to the name speakeasy if the more sumptuous and civilized places I know are to be called speakeasies. These latter are the centers of good living nowadays, the only places, I confess, where a sociable man or woman can find a parallel to those European cafés and restaurants where intelligent people may gather to practice the most intelligent of arts—interesting conversation.

Splendor in a Speakeasy

I was born in Savannah, and reared in Bainbridge, Ga. My mother was keenly aware of the saloon evil. The dear soul would have swooned had anybody ever told her that a daughter of hers had entered a saloon. She laid upon me a stern injunction to lower my eyes when passing a barber-shop, because men were being shaved there. A saloon was such an infamy that she no more dreamed of warning me against that than against smallpox. Under her exhortations I contracted the habit, even, of lowering my eyes whenever I passed a man on the street, so that some of my best male friends have frequently charged me with being high hat because I failed to notice them.

Last year when I came to New York for my vacation I told my mother that I wanted to take her out to lunch and that the luncheon

(Continued on page 43)

Miriam Hopkins, stage-screen star, whose life has included one visit to a saloon to rescue her Pomeranian, and many to speakeasies, one to convert her mother

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Southward the Flight of Eagles

Continued from page 24

the usual torments of stomach, body and soul that fall to the lot of every human transplanted to a new clime.

He likes to recount the differences he found between his new clients and his old. The American yokels had always been "hard to sell"—dour, stubborn, timid, embarking upon their first rides with epic solemnity. The West Indian peasants made holiday wherever he appeared. Vivacious, half-clad men to whom five dollars was a fortune, paid it cheerfully—and felt cheated if Basil landed them without cracking up!

One day an old man with a pack burro lingered persistently, came up to ask the fare, each time Basil landed, shook his head wistfully, and went to stand aside once more. When Basil was ready for his last hop of the afternoon, the old man handed over five dollars. Later Basil saw him walking away from the field carrying his saddle on his head. "Where's your burro?" he asked. "Oh, I sold that to get the five dollars for the ride," the old man explained.

Then there was the day Basil landed in a mountain wilderness clearing. Natives crowded eagerly out of the jungle to see this strange monster of the air. They were such a picturesque lot, so primitive, that Basil unlimbered his camera. He couldn't locate them in the finder, and looked up: every last *cacao* had vanished, in terror of the magic eye. Basil learned that voodoo superstition held photographs to be evil spirits who caused no end of grief to those whose likeness they represented.

Hurricanes and Sharks

Thus he blazed his prosperous and exotic air trail to Santo Domingo and the sad affairs of the bullfight. After he made his escape from the arena at Santiago de los Caballeros he headed southwest with Haiti and Port-au-Prince in mind, but he was still over Dominican territory—Barahona Province, where Cape Beata rinses its head in the amber suds of the Caribbean—when his gas ran out. He glided down upon a plantation owned by a great American sugar corporation, whose local managers came out to watch. "What in heaven's name is that?" they asked. "It is," said Basil, "an airplane which is for sale!"

Barahona was a particularly isolated place in those days, off the main line of steamships, railroads, busses and horse diligences. Its rapid transit was the donkey, but for those conservative travelers who didn't care to have their ears pinned back by the wind there were the bullock carts. When a machine went bad in the plantation mills it took so many weeks to get an expert mechanic from civilization that palm fronds were sprouting through the gears before he arrived. To those managers suddenly came Tennyson's vision of "pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales." Presto! they would start an interisland air line, threading up all the busy ports. They bought Basil's ship on the spot, hired him to fly it—although he made a gallant effort to escape on foot—and got a mail contract and called their hobby the West Indies Aërial Express Company.

Business grew, and that autumn Basil took a wad of angel money to the States to buy a bigger ship. It had to be a very special kind of airplane—a trimotor that would carry ten passengers, mail, express, freight, its own repair plant and spare parts, gas pump, funnels, ropes, shovels, a couple of mechanics and a portable hangar, yet fly from fields which even reckless pilots would assure you were too small for helicopters. It must take off in a wink, yet land so slowly that you could get out and walk alongside after you had leveled off. Flyers at home told him that if there was a plane that would fit his requirements it was the Pathfinder, which had killed Lieutenants Noel Davis and Arthur Wooten in Virginia while they were tuning it for a transatlantic flight. That is how the Pathfinder became the Santa Maria.

Basil's eyes grow misty today when he talks about the old ship and the perils they shared together. The performances he had laid down for her weren't the half of her actual achievements. Flying a land plane in those days between Cuba and the Virgin Islands, touching Porto Rico, Haiti and Santo Domingo, had nothing common to the luxurious seaplanes and safeguarded enterprises of the present. Then there were no airports; only a handful of improvised fields, cleared by peons' machetes, with no hangars or other facilities except at the terminals.

"It's all right, Officer—I'm taking lessons from a burglar how to come in nights without waking up my wife" *Fred Neher*

You were in the hands of the evil spirits who brew hurricanes and are reincarnated in sharks. Crossing the one-hundred-mile, more or less, gap of the Windward Passage in a land plane with a faltering motor, Basil has looked over the side to meet the hopeful eyes of a school of thirty-foot sharks.

Once, near Camagüey in Cuba, when he had the members of a scientific expedition in the Santa Maria, he flew smack into a hurricane. His first inkling of it was when the ship was gripped as in a mighty vise and hurtled straight down, like an elevator. He glanced back into the cabin and saw his learned passengers and the cushions and loose baggage actually floating up against the ceiling. The Santa Maria was almost to the rooftops before her controls bit again and she staggered ahead. Basil reckons that was one of the biggest scares he ever had; nowadays radio would have prevented it.

Out of it all Basil has conceived one superstition. He says that if ever he decides to make his last flight, that last flight will be the one he has already made, prior to his decision. One last-flight escape satisfied him! On the very last trip of the Santa Maria under the West Indies Aërial Express he encountered torrential rain, which soaked through the worn wires and the motors began to sputter. Driven lower and lower by the storm, Basil hugged the shoreline toward San Juan. When he was still twenty-five miles from home he was flying utterly blind; then the motors stopped. There was nothing to do but keep in a safe gliding angle and land straight ahead, come what might. Treetops loomed; the Santa Maria squashed through them, plopped into a swamp, and stood gently on her nose. Then Basil performed the feat which is still talked of in aviation circles.

Many pilots have flown ships into swamps, but he was the first to fly one out of a swamp. Planks were laid lengthwise across the swamp, forming two narrow strips. The Santa Maria was raised onto them and stripped to the bone. Basil climbed in, gave her repaired motors the gun, by a miracle of skill held her true on the planks—and away he went to San Juan. When Pan-American bought out the West Indies Aërial Express, it inherited the Santa Maria. She was rebuilt and used for mail overland. But she was too slow. One day, with company dignitaries grouped around, the Santa Maria was committed to a bonfire, with appropriate rites, at Brownsville, Texas. Basil was in Miami. It was months later before anyone dared to tell him about it.

Local Boy Still Making Good

Today Basil Rowe is chief pilot of the Pan-American Airways System, which links the Americas and forms the longest airline in the world. He has surveyed the whole system; and although he has had almost 9,000 hours in the air, and three quarters of a million miles, he still has the enthusiasm of a novice. He loves to talk about the awesome wonders of flying over the jungles of Yucatan, where you may catch sight of the lost temples of a vanished race. Or he'll tell you how he has frequently taken off from Cristobal, in the Canal Zone, and while still only a couple of thousand feet from the ground has seen with his naked eye, and shown to his passengers, snow-capped Mount Santa Marta, which rears its 19,000-foot bulk just back of Barranquilla, in Colombia, on the mainland of South America, *250 miles away!*

Basil Rowe's records in aviation are unique. He gave thousands of people their first view of an airplane. He has opened more new flying country than any other pilot in the world. Wherever aviators gather you will hear them declare unanimously that he is the greatest of them all when it comes to flying boats.

If you were one of those hundreds of guests who flew last summer in the American Clipper, the largest plane ever built in this country, as she stopped in New York and other eastern cities on her way south to take up her regular daily run, Basil was your pilot—although you most likely did not notice the unobtrusive little man who sat in his cockpit and let others do the talking. When Colonel Lindbergh flew the Clipper, for ceremonial purposes, on her initial scheduled trip from Miami to Havana, Basil sat at his side; and before the flight he had instructed the Colonel and checked him out. The hometown papers in the Catskills made a lot of that: "Local Boy Gives Colonel Lindbergh a Flying Lesson!"

Careless with a Car

Basil is best loved by the people of Spanish America for his rescue flights. In several disasters he has been first on the scene with succor. He doesn't like earthquakes, but he has more respect for the prowess of wind; in San Juan he saw a two-by-four driven right through the trunk of a palm tree, as you might split a sausage with a skewer.

"In the Porto Rican hurricane," he told me, "most casualties were from tin roofs which the wind picked up and whirled through the air like machetes. In the earthquake at Belize, British Honduras, the victims were pinned under litter and drowned by the following tidal wave. In the great quake at Managua, Nicaragua, the palm branch sides of the lower-class homes collapsed and let the tile roofs down upon the inhabitants where they were trapped by fire."

Basil Rowe can laugh nowadays about the way in which his bullfight adventure led to the development of commercial aviation in the West Indies, as he walks around the streets of Miami looking for his car. Mrs. Rowe says that her husband's only hobby is losing the family automobile. He never remembers where he has parked it. I walked up and down the Marine Drive with him for an hour trying to help him find the car. He is always absent-minded that way, on the ground. Some people say it is because he is wondering whether some of those bullfight fans may catch up with him.

But old pilot cronies will tell you that it is because in these days, when he is surrounded by palatial, spick-and-span airliners and protected by every facility of modern aëronautical science, he can still see, behind all these things, a vision which no one can share with him. It is of a battered and weather-beaten old crate, all the instruments gone from one engine, most of her complexion peeled off, one tire flat, and her spark plugs wheezing. Upon her honest nose is painted Santa Maria, in tribute to Christopher Columbus.

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this test PROVES

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LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD is conducting these tests and telling you about them in order to impress upon you, in a sane, logical manner, the fact that Safety Glass is essential in *modern* motor cars. No one who reads this page can doubt its protective value. No one who gives the matter one moment's clear, unbiased consideration, can deny that it is thoughtless, even reckless, to drive a car without it. Many manufacturers give it to you *absolutely free* as standard equipment. Most of the rest make a reasonable optional offer. All we ask you to do, is to think twice before you venture on the road again *without* the priceless protection it affords. We shall be glad to correspond with you about this proven, perfected, modern product that makes roads safer to travel and cars far safer to drive.

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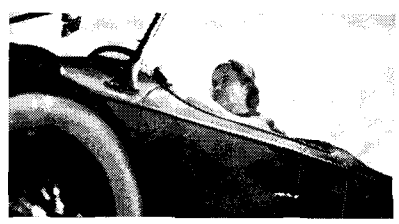

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SAFETY GLASS

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Let the Girl go

Continued from page 19

"The first night I was with them. They aren't so bad, really. Mrs. Brown is an old, old friend, always there when needed. But last night I wasn't feeling too well and I stayed aboard, hoping you might be about, but—you weren't."

"I *was*, but I had no idea you were aboard."

"You're a liar and you know it. Nothing ever happens on this ship that you don't know." She smiled at him maliciously.

Ross grinned. She began again:

"There was a moon last night and I thought if I could get you in it I might—"

Ross gave her no help.

"Might get you to be a little more reasonable about—about us."

Ross was too honest and too unsophisticated to pretend to misunderstand her. He merely chewed his lip and tried not to see the unwavering blue eyes with their vast comprehension.

"It's not that I don't—" he made several bad starts and gave it up.

"Don't what?" she asked patiently. There was no false pride about her. Suddenly an expression, new to Ross, came over her face and she winced as she steadied herself with the rail.

"I think I'll go below," she said. "I'm still not feeling quite up to scratch."

Ross offered to accompany her but she waved him back, for the look of anxiety that flashed across his features was help enough to get her down a thousand ladders.

AT NOON Josef came on the bridge as Ross was preparing to go below.

"Mr. Brown says make it Portland instead of New York," he announced, and then hesitated a moment. "Mrs. Alvarez is not very well; she is keeping to her room."

"Did Mr. Brown send me that message also?" snapped Ross.

"No, sir; not at all, sir," responded Josef, as he hurriedly descended.

Ross concealed even from himself the grave concern occasioned by Josef's news. He told himself that there could be nothing seriously wrong with Anne. Certainly it was not the sea, as the Mindora was rolling to an easy, undulating swell. He switched his thoughts to his navigation and by three o'clock the following afternoon had the Seal Rock whistling buoy abeam. Then Ross laid his course to Portland Head.

"Steer 296 degrees," he ordered.

"Two hundred ninety-six," replied the helmsman. The chief officer relieved Ross and he went to his room, hoping for a little sleep, but without much success, as his thoughts kept revolving perpetually around Anne. Finally he slept, and by the time he came on deck the stars were out.

The second mate had the watch and Ross remained on the bridge, saying little and thinking a great deal—still about Anne. His reverie was interrupted by Mr. Brown.

"Mrs. Alvarez is desperately ill," panted that gentleman. "An old appendix that should have been removed years ago. We must get her to a hospital. What is the nearest city?"

To the first statement Ross lent a very attentive ear. To the last questions, none at all, for he was already in the chart-room. Rapidly he swung the dividers.

"Bar Harbor, sir, is the nearest," he said to Brown, who was bending over his shoulder gaping at the chart.

Then he called down the voice tube and asked for the chief.

"Give her all you can, Mr. Yancey," he ordered steadily. "We have a very sick passenger, operation necessary. I am going to run for Bar Harbor. It is about seven hours' steaming."

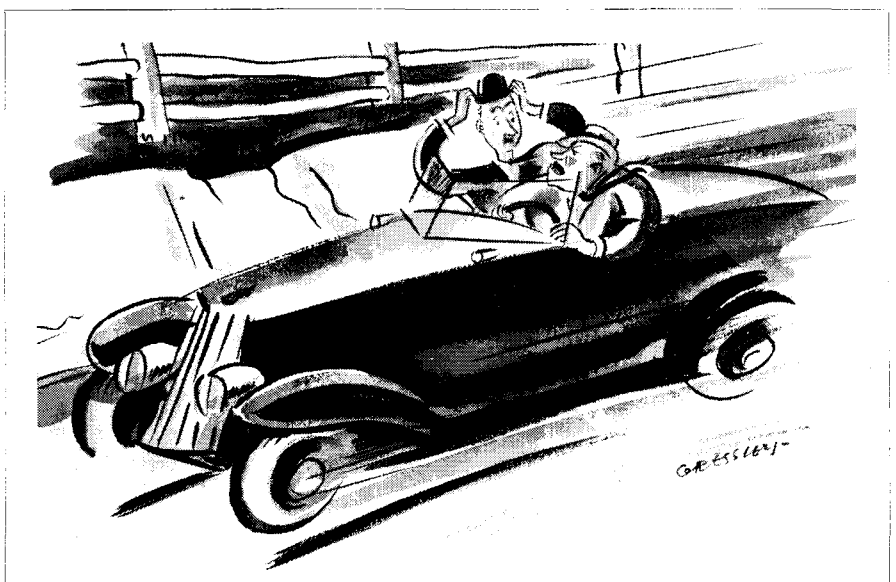
Mr. Yancey unlimbered for action. From conversations with Josef he knew almost certainly the identity of the sick passenger. He whirled the throttle open wide, threw the links all the way down in the forward motion and rang the fire-room for more steam. The Mindora quivered and shook as the revolutions increased and her propellers churned white water. The fire-room sang to the roar of the blowers and steam pressure mounted slowly.

CAPTAIN ROSS laid a course to Egg Rock in Frenchman's Bay and gave his orders to the helmsman. Mr. Brown was a little dubious.

"Can she be properly taken care of in Bar Harbor?" he asked. "Have you ever been in there, Captain?"

Visions of his palmy days floated before Ross' eyes. The Yacht Club, the swimming pool, the houses along the water, the hot streets of the town, and he himself a jaunty, young and much-sought-after flag lieutenant, all passed in review.

"Several times," he answered shortly, "and there is a surgeon there second to none in the United States, thank God!"



"—times I get so mad I could ram this thing into a tree"

Edward C. Gressley

The second mate stepped over.

"Did you see that rocket, sir, on the port beam?"

Ross walked to the port side and anxiously scanned the horizon. Nothing. He waited a full minute until there suddenly appeared a fiery streak which ascended and ascended until it seemed to mingle with the very stars themselves. There was a pause and then the rocket burst into a multicolored galaxy of small stars which fell slowly toward the sea.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"A ship in distress," answered Ross.

"Well, what of it? We can't do anything, and besides we must get Mrs. Alvarez ashore."

"If you had installed a wireless on this pot of poison," retorted Ross coldly, "we might find out what of it."

Could those rockets be from the Lord Dawson? She was making only eight knots and that would put her just about where the rockets were coming from. Ross' mind raced like a mill wheel. He knew the law and what it meant to jeopardize the life of any passenger. But how sick was the passenger and in how much jeopardy would he be placing her? Out there on his port beam was something in distress. If it were the Lord Dawson she was equipped with a radio and other vessels even now might be steaming toward her. If it were not the Lord Dawson and the vessel had no wireless, to disregard the rockets would be sheer inhumanity. The great question was Anne herself, and she could best answer it. He turned to Mr. Brown:

"I want to speak to Mrs. Alvarez."

"You cannot," snorted Brown. "You'll stay where you belong and get us to Bar Harbor as quickly as you can."

Captain Ross looked at the pompous Brown in amazement. Then he rang for the steward.

"Mike, show me to Mrs. Alvarez' stateroom."

"As the owner of this yacht, I forbid—" began Brown.

"You may be the owner, Mr. Brown, but you are on the high seas now. I am the captain. And I am going to talk to Mrs. Alvarez. Go ahead, Mike." He pushed Brown aside and ran down the bridge ladder, passed swiftly down the companionway to the owner's quarters.

Josef knocked softly, opened the door of a stateroom, looked in, and then motioned to his captain to enter.

"My God," from the girl. "This is worth it even if the darn' thing bursts. How did you get by old Cyclops?"

"Anne," said the captain, "how sick are you?"

"Sick enough, but Josef has got me pretty well frozen with ice bags, and I haven't eaten anything. It will hold until morning. Even if it does burst," she added cheerfully, "you will get me somewhere in time to fix it. Peritonitis takes two or three days before it is fatal, so I have been told."

"OUT there is a ship in distress." Ross' voice was steady. "If you can hold out, we should go to her. If you can't—" he stopped brokenly.

"Tell me one thing truthfully," said the girl, her smile frozen to hide the pain. "Do you love me?"

"You know that," he answered simply. "More than all the world."

"Go to her," said the girl, turning her face to the bulkhead.

Captain Ross regained the bridge and once more changed his course. And soon the Mindora was closing on the rockets. Her searchlight swept through a wide sector and came to rest on the hull of a well-deck steamer, down by the head. There was very little sea but she was rolling soddenly.

"Away both launches, Mr. Jones. She *is* the Lord Dawson."

Captain Rakes' stubby figure was clearly visible on his bridge, alone, speaking trumpet in hand. All his boats were swung out, and two, already manned, were being lowered away. The yacht's launches came alongside and stood by. The remaining boats were lowered and rowed well clear. Rakes still stood motionless.

On the Mindora, the guests leaned over the rail and rushed excitedly back and forth. A rescue at sea! This *would* be something to talk about.

The Lord Dawson continued to settle by the head as the starboard launch nosed almost under the bridge of the stricken steamer.

"Coming aboard, sir?" called the Mindora's chief officer anxiously.

"Shall stay here," answered Rakes distinctly. "Mr. Struthers, my Number One, has the log and instruments. Struck derelict. Collision bulkhead gave away."

"In the name of God, get in that launch," shouted Ross across the water.

"Quite, quite. All in good time."

The bow of the Lord Dawson inched farther downward, the vessel paused and then slid slowly under the smooth surface of the Gulf of Maine, carrying with her Captain Arthur Rakes, a smile on his face and his right hand smartly saluting the bridge of the Mindora.

The launches and lifeboats circled round and round as bits of wreckage, spars and some cable buoys floated to the top. The searchlight played fitfully back and forth. No sign of Rakes.

ROSS waited ten minutes; twenty. Each minute was unendurable agony as his thoughts darted from Anne to Rakes. Nothing more came to the surface. Still Ross waited.

At last he signaled the boats to come alongside and the crews clambered aboard. Mr. Struthers made his way to the bridge and reported.

"There is no use waiting any longer, sir," he said. "We could *not* get him off."

Ross agreed grimly and ordered full speed. One of the world's best had gone down before his eyes and all for nothing. But was it for nothing, he wondered? An endless succession of similar acts had created the most powerful thing in the world—the tradition of the sea.

At four o'clock in the morning the second mate called Ross.

Wearily Ross took over. The fog, his perpetual enemy, was again launching an attack at the one time in the world when he had prayed for fair weather. The siren screamed its warning as the Mindora tore ahead unchecked. "Speed to be moderate in fog, snow and so forth," said the law. To hell with the law. He had done his part and taken off the crew of the Lord Dawson. Just now he was going to get Anne ashore, and in time, he told himself again and again. He rang for coffee. When Josef brought it, he announced:

"Mrs. Alvarez is holding out O. K., sir, up till now, but she has it pretty bad."

Ross' nerves were getting frayed. He called down the voice tube to a distracted Yancey for more steam. Yancey had slept no more than Ross. Both his engines were rocking on their beds, the journals were hot and singing like canaries, added to which she was taking on water. However, he would not worry Ross with that.

Ross ran his time out and stopped. Just off the starboard bow came the two doleful wails of the very sick cow of Frenchman's Bay—the reed horn on Egg Rock. He was nearly home now, he thought, as he gave the course for Round Porcupine Island, whose high headlands and bold water make an ex-

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cellent landfall in almost any weather. The Mindora resumed speed. In a few minutes the dark imposing bulk of Round Porcupine loomed up almost dead ahead as simultaneously the low white line of breakers and salt foam marked its rock-hewn water's edge. The frightened bow lookout sang out a warning.

"That will do the wheel," said Ross to the helmsman, thrusting him aside and whirling the spokes until hard over. The Mindora sheered sharply to starboard and cleared Porcupine by the few necessary feet. Ross' orders to the chief officer came fast:

"Keep the siren going all the time. I shall go alongside the Maine Central dock. Get your lines and fenders ready."

THE siren became a steady wail. "Three hundred degrees," Ross told himself, glancing almost carelessly at the compass card and holding her dead on it with a heaven-born instinct possessed by so few helmsmen, "and less than a mile to go." Two gray masses loomed up to starboard, ships of the light-cruiser squadron lying placidly at anchor. The piercing siren had been heard long before the Mindora herself came rushing by and two amazed anchor watches were pounding on their bells while officers and seamen alike lined the sides to ascertain what form of madman was plunging into a harbor on such a day and at such speed.

Ross put the Mindora alongside the dock with the dexterity of a New York taxi driver and leaped ashore to a telephone almost before she was made fast. Seven minutes later an ambulance commanded by a white-coated interne rumbled down the dock. A stretcher was whisked out by the orderly and carried aboard. The after guard clustered about the gangway, ignoring Ross, who stood forlornly at his position, feeling like a murderer. Unable to bear it longer, he walked down onto the dock and paced aimlessly back and forth waiting for the stretcher and its burden to appear.

There was a bustle and flurry among the guests as Josef motioned them aside in his best manner. Anne was coming ashore, feet first, Ross observed grimly. They were carrying her past him. He bent forward, his heart beating mighty thumps, praying for one look of recognition or a sign of life. The stretcher was elevated to thrust it in the ambulance. Slowly and listlessly her head turned on the pillow until their eyes met. Then she turned away again without so much as noticing his presence.

The Mindora pulled lazily at her anchor cable, her sides and bright work gleaming. The iridescent water sparkled cheerfully. Small launches scurried back and forth. A gentle southerly breeze fluttered the flags on the masts of the yacht club and on boats in the harbor. All was very peaceful. On the taffrail deck, Mr. Brown was industriously chewing his everlasting cigar and Mrs. Brown was dropping stitches from a monstrosity that would some day become a sweater for her grandson. Claude was enjoying a long, cool Tom Collins. He had just returned from a visit to the hospital. Anne was doing well, she had asked for all of them.

"Did she mention Captain Ross?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"No, not at all," said Claude in a pleased tone. "We just got her away from him in time, I think." His conversation was broken off by some action at the gangway. Mr. Brown peered over the rail. An admiral's barge was coming swiftly alongside. A dapper little man with the eye of an eagle and the carriage of a Kitchener came up the ladder. There was a great deal of gold on his sleeves and four rows of ribbons on his breast. He was followed by an immaculate flag lieutenant.

"Ah, Admiral," said Mr. Brown, unctuously, "delighted. Very courteous of you to call. Come aft and have a little refreshment." He held out his ponderous and somewhat moist paw.

The pride of the fleet looked at this strange civilian creature curiously.

"I have taken the liberty of coming aboard to see Captain Ross," he answered stiffly but with careful politeness.

"May I inquire the nature of your business with Captain Ross?" Brown asked brusquely. The admiral's back became even stiffer.

"Purely personal," he replied; then, as an afterthought, "he is my brother's son."

Ross was slowly packing his few belongings. Yancey sat with him, his legs dangling over the edge of the berth, expatiating on the ignorance of yacht owners in general and Mr. Brown in particular. Captain Ross was very gloomy. He had heard nothing from Anne except what he could glean from Josef. He did know that she was out of danger, that was all. His future was most uncertain. He was out of the Navy; he had been sacked yesterday by that most reprehensible Brown.

Yancey was facing the door when it opened. His eyes bulged for a moment and then he leaped to the floor and snapped to attention. Ross looked up, and did likewise. The habits of a lifetime are not dissipated in a few months. The admiral held out his hand.

"You are a damned fool, sir," was his greeting. "Not even quixotic. Just plain damned fool. Very like your poor father, very."

"I am inclined to agree with you," said Ross, somewhat humbly. He had always had great affection for the little man.

"I have here a letter," said the admiral, tapping his pocket, "from our poor friend Rakes, and, acting on information contained therein, I am, at great personal expense, proceeding to Washington to have a few words with our present Secretary. Furthermore, you," indicating Ross with his forefinger, "will accompany me."

Ross shook his head.

"It is too late now, sir. I won't go down there begging. It will make the whole thing too cheap."

"YOU will do what I tell you, you young fool," snapped the admiral. They argued back and forth for an hour, the admiral growing more and more exasperated as Ross continued to oppose him. The admiral, for the first time in a long career, was about to acknowledge himself worsted when Josef entered bearing an envelope which he handed to Ross. Ross opened it wonderingly. It was in pencil and it was scrawled in very, very shaky writing. It took Ross a long time to read it. The admiral paced up and down, puffing a short and foul pipe. Ross continued to read and what he saw was apparently very satisfactory, for one of his rare, incandescent smiles illumined his features.

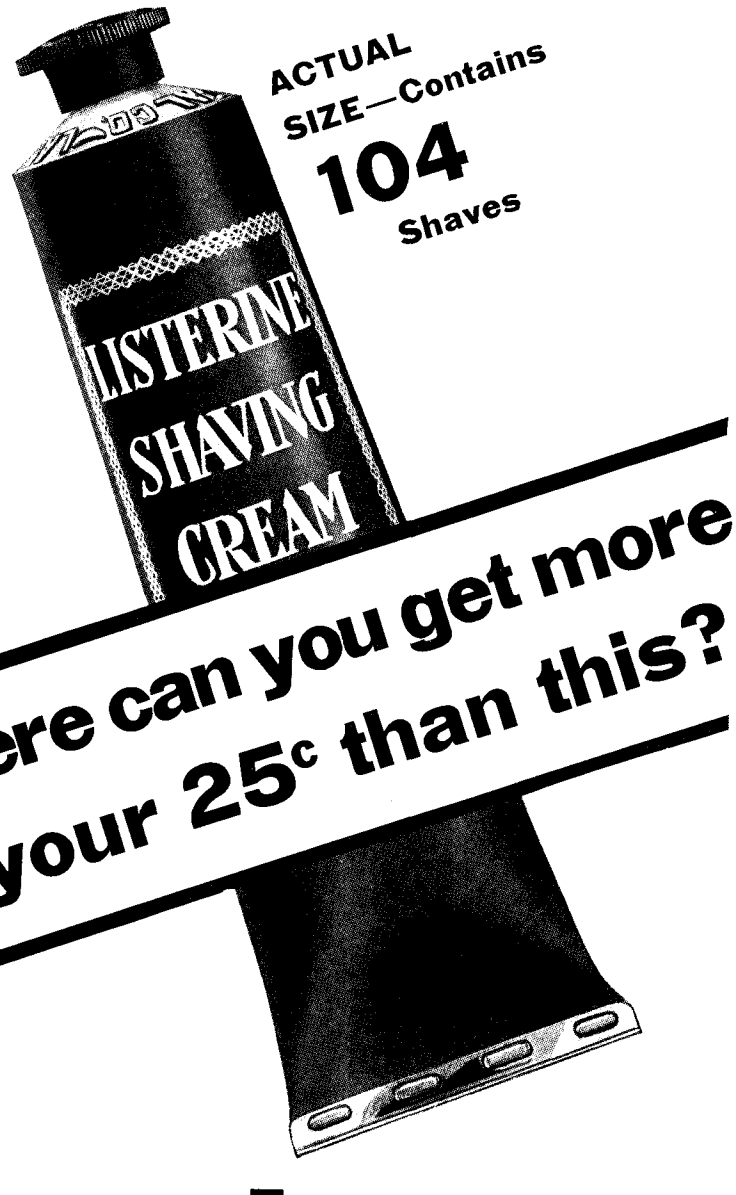
He went over it for the tenth time: "I know you saved my life and some day I'll really thank you. I wanted to before they took me ashore but was so full of hop I wouldn't have known my own grandmother. That viper, Claude, tells me Mr. Brown has given you the air. Don't worry. Even if you are only a deckhand on a garbage scow, I will be waiting, always!"

"Well," said the admiral with an air of finality, "the good Lord knows I've done the best I can with a pig-headed young jackass. I'll be going."

"Wait a minute, sir, and I will go with you."

"Go with me? Where?"

"To Washington," said Captain Ross.



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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 29

silver knob, and beneath it a neat metal plate, so neat indeed as to disguise from any but the sharp-sighted its utilitarian instructions. Hardly had the arms about her slackened than she drew herself free and flew to the wall. Her fingers touched the knob.

"You'll open all the doors, please," she said, "and then you will go into another room."

Amersham was breathing quickly. He said nothing, knowing the futility of argument in that moment of defeat. He flung open the door of the room, passed through the lobby and opened the outer door with a crash.

"You can go," he said. "I was a fool to help you."

She pointed to the door at the other end of the drawing-room.

"Don't be stupid; you're perfectly safe—" he began.

"I'm perfectly safe while my hand is on this fire alarm," she said quietly, "because you wouldn't want to be made to look ridiculous."

From the balcony outside, the peering Sergeant Totty approved.

"Very neat," he said.

He saw the outer door close on the girl and watched the doctor come back into the drawing-room and slam the door.

"Very neat," said Sergeant Totty again.

FOR a little while Amersham paced up and down the room, his hands thrust into his pockets, his bearded chin on his breast. Totty heard the tinkle of a telephone bell, and saw the man go to an instrument on his desk and pick up the receiver. His brows knit in an angry frown and he said something which was indistinguishable. Then he snapped out the lights in the room and went into his bedroom.

Totty passed farther along the balcony. The blinds were drawn, but through half an inch of space at the side he could follow Amersham within a limited range of movement. He saw him open a drawer and take something out, which he slipped into his pocket. What that something was he could not see, but from the movement he guessed it was a revolver or an automatic pistol.

There was another telephone in the room, and to this the doctor went and spoke for a minute or two. Evidently it was a house phone, for the reply came immediately, and Totty remembered that in Bould's office he had seen a small switchboard.

Amersham took his overcoat from the wardrobe, wrapped a white silk scarf round his throat, and the detective made his way along the balcony through the empty flat into which he had persuaded Bould to introduce him, and was in the hall before Amersham came down.

"He's going out," said Bould. "Just now phoned to his chauffeur—there's the car at the door. Half a tick."

Bould went outside and interviewed the driver of the car.

"He's going down to Mark's Thornton," said the porter behind a cautious hand when he returned. "You ought to have a talk with that chauffeur. What he doesn't say about Amersham! He's a new man, but he's the second Amersham's had in a month."

But the buzzer interrupted him. He darted into the elevator and was gone less than a minute. When he came down, Amersham stepped out briskly through the gate and into the street.

Not till the car moved did Sergeant Totty come out.

"Funny devil," he said.

"Seen anything?" asked Mr. Bould, who had joined him at the door.

"A lot of things," said Totty mysteriously.

"She wasn't there very long."

"She wasn't there as long as he wanted her to be," said Totty. "That fellow's a snake!"

He stopped at the nearest telephone booth and phoned the Yard. Mr. Tanner was not in. He tried him at his house and was more fortunate.

"I wonder what made him go to Mark's Thornton?" asked Tanner thoughtfully. "Obviously he had no intention of going there originally. Where is the young lady staying?"

Totty groaned.

"Have a heart," he snarled. "I don't know everything!"

"What a confession!" said Tanner, and hung up.

THE telephone booth was less than a hundred yards from Ferrington Court. As Totty pushed open the door and came out he was conscious that a man was standing half a dozen yards away, watching him intently. His first impression was that it was a local detective, for there had been a number of robberies from pay phones recently. Then suddenly he recognized the watcher and his mouth opened in surprise. Evidently the stranger intended speaking to him, for he met Totty halfway.

"Your name's Tilling, isn't it?"

"That's my name," said the other. He had a deep, rumbling voice, and his normal tone was unfriendly. "Didn't I see you come out of that place?" He pointed to Ferrington Court. "Have you been up to see Amersham?"

"Now listen!" Totty was elaborately polite. "You know who I am—a detective officer. What do you mean by asking me questions?"

"Who was the girl that went in? Did you see her?"

He asked the question eagerly.

"Yes, I saw her. It wasn't your wife."

The man was momentarily taken aback.

"Who said it was, and why should it be? My wife's down at Mark's Thornton. Where's he gone?"

"Who—Dr. Amersham? He's gone to Mark's Thornton. Now, my friend, what's the idea? Why are you spying on Dr. Amersham?"

"Mind your own business," snarled the man.

As he turned, Totty gripped him by the arm and flung him round.

"Politeness costs nothing," he said.

Tilling was evidently surprised at the strength of a man who was a head shorter than himself and created no impression of robust health.

"I beg your pardon, sergeant," he said, more politely; "but I've got a bit of domestic trouble on my mind."

"Who hasn't?" said Totty, and let him go.

He watched the gamekeeper till he was out of sight, then he strolled back to Bould.

"You've no idea where that young lady went, have you?"

"Treen's Hotel, Tavistock Square," said Bould. "That's the address she gave the cabman."

Totty had no desire to interview the girl, but his time was his own. He walked till he found a bus which landed him within a few hundred yards of Tavistock Square. Treen's Hotel comprised two private houses joined into one; a cheap and respectable hostelry in a quiet backwater.

The young lady had not gone to bed, he was told; she was in the writing-room, which was also the drawing-room and the card-room. It was a veritable writing-room at the moment, for she was sitting at a desk, writing a letter, and was alone when Totty walked in. She did not recognize him at first.

"Sorry to disturb you, miss, but you probably remember me. My name's Totty. I was in charge of the Mark's Priory case."

She dropped her pen and looked round at him, startled.

"Oh, yes. I remember you, of course," she said. She was a little out of breath. "Is there anything you want to see me about?"

"Hurray! We're goin' to raid th' nudist colony!" *Nate Collier*

TOTTY smiled affably, sat down on the edge of a chair and balanced his bowler hat on his knee.

"How's Dr. Amersham?"

The girl drew a deep breath.

"I haven't seen Dr. Amersham for a long time," she said.

He smiled again very benevolently.

"That's funny. I could have sworn I saw you coming out of Ferrington Court."

She sat bolt upright.

"I saw him tonight, but I didn't think it was a matter which really concerned you, Mr. Totty. Have you been watching me?"

He nodded.

"I watched you go in and I watched you come out. And the reason, miss, I watched you go in and watched you come out was that I didn't think the doctor was a nice man to call on after dinner when he'd sent all the servants out."

At first she was alarmed, then he saw a smile on the corner of her lips.

"Thank you, Sergeant Totty," she said. "You were a sort of guardian angel?"

Totty smirked.

"I've got a reputation for it," he said.

The curse of Totty was that he could never resist the temptation to make dramatic revelations. In the past it had many times been his undoing. Here, however, he might secure his effect with little injury to what is commonly known as the public service.

"Yes, miss, and even if you hadn't found the fire alarm I should have been on the spot."

She looked at him with a wondering frown.

"I was on the balcony outside. Do you know anything about him?"

She hesitated, then shook her head half-heartedly.

"No, except that he's a great friend of Lady Lebanon's," she said.

"A little bit gay, isn't he, miss?"

She smiled again, and then, despite herself, laughed.

"He's never made me feel particularly cheerful. By 'gay' I suppose you mean—"

"Exactly," said Totty with a discreet laugh. "I hear there are rumors about him down at Mark's Thornton—Mrs. What's-her-name?—the gamekeeper's wife."

He was watching her closely. Evidently that little scandal had not reached the girl's ears, for she was frankly astonished.

"The doctor? You mean—Mrs. Tilling, isn't it? Oh, no, that's impossible!"

YET she had heard that Mrs. Tilling was a lady with a weakness for admiration. Servants talk. Even the sedate Kelver had once indicated by a significant change of subject his mild disapproval of gamekeepers' wives who make friends.

Totty had heard a great deal; she wondered how much. Had he heard Amersham's reference to her marriage? If he had he gave no indication.

"The doctor's taken a trip to Mark's Thornton tonight." He volunteered the information at the conclusion of an apparently aimless interview.

She was astonished to hear this, and he saw her look at the letter she had half written.

"Are you sure?" she asked.

Sergeant Totty never made mistakes; he told her so. In fact, he lingered for fully a quarter of an hour supplying proof of his prescience and acumen. She was amused, and went to bed that night in a more cheerful frame of mind than she had thought would be possible. As for Sergeant Totty, he strolled back to Scotland Yard to write his report, and was surprised when the officer at the door told him that Tanner was in his room and had been inquiring for him.

"Don't you ever sleep?" he asked, entering the chief inspector's room unceremoniously.

"Well, what have you found?" asked Tanner. "Sit down there, take your hat off and tell me as many facts as you can and as few inventions as possible."

Sergeant Totty was tired enough to be explicit.

"A bit of luck finding Bould there. I think I remember him," said Tanner when his subordinate had completed an unusually lucid account of the night's happenings. "That may be very useful in the future. You haven't discovered much that I didn't know, except a projected marriage which doesn't interest you or me. Tilling was there, was he? I saw him this afternoon."

"He's jealous," said Totty.

"And he has every right to be," nodded Tanner. "I think that doctor should be told. Get in touch with Bould and ask him to report to me when Amer-

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sham returns. I'll go along and see him. It isn't quite right to leave him in ignorance that he's being watched by a jealous gentleman who once strangled a dog."

"And who strangled Studd," suggested Totty, but Bill Tanner shook his head.

"I doubt it. That man was strangled with a bit of cloth that came from India. If Tilling was the operator he'd have used his hands. No, we've got another line of investigation, and that leads to Amersham. He has lived in India."

He reached out and pressed a bell.

"What do you want? Can I get it?"

"I want Ferraby. He's somewhere in the building."

"What do you want him for?" asked Totty resentfully.

"I'm going to put him on to shadow Miss Crane. If you want the job you can have it. He can pick her up and go back to Mark's Thornton and see what line he can get there. Incidentally, he can keep a watchful eye on Mr. and Mrs. Tilling."

Ferraby came, tall and breezy, a curious combination of the flippant and respectful. When he heard what his task was he brightened visibly.

"Miss Crane! Good Lord, I'd love to!" he said.

"Do you know her?" asked Tanner, in surprise.

"I saw her the last time we were at the Priory," said the young man. "Terribly pretty, isn't she?"

Totty shook his head reproachfully.

"Your mind's not on your work, boy," he said, and he struck nearer home than he could guess, for Sergeant Ferraby's mind had been occupied, to the exclusion of all other matters, by a vision of sweetness which had never left him since. For he was young, and detectives have their strange emotions.

POOR people are easy to shadow, and Isla Crane was distinctly poor. She went about on foot, only occasionally took a taxi, more often boarded a bus. Ferraby found his task a pleasant and simple one. He was at the age when a man's excellence in his profession is the supreme interest in life, and it was his pleasure to believe that he was a good detective.

When she was at Stevenage she was more difficult to follow, for Stevenage is a small place and strangers are noticeable. He even had the ignominy of being questioned by a local policeman, a man naturally suspicious and hopeful that his suspicions were justified.

Back in town, his task was simplified. He followed her to the railroad station on the second morning, saw her get into a first-class carriage and prepared to shepherd her back to Mark's Thornton. He had taken his place two or three compartments away and was reading a newspaper when the sliding door of the compartment was pulled open.

"Mr. Ferraby."

He looked up with a start. It was Isla, and there was a little smile in her eyes which he had never seen before. It was amazing how that smile transfigured her.

"May I come in?"

She sat down in the seat opposite to him and looked at him quizzically.

"Did you stay outside my mother's house all night?" She saw his face go red and laughed. "I'm so sorry. Yes, I knew you were following me. I don't know why, but I'm sure the reason was not uncomplimentary to me."

He was silent; he could not even deny his espionage; and he was annoyed, too. He had been perfectly satisfied that he was a perfect shadow, and had even found satisfaction in constructing a little dream story of how one day he would tell her (in what circumstances he could not imagine) that he had trailed her without her knowledge.

She was looking at him curiously now.

"Are you afraid of me or for me?" she asked quietly. "And by 'you' I mean whoever is in charge of this terrible case."

"Neither," he lied promptly. "We were just interested in you, and of course there was a possibility that the gentleman who murdered that poor chauffeur might harbor designs against other members of the household."

The train had started now, and they were alone.

"Have you any bags in your compartment? I'll bring them in."

He suggested this reluctantly, for fear he cut short the *tête-à-tête*. He was agreeably surprised when she accepted the suggestion, and he came back carrying her suitcase and a small attaché case and put them in the rack over her head.

"WHY are you a policeman?" she asked.

"I'm a very good policeman," he smiled, "or at least I thought I was till a few minutes ago. It's a profession, Miss Crane, and I find it a very interesting one. Not terribly well paid, but fortunately I have a little income of my own—quite enough for a bachelor to live on."

That he should deliberately inform her that he was not married was part of the complex of an unusual situation. Here was the niece of Lady Lebanon, foreordained to marry into some county family, and, if village rumor were true, half engaged to her lordly cousin.

"I suppose it must be interesting, and dangerous?"

He shook his head smilingly.

"It could be very dangerous," he agreed, "but at the moment it is rather humdrum."

"Shadowing inoffensive women?" she suggested, not without a quiet malice.

"No, that's not humdrum, that's rather—" He stopped himself. She seemed anxious that he should continue. "—unusual," he concluded lamely.

She was still curious about him. The police had been just a necessary institution, like the fire department. She had never humanized the police or come into contact with their personality. Not in her wildest dreams had she imagined a policeman who was not someone rather forbidding and possibly offensive.

She wondered what kind of life he led, but dared not ask him for fear of annoying him. He was obviously well educated; he spoke with that accent which is peculiar to the public-school boy. Whimsically, she wondered whether he wore evening dress; he would look rather well in it, she decided.

He was thinking many things about her which he would not dare have put into words. She could ask him how long he had been in the police force and draw him out about his work. He was an enthusiast, but he had a sense of humor. She was amazed when she found the train slowing down for Mark's Thornton. The time had passed like a few minutes.

"Hereafter, if you don't mind, Miss Crane, I am going back to my character of energetic police officer."

HE SAW her face cloud. She had almost forgotten the gloom of Mark's Priory and all the heartache it held for her. He heard the quick little sigh.

"I think that's best," she said.

She was thinking of Lady Lebanon's cold disapproval, the questions she would ask. She was thinking, too, of Gilder, who was ubiquitous and missed nothing.

"I am very glad we have met, Mr. Ferraby."

"We met before," he smiled.

(Continued on page 38)

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(*Continued from page 37*)

"No, I mean met like—"

She was at a loss to explain, but he understood.

He made his way to the compartment she had vacated, so that he should not leave the train with her, and eventually shepherded her to the gates of Mark's Priory and left her with some reluctance.

He waited till the station fly was out of sight around a bend of the poplar-lined avenue before he returned to the White Hart, dismissed the carriage which had brought him from the station, and went in to negotiate for a room.

He saw a young man standing behind the bar, and remembered that he had received instructions to verify Totty's rather sketchy inquiry, for he guessed this was "Tom," the son of the proprietor.

AFTER settling himself in his comfortable little bedroom, Ferraby strolled down to the bar parlor. Tom was still on duty, and at this hour the detective was the only customer. Tom broke disconcertingly into the amiable preamble of his inquiries.

"Aren't you one of those gentlemen from Scotland Yard?" he asked. "You were down with Mr. Tanner, weren't you? Is there anything new about the Studd case?"

"Nothing," said Ferraby.

He was a little annoyed to be recognized at all.

Tom took a cloth and mechanically wiped the counter.

"I wasn't here that night—I went to town for my uncle's birthday and stopped the night."

"You and Tilling?" suggested Ferraby.

The young man grinned.

"You knew that, did you? Yes, we went up together, but Tilling came back early."

"Didn't he stop the night at your uncle's?"

Tom shook his head.

"No, there wasn't any room for him, and, anyway, he's rather a quarrelsome fellow when he's had a couple of drinks, and I shouldn't have pressed him to stay even if there had been room. No, he came back by the last train. He's got too much on his mind, that fellow, and nowadays he hasn't a civil word for anybody. He was in here at dinnertime, and I couldn't get anything out of him but a grunt. Have you got any new clues, Mr. Ferraby?"

Ferraby smiled.

"I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you," he said. "I'm not on business. I'm here for a little rest. We have them at times."

Tom looked at him suspiciously, and was evidently reviewing all the possible circumstances which might bring a detective officer from Scotland Yard to Mark's Thornton, for suddenly he asked:

"Perhaps it's over that other case—the fellow with the forged banknotes. What was his name? Briggs, wasn't it? He was staying here just before the murder, you know; in fact, he was here the night of the murder. Dad and I have often wondered if he had anything to do with it. He didn't look a murderous chap, but, judging from the pictures you see in the papers, none of 'em do!"

Ferraby grinned.

"We'll have to make a detective of you," he said, and began a tactful inquiry about the cause of Tilling's unhappiness. There was nothing at all tactful about the young man's response.

"She'd drive any man to drink," he said emphatically. "I don't blame poor old Tilling—he must have a terrible life."

He expressed his opinion of Mrs. Tilling in a few frank words.

"Pretty as a picture. She was a lady's maid when he met her. From what I've heard, all sorts of people have been running after her. They say that the doctor—"

He stopped short.

"Dr. Amersham? Yes?"

Tom made a little grimace and rubbed the counter with greater energy.

"No names, no harm done," he said. "What's the use of repeating gossip? They'd ruin the reputation of a saint, the people in Mark's Thornton."

It is the peculiar illusion of the inhabitants of all English villages that their neighbors are the worst gossipers to be found in the country, and it occurred to Ferraby that the landlord's son might well be included in the people of Mark's Thornton.

He got on the phone that night and reported to Tanner, and in the morning made a long detour that brought him within a hundred yards of the gamekeeper's cottage. Here he sat on a gate, smoking his pipe, and after an hour's wait was rewarded. A woman walked out of the cottage, down the footpath, and, unlocking the gate, came on to the road. She carried a small basket and was evidently going to the village to shop. As she passed Ferraby she threw a quick glance at him—a not unkindly glance.

"Come, come, darling! Poppa's gotta go to a fire!" *Frank Owen*

She was pretty; could, with a little trouble and expense, have been strikingly lovely. And she was well dressed: Ferraby noticed that. Her shoes were smart, her stockings were sheer, and of a fairly fine mesh. The close-fitting little hat she wore was not the kind you could buy at the popular stores.

One thing he noticed was a small, diamond-faced watch on her left wrist. She had passed him when he said:

"Excuse me, this is Mark's Priory, isn't it?"

She turned back immediately. Ferraby might have imagined that she was expecting him to address her.

"Yes, this is Mark's Priory."

THERE was just a touch of commonness in the voice, but her eyes were fine and alight with life. Her red lips had been made redder by artifice. It was a complaint of the village, Ferraby had learned that morning, that she "powdered and painted."

"This is not the way in." She nodded to the gate. "The main entrance is by the lodge. It's in the village. Shall I show it to you?"

Her glance was coyly timid.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure."

Ferraby felt that undisguised gallantry was called for, and he walked by her side with that slightly proprietorial swagger which the occasion demanded.

Once or twice she looked back as though she were expecting to be followed. On the second occasion Ferraby turned his head too.

"Is somebody calling?" he asked.

"Oh, no." She tipped one well-shaped shoulder in a gesture of contempt. "It's only my husband—I thought he might be following. Do you know anybody at the Hall?" she asked. (Half the village referred to the Priory as "the Hall," Ferraby had noticed.)

"OH, YES, I know one or two people there."

"Her ladyship?"

"I've met her ladyship—yes."

"Do you know his lordship?"

"I've seen him—yes. In fact, I saw him going up the drive this morning."

She looked at him oddly.

"If you knew which was the drive, why did you ask me to show you the way?" she demanded, and Ferraby took the bold course and smiled.

"In the first place, I didn't ask you to show me the way, and in the second place, if you want to know somebody I suppose you make any excuse for speaking to them," he said, and the answer was completely satisfactory, for she gave a little gurgle of laughter.

"I wondered if that was why you spoke. You'll get me a bad name, but I've got one already, so it really doesn't matter. You don't know Dr. Amersham, do you?" she asked with an affectation of carelessness which would not have deceived a probationary policeman.

"I've seen him, and I think I've met him; I'm not sure," said Ferraby.

"He's a very nice man and terribly clever. I must say I do admire clever people; there are so few of them in the world," she said.

She spoke rapidly, stringing cliché to cliché, yet in the definite manner of one who is discovering unrecognized truths and translating them into original language.

"Cleverness always gets me," she prattled on. "I'd rather a man had brains than good looks. The things he knows . . . Dr. Amersham, I mean . . . they simply astound me. He's been abroad a great deal, and naturally a doctor knows more than any other kind of man—don't you think so, Mr. ——?"

"Ferraby is my name. Isn't your husband clever?"

The smile went off her face and he saw something very hard and something that was almost repellent.

"Him!" she said, and he became aware of the scorn in her voice. "He's a very nice man, but rather trying."

She had no reticences; all there was of Mrs. Tilling lay very close to the surface. He had the impression that she lived in a glass case, her motives, her acts and her reactions consciously visible to the world.

They reached the lodge gates and she stopped.

"This is the drive to the house, but I suppose you know all about that," she said. "Are you staying here long?"

Ferraby was good-looking, tall, and, though he was not aware of the fact, her physical beau ideal.

"For a day or two—" he began, and then stopped short and went red.

Isla Crane was walking down the drive, passed him with one quick, surprised look and went on. That glance told him that she was amazed to find him talking to the wife of the gamekeeper. He wanted to run after her and explain, though how she would have responded to that impertinence he could guess when he thought the matter over.

"That is Miss Crane."

Mrs. Tilling had not noticed his confusion.

"She's her ladyship's secretary; full of airs and graces, and they say she hasn't got a penny to her name, except what her ladyship gives her. The way some people carry on, you'd think they were the queen of the earth, wouldn't you?"

There was a touch of asperity here, and Ferraby wondered why.

"Would you say she was pretty? I wouldn't. She's not what you might call a young girl . . . got a good complexion and all that sort of thing. But she hasn't what I call style."

Then, abruptly, she held out her little gloved hand and Ferraby took it. It was one of those limp handshakes that really worried him. Dr. Amersham should have taught her better.

He was conscious that over a curtain of the White Hart somebody was surveying him. That somebody was Tom, who greeted him as he came into the hall of the inn with a broad smile.

"She found you, did she? Bless my soul, she's a one for finding 'em! I keep away from her myself. I'm engaged to be married and my young lady's very particular."

HE BUSTLED round behind the counter.

"Is it too early for a glass of beer?" he asked.

"It's never too early for me," said Ferraby untruthfully.

He heard a heavy step behind him, and a hand like a log fell on his shoulder.

"Do you know my wife?"

He turned at his leisure and looked into the dark face of the gamekeeper. An ugly fellow this, in ordinary circumstances; now his eyes were blazing with fury. Ferraby leaned his elbows on the counter and looked at the man.

"If ever you lay your hand on my shoulder again," he said deliberately, "I'll give you a sock on the jaw! No, I don't know your wife. I met her this morning—if you are Tilling. I walked with her up the village street and if you have any further questions to ask, ask 'em now before I boot you out of this bar."

The man was a bully, and therefore had a broad streak of pusillanimity.

"I'm entitled to ask, ain't I?"

Already he had wilted perceptibly.

"You're entitled to be polite," said Ferraby.

"I don't want strangers talking to my wife—"

"I'm not a stranger." Ferraby recovered his sense of humor. "I'm a Scotland Yard detective, and therefore a friend of the world."

Tilling was startled, blinked at the young officer, and when he spoke his voice was husky, as that of a man whose deeper feelings made it difficult to articulate.

"Scotland Yard?" he stammered. "I didn't know." And then, quickly: "What have you been asking her?"

(To be continued next week)

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Too Much Money

Continued from page 13

"Hope they aren't all blind this time," said young Delray.

"I hope not!" agreed the caddie master, and laughed brightly.

"You'd better hope it," said Delray as he went out the door.

They all went toward the first tee. On the tee, four caddies—not boys, but grown men—wearing dark blue knickers and blue jackets with brass buttons—sprang to attention, each with his player's driver ready in his hand.

"Well," boomed John Warrington, taking practice swings like a man handling a scythe, "how we going to play this match?"

Austin Clendenning stopped in the process of drawing a glove upon his left hand . . . came down to earth for the moment.

"Why, Mr. Brent and I will play you and Chester. I don't know what Mr. Brent's handicap is, but . . ."

He looked at Charlie.

"It's eight," said Charlie. "That is, it's eight on my home course. I don't know what it ought to be on as fine and difficult a course as this. You see, our course is a short, nine-hole one and—not but what it's a nice little course—but at the same time . . ." He broke off, reddening. Now why had he gone and given all that useless information? Why hadn't he just said "Eight," and nothing more? As it was now . . .

But Austin Clendenning had gone right ahead. "Eight," he said, "and mine's fifteen, and yours is sixteen," and he indicated John Warrington, "and Chester's is seven. . . . That just nicely evens things up. And we'll make it two points a hole, so as to keep everybody in the game."

Charlie breathed freer. The only one who had looked at him—who was still looking at him—was Chester Delray. Charlie returned the look, and the Delray eyes slid away. Overpoweringly, for the instant that their gaze had been locked, the desire was upon Charlie Brent to hang one on the Delray jaw. Somehow . . . he couldn't describe it, but somehow the remoteness of Austin Clendenning, the self-engrossment of John Warrington, seemed in keeping with the surroundings, but this manner of young Delray, wealthy though he might be and a member of exclusive Tall Pines, was a thing wholly different, as irritating as a dart in the hide of a bull in the bull ring.

THEN Charlie Brent almost laughed aloud. The humor of it struck him. He wanting to fight on the first tee of Tall Pines. What a nice scene that would have been for an exclusive club!

"And what are we playing for?" went on big John Warrington, continuing his scythe swing. "You've still got some of my money, from the last time," and he nodded at Austin Clendenning. "Shall we make it the usual—five, five, five?"

"Suits me," said Austin Clendenning. Remotely he turned to Chester Delray and Charlie Brent. "That'll probably be too steep for you boys, so you can make your own bets." Once more he turned to John Warrington, and now the hint of a smile was on his face. "All right, let's see the world's worst slice."

Lightning-like, thoughts raced through Charlie Brent's mind. Five, five, five—that would be five dollars on the first nine, five on the second, and five on the whole match; fifteen dollars in all. . . . More money than he had ever played for in his life. Austin Clendenning had been right. But . . . but, on the other hand, when a person went out with people of means, he had to play their game; he couldn't pike. Fifteen dollars was an awful lot of money, but even if he lost it, it would have been worth that much to have played Tall Pines. And he mightn't lose.

He looked up to find young Delray regarding him, with evident amusement on his heavy, good-looking face. Charlie flushed. Didn't think he could afford it, eh? Well, Charlie'd show him!

"It's all right with me," said Charlie.

Young Delray's humor increased. His lips parted; then his teeth came together with a click—the click as of a trap closing tight.

"O. K.," said young Delray, and smiled as he said it. That was all that he said and all that he did, but it was sufficient to cause the tingling sensation to run once more along the back of Charlie Brent's neck.

The game began.

AT THE end of the third hole, partners Austin Clendenning and Charlie Brent had won three in a row.

Never had Charlie Brent played upon so breath-takingly wonderful a course. The grass on the fairways was like some unbelievable, deep and firm green carpet; the greens, though sloping, though contoured, were so true, so beautifully conditioned, that all one had to do was to get the right line, and putt, and the ball went down.

So soul-singing was the experience—so like boyhood again, with Saturday morning at eight o'clock and a whole free day ahead—that Charlie Brent, on the fairway of the long par-five second hole, after swinging into a brassie shot that sent the ball fleet and white and diminishing above the vivid fairway backed by pines (a brassie shot, clean-met on turf; the sweetest-feeling shot in golf), fell into step with opponent Chester Delray, and bubbled forth his joy of living. He had to talk with somebody, and John Warrington was off somewhere in the rough to the right, and Austin Clendenning had topped into a trap, and . . . and forgotten was Charlie Brent's dislike for young Delray; how could one dislike anybody on such an afternoon?

"My," said Charlie, "but you people that belong to this club must have a wonderful time playing this course. I never knew that golf could be so thrilling!"

Young Delray regarded Charlie for a time in silence, without expression on his face; when he finally spoke, it was in the manner of a superior grown person who listens to the ecstatic outbursts of a tenement-escaped child gathering buttercups.

"Yeah?" he said. "Well, personally I never get excited just because I'm playing on somebody else's course—this one any more than the others. . . . Listen, caddie, when I want you to pull the clubs out of the bag, I'll tell you!"

An odd sensation ran over Charlie Brent; odd, and slowly illuminating.

"You mean . . . You mean you aren't a member of this club?"

Young Delray laughed shortly. "I should be a sap to pay two or three thousand dollars to join, and then two or three thousand more for dues, when I can play on it whenever I want to. Oh, yes," he went on patronizingly, "old John Warrington has me play with him often, and I usually find time to accommodate him, even though he is a rotten golfer."

The accommodating young man here took out a mashie and pitched ten feet from the pin. Charlie Brent, the glory

(Continued on page 40)

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(*Continued from page 39*)

of the afternoon still upon him, pitched inside him, not three feet from the cup. A darkening scowl went over the Delray features.

"Are you always that lucky?" he snapped.

The Delray putt just failed. . . . The Brent one went down. The foursome moved on to the next tee, Austin Clendenning cool and remote, John Warrington lumbering like a spavined horse, young Delray with mouth drawn down, Charlie Brent silently a-song with happiness.

"Huh," mumbled John Warrington, lighting a fresh cigar, "kind of took us that time; two in a row. Better shake out of it, partner."

"Can't beat rabbits' feet," crisped Partner Delray.

Golfer Austin Clendenning stepped up to the tee markers, swung a mashie, and lobbed a heavy, spiritless ball across a hundred and thirty yards of alternating jungle and Sahara. The ball struck on the veriest edge of the green, started to roll back toward a yawning sand pit that, in the remote, dead days of golf when every hole carried a name that was printed on the score card, would have had a title—The Crater . . . Purgatory . . . Hell's Half Acre—and, so rolling, the Clendenning ball was slowed by a fringe of grass, wavered, clung, and hung suspended above the pit like a falling man clutching the gutter of a cathedral roof.

"There's your rabbit's foot," softly said Golfer Clendenning.

"Huh!" snorted young Delray.

CHARLIE BRENT, still under the hypnosis of happiness, stepped up to his ball, cut the feet out from under it, and landed it beside the pin with all the flatness of a pancake.

"And that wasn't," softly pursued Golfer Clendenning.

"You bet it wasn't!" squawked Delray. "An eight-handicap man. Oh, yeah?" Eyes flickering, he glowered at Charlie Brent.

"Well, I'll concede that a thing like that wasn't learned just overnight," said big John Warrington. He puffed on his cigar. "It sure puts the pressure on me."

Pressure, applied to a hacking swing, landed the Warrington effort at the bottom of the pit above which the Clendenning ball hung by its eyebrows. Like a tug shunting a grounded and useless ship off mud flats, young Mr. Delray fairly shoved John Warrington out of the way. He whipped into one, and, like many things in this life that are whipped into with more emotion than control, sent his ball high and all the way over the green, where, to judge from the look instantly arising on young Mr. Delray's face, lay a hidden trap just twice as deep as the one in which the Warrington ball now reposed.

In an arid silence more eloquent than shouts, the foursome went forward. When, after a sand-blasting and roller-coaster putting bee on the part of the others that was a horrific thing to behold, golfer Charlie Brent tapped down his putt for a two, the silence, now doubly more eloquent than shouts, continued to hold.

It held until Charlie Brent whaled away at his next drive, and his ball, flying low above trapped fairway like a bird winging above shark-infested waters, distantly put its feet down on a patch of green earth and came safely to rest.

"Say, now, look here!" burst out Opponent Delray, face rage-contorted, "saying that you're an eight-handicap man is one thing, and playing to scratch is another! A par and two birdies in three holes, and now that drive—for an eight-handicap man that's too rich!"

Opponent John Warrington gave easing gesture and words: "Ah, keep your shirt on, Chester." His eyes met Charlie's. "Chester here doesn't like to have anybody play the course better than he can. At the same time," and he turned away, "that's darned top-notch golf."

Which had twice the effect on Charlie Brent as the Delray outburst.

"Why, if you feel that way," hastened Charlie, "I'll reduce my handicap and give strokes and . . ."

"Forget it," rumbled John Warrington and made wide sweep of the hand.

"I should hope so," cut in Austin Clendenning. "And now that their debating team has gotten all through," and he smiled at Charlie, "let's go ahead and show them some more golf."

But when Charlie Brent had reached his ball he wasn't able to forget it. All the way in walking to his ball he had been trying to formulate the words that would explain why he was playing so well; why he was playing away over his head. . . . The perfection of the course, the beauty of it, the happiness at being allowed to play on it, the feeling that he was walking on winged feet. . . . Boyhood on Saturday morning. . . . But how could he make them understand all that? Delray had acted as though he was nothing more than a ringer; popping off like that just because there was five or ten dollars up on the match.

HIS mind continuing in this groove, Charlie Brent addressed his ball swung his iron, half-hit the ball, and sliced it into the rough among the pines. . . . His first miss of the day. But others followed.

He fought as best he might; fought, and heard John Warrington monotonously calling out the score:

"Now you're only two up. . . . Now only one. . . . Back to two again; huh, old Clenny slipped in a point there. . . . Now—took two from you! Even up. . . . And now . . ."

They were on the ninth. Charlie Brent, putting downhill over a church-steeple slope, just missed . . . Austin Clendenning missed. And:

"That gives Chester and me the first nine," said John Warrington. "And, Clenny," he went on, "there goes your first five hundred."

CHARLIE BRENT, standing there telling himself that he had lost five dollars, dropped his putter.

Five . . . hundred!

With ghastly clearness, understanding of the scene on the first tee now rose before him. Five, five, five . . . hundreds. And Chester Delray had known.

He whipped his gaze to Delray. Delray, eyes narrowed, coolly returned the look. The look said: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Do about it? Like a man in an elevator that is dropping, all Charlie Brent could do was to stand and . . . do nothing. Caught! Nothing that he could do. How get out of it? How explain . . . how say that he had misunderstood, that he wasn't accustomed, that . . . that . . . He thought of the looks on John Warrington's and Austin Clendenning's faces. He had walked into it; there was nothing that he could do.

He gave a little gasp. This second nine . . . the match! Five hundred gone—a thousand more that could go! Fifteen hundred gone. And he had no fifteen hundred . . . anywhere.

"All right, partner," he heard Austin Clendenning remotely, "let's go get 'em this nine."

Charlie Brent teed up his ball, and black spots, like countless midges, swam and danced before his eyes. He tried to blink them away. . . . They would not go. . . . His drive barely got off the tee; had the tee not been on an elevation, on the brow of a swift-dropping knoll, it would have rolled but a few feet. As it was, it dropped down the hillside to land weakly in the rough.

With the midges still before his eyes, with a dull roaring in his ears, Charlie Brent went down the slope, came to his ball, swung . . . hacked his way out. Barely out, and badly off line.

Gone! Blown up. Fifteen hundred lost. He saw Chester Delray smile as he walked past.

On that instant a spark went off somewhere within Charlie Brent, and there upleaped through him an incandescent flame, up and up, consuming, burning . . . burning all else away—save desperation. And hand in hand with desperation, Charlie Brent went forward.

There is supposed to be but one way for the playing of the perfect course of Tall Pines: golfing perfection. There might in rare instances be grudgingly admitted a second—golf based on the supreme happiness that Charlie Brent had known an hour before. But only these two.

Only these two?

There is a third.

Charlie Brent came up to his ball, gave one look at the far-away green, took out his brassie, and all that he had he now poured into the head of that club; and when the ball had ceased its wild, impossible flight it was but a shut-eyed tap away from the cup.

He won the hole. He won four holes in a row.

He made his charge on Tall Pines as a lone soldier might make his charge on a machine-gun nest when armed only with a broken club. On and on he fought, as a traveler over the world's wastes might fight, and, like that traveler, saw and heard things far removed, in pleasant lands; saw, forty miles away, a lumpy little nine-hole golf course with ordinarily dressed golfers on it, heard them shouting across fairways to one another, calling out, "How'sa boy?" Playing a game. . . .

A game. Charlie Brent battled on.

AT THE fourteenth hole, a putty-faced Chester Delray rallied all his forces, for a tie. Charlie Brent drew in his breath with a whistle, knew that he had only enough life left for one more attack, swept together the fragments of his being . . . made it, dimly heard John Warrington saying, "Well, that gives you two the side and match . . . and five hundred," and Charlie Brent told himself that he had just strength enough left to walk back to the clubhouse.

Five hundred won from Delray. Keep it? You bet he'd keep it!

And he heard John Warrington further say, "All right, how about a chance back at you, at five hundred a hole for the last three holes?"

Charlie Brent swayed.

"Well, going as we're going," said Austin Clendenning, "that sounds just like found money to me."

Charlie almost fell flat.

They played, and all that Charlie could do was to go through the motions; his clubs had no more effect on the ball than a buggy whip. He and Austin Clendenning lost the hole. . . . Now even on money. They lost the next—now five hundred out. They came up to the eighteenth tee.

And here John Warrington, who had been walking more and more slowly, sat down heavily on the tee bench and began to unlace a shoe.

"Sand," he said. "Sand in both of 'em; just about as comfortable as walking on my hands." Slowly he set about rectifying this.

Charlie Brent walked to the far end of the tee, gasping like a fish in the last throes when out of water. He had nothing left to fight with. He turned, and found a debonair Chester Delray in front of him.

Now Chester Delray had Charlie Brent licked. All that he had to do was to play any sort of ordinary golf and the last hole was his. But that wasn't

"Cheer up, Pal, tomorrow we shoot café scenes with a lotta French dames!" *Adolph Schus*

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Chester Delray's way—not when he was winning. He had to do more than merely win; he had to rub it in.

He rubbed—and made fatal error. Showing white teeth, he said pleasantly:

"Quite an experience, isn't it, playing with people of money?"

And that did it. All of the fight that Charlie Brent thought dead leaped to life sevenfold. In one easy stride he was before Delray; in one motion he had gripped him by a wrist, twisted with such swift savagery as to make bones crack, and yanked Delray to him. Without lifting his voice, he spoke, in cold and slow and measured words, releasing all that had been suppressed within him:

"You moocher . . . you shorthorn . . . you fat-faced jackal! An experience, to be playing with people of money? You bet it is! Fine men they are; I'll never be in their class. And neither will you, you hanger-on. Listen! You had me licked, and now . . . now you're the one who is licked. I'm going to take this hole, and that will square us. But it won't altogether square us, because I'm going to bet you five dollars, which is big money for me; yes, and bigger money for you; and if you don't come through, I'm going to take it out of your thick hide. Now, moocher, go ahead and top your drive off this tee!"

Charlie Brent suddenly released his hold, wheeled, and walked away, laughing.

And a quivering-faced Chester Delray did just that—topped his drive.

On the eighteenth green, Austin Clendenning looked up after sinking his putt.

"That . . . that makes everybody all square, doesn't it? My, but it's been a pleasant, close game. We must have another one."

"Yes," said Charlie Brent, "it's been a pleasant, close game. And all square, except for a minor little affair between Mr. Delray and myself."

A chokily-breathing Chester Delray tried to outface Charlie Brent, and failed. His hand went into a pocket . . . sought . . . went into another pocket. Slowly reddening, he sent his other hand searching, and brought out two bills . . . two one-dollar bills. He looked at them, and, as though they had burned and seared him, he crammed them back into his pocket. He made mutter, spun about, and went toward the caddie master's room.

In a moment he returned, carrying a five-dollar bill.

"Thanks," said Charlie Brent, and tucked the bill casually into a watch pocket. "People of money," he said lightly, impersonally, to the group. "And now, gentlemen," and he smiled upon Austin Clendenning and John Warrington and shook hands with them, "I can't tell you—honestly, I can't begin to tell you—what an afternoon I've had. Thank you, Mr. Clendenning, ever and ever so much."

"But won't you stay and . . . " began Austin Clendenning.

"Thank you, no," said Charlie. "I must be going. A most important engagement. Good-by."

HE FELL into the two-by-four locker-room of the lumpy little nine-hole home course just as the last of the almost-evening crowd was leaving.

"How'sa boy?" rose the shouted greeting.

"How'sa boy yourselves?" Charlie shouted in reply.

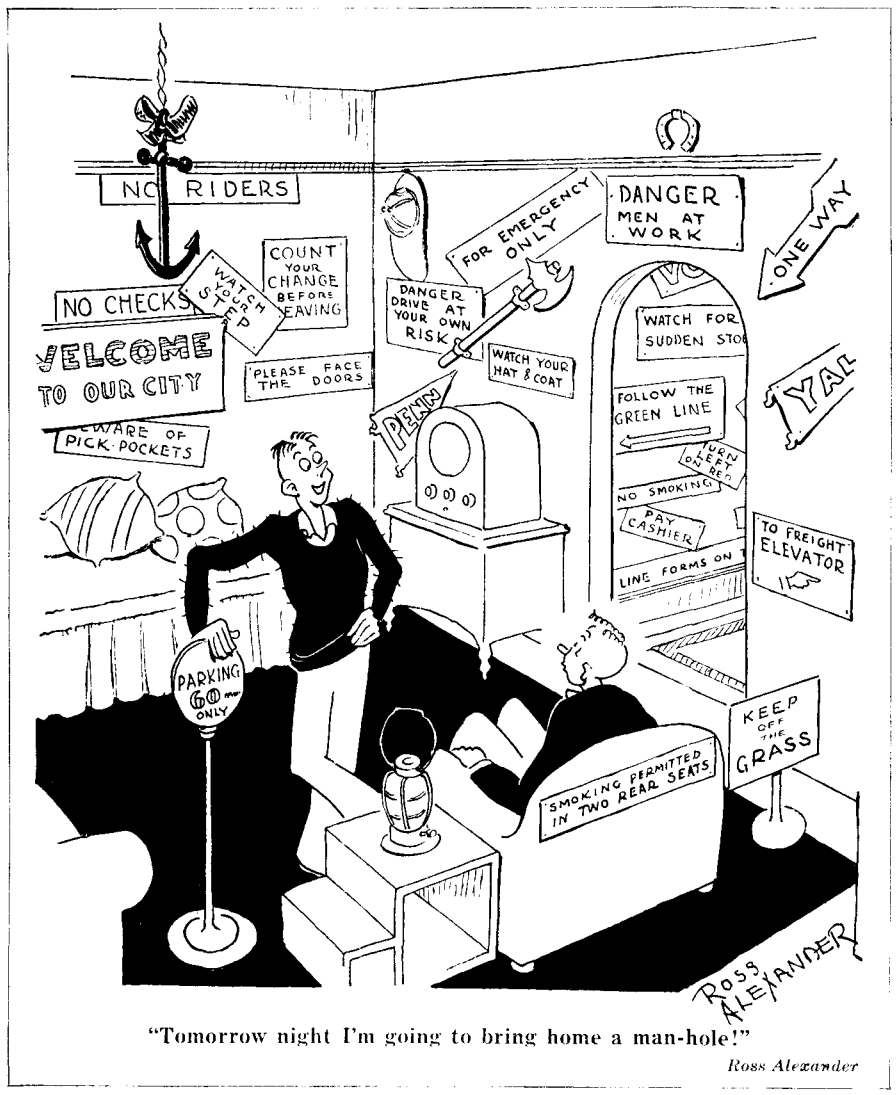
Somebody thumped him between shoulder blades. He thumped in return.

"Didn't see you around this afternoon," said one.

"No," said Charlie. "I was . . . away."

"Missed some great golf," pursued the other. "And we're going to have some more swell matches all day tomorrow. Fifty cents a man, and if you'd be interested . . ."

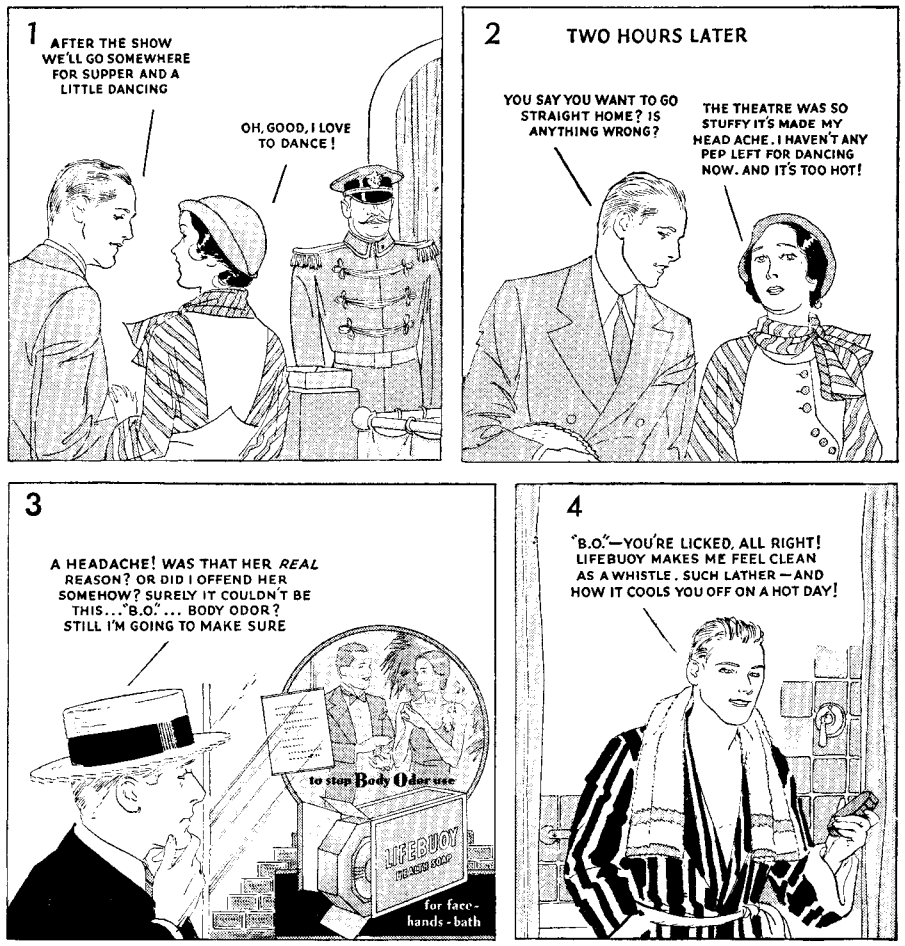
"That," said Charlie Brent, and he grinned and a great relaxing sigh went through him, "that's what I've just driven forty miles to hear!"

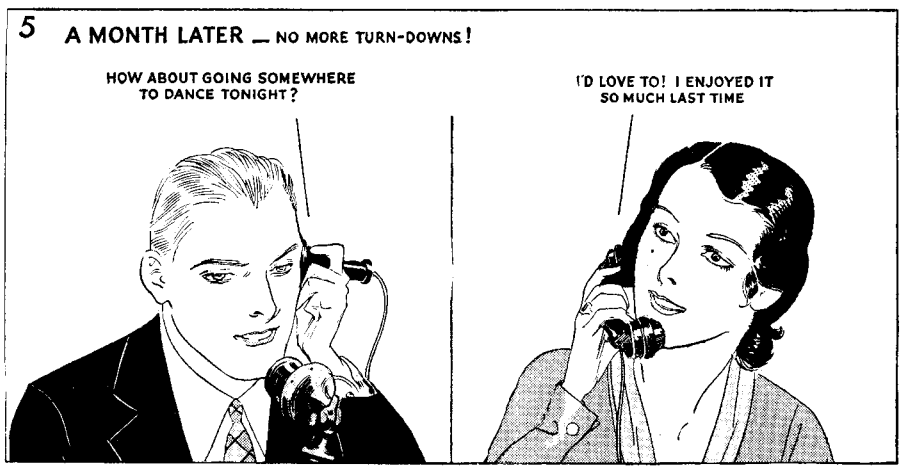


"Tomorrow night I'm going to bring home a man-hole!"

Ross Alexander

WHY DID SHE CHANGE HER MIND?.. by Timmins


1
AFTER THE SHOW WE'LL GO SOMEWHERE FOR SUPPER AND A LITTLE DANCING
OH, GOOD, I LOVE TO DANCE!
2
TWO HOURS LATER
YOU SAY YOU WANT TO GO STRAIGHT HOME? IS ANYTHING WRONG?
THE THEATRE WAS SO STUFFY IT'S MADE MY HEAD ACHE. I HAVEN'T ANY PEP LEFT FOR DANCING NOW. AND IT'S TOO HOT!
3
A HEADACHE! WAS THAT HER REAL REASON? OR DID I OFFEND HER SOMEHOW? SURELY IT COULDN'T BE THIS..."B.O."... BODY ODOR? STILL I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE
to stop Body Odor use
LIFEBUOY
for face-hands-bath
4
"B.O."—YOU'RE LICKED, ALL RIGHT! LIFEBUOY MAKES ME FEEL CLEAN AS A WHISTLE. SUCH LATHER—AND HOW IT COOLS YOU OFF ON A HOT DAY!



Beware of "B.O."—no one is safe (body odor) these hot summer days

OF COURSE we perspire more in summer. We have to or we couldn't endure the heat. But make *sure* that "B.O." (*body odor*) doesn't offend. Keep pores thoroughly cleansed and deodorized—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching, abundant lather penetrates and *purifies* pores—stops "B.O." Guards health by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, hygienic scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you better than words that Lifebuoy *protects*.

Great for the skin

Millions of fine complexions owe their attractiveness to Lifebuoy's gentle care. Its bland, penetrating lather *deep-cleanses* pores—freshens the skin to glowing health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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• FOR • FACE • LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP • HANDS • BATH •

STOPS BODY ODOR PROTECTS HEALTH

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TOBACCO FLAVOR NEVER VARIES IN 16 YEARS

Smoker calls it "Only blend I never tire of"

MANY a pipe smoker spends years in his search for the "perfect" tobacco. Once discovered, however, will that tobacco remain uniformly the same, package after package, year after year? That is what every pipe smoker wants to know, and that is why it is good news when R. K. Wheeler of Dayton, Ohio, writes that in 16 years "I have never purchased a single package of Edgeworth whose flavor and aroma differed in the least from another." His complete letter will interest smokers:

1017 Shakespere Ave.
Dayton, Ohio
March 4, 1932

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I have noticed for some time the various letters published by you from users of Edgeworth, and I felt impelled to add my "nickel's worth" to the chorus of praise.

I have used Edgeworth exclusively for sixteen years, and the only reason that figure is not larger is that I did not discover Edgeworth sooner.

I have tried many of the different pipe tobaccos on the market, but Edgeworth is the only tobacco I can smoke day after day without tiring of its flavor. Where do you get it? How do you do it? In all these years I have never purchased a single package of Edgeworth whose flavor and aroma differed in the least from another.

So I too say, "Keep up the good work," for it would be a sad day for pipe smokers should Edgeworth disappear from the tobacco shops.

Yours truly,
R. K. Wheeler

It is significant too that Mr. Wheeler writes, "Edgeworth is the only tobacco I can smoke day after day without tiring of its flavor." Certainly only the finest quality tobacco can meet this test! Edgeworth is, in truth, a different tobacco. It is cool and slow burning. The fame of the Edgeworth flavor has spread round the world. Its blend of choice burleys with the natural savor sealed in cannot be matched.

Edgeworth has been making friends among pipe smokers for more than 30 years. It has confirmed thousands in their belief that smoking holds no pleasures equal to the satisfaction of a good pipe and good tobacco.

Would you like to try this Edgeworth blend? Then send your name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 101 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., for a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15-cent pocket package to pound humidor tins. Several sizes also come in vacuum sealed tins.

Pipe smokers and their families will enjoy the Edgeworth Radio Program. Make it a point next Wednesday evening from 10 to 10:30 (E. D. S. T.) to listen to "The Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia." It is broadcast over a coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Lady Castle's Secret

Continued from page 26

actresses she had known, and told scandalous anecdotes in French and English. She commanded their attention and made them laugh against their will. Sir Richard was enchanted. He adored his wife, and to see her like this reminded him of their first meeting.

"If only Dick were here," he said as the dessert was handed round. "He'll be angry that you did his favorite imitations when he was away."

"He'll be back tomorrow," she said gayly, and then, turning to Dorothy, "It was a shame he should have had to go up on business during his holiday, and on Paul's last evening, too."

As she left the room she lost some of her gayety. They sat down upstairs in silence. Lady Castle picked up the book she was reading and held it in her lap, although her eyes kept straying from the page round the room, and back to her daughter-in-law.

DOROTHY rose to her feet and, standing by a little table, idly turned over the leaves of a photograph album.

"What are you looking at?" Lady Castle said rather abruptly.

"Some pictures of Dick as a child," Dorothy answered. There was a silence. "He was exactly like his father even then, wasn't he?" she said in the tone of polite conversation.

"Yes," Lady Castle answered in a strangely thoughtful way. Then added in a quiet voice: "And I have never been so thankful for anything in all my life as I was for that likeness."

There was dead silence between them. Dorothy raised young, bewildered eyes and stared at her mother-in-law.

"I don't quite— I didn't quite—" she faltered, and then hesitated.

"You don't understand me?" Lady Castle said calmly. "I said that nothing has given me greater occasion for thankfulness than that Dick was the living image of his father. It might have been otherwise, and that would have been terrible to contemplate." Then, seeing that Dorothy still stood unhappily in the middle of the room, she said in a gentle voice, "Come and sit down, my dear. I've never told this story to anyone before in my life. But I would like to tell it to you if you would care to hear."

Dorothy moved slowly to the sofa and sat down.

"I want to tell you this partly because I am fond of you, and I think you will understand; and partly because it will explain something in my attitude to Dick."

Dorothy nodded her head.

"It happened in 1903," Lady Castle said.

"The year Dick was born," escaped from Dorothy's lips.

"The year Dick was born," Lady Castle repeated. "But that was not the first act. I had better begin at the beginning. I had a curious childhood, Dorothy, and I was a very lovely girl of seventeen when I started to earn my living on the stage. My parents were dead, and I had only one real friend in the world. He was about my age, a little older, and, although he had his own way to make, he never ceased to encourage me in all the tender, protective ways he could think of. We weren't in love—we were too near each other in age, and knew each other too well—but it was a sort of sentimental, brotherly feeling we had for each other." She paused and looked at Dorothy rather wistfully. "You understand me? You may have had the same feeling for somebody, such as, well Paul, whom you played with as a child.

"Well, I began to make a success, just a little. And when my friend was offered a job abroad he could see that I was fairly well on my way. We were both miserable at parting, but it was a great opportunity for him, and he had to take it.

"The last evening we both lost our heads a little. He said he loved me, and I thought at that moment I loved him. I promised to wait until he came back, and marry him."

She shot a glance at Dorothy, who continued to look steadily at the carpet.

"The years went by, and I discovered that I had become famous. I still wrote regularly to my friend, but our letters had soon relapsed into the tone of ordinary affection. Much later I met Richard and fell seriously in love—I think really for the first time. I wrote the news of our marriage happily, because the other brief love affair seemed a very far-away thing. My friend answered with a charming letter and I knew I had been right. Everything would be well."

She stopped again, leaned forward and caught Dorothy by the wrist.

"It would have been all right," Lady Castle said pleadingly. "We were never anything but friends—until he came back."

She released her hold and, rising, began to walk up and down the room.

"It wasn't my fault that he came back," she said passionately. "It wasn't my fault that he swore he'd never forgotten me. I couldn't stop him telling me he loved me." She put her hands over her eyes. "That he'd always loved me, and waited for me all those years. Oh, my dear, he was so good-looking and so very pleading. All my old affection and friendship for him seemed to turn into something that melted my heart when I listened to his voice."

She sank down suddenly on the sofa, and began to dry her eyes with a handkerchief. "I was desperately weak," she said, in a broken voice, so low that Dorothy could hardly hear her. "I was criminally weak. Remember, I was Richard's wife and loved him with all my heart. And yet I couldn't turn away from the pleading of my friend. He had only a fortnight in England. Then he was going away, perhaps forever. I might never see him again, and he asked me to grant him one thing before he left."

She raised her eyes to Dorothy's.

"He said he had waited so long, wanted me so long. He was going away, and Richard would never know. It seemed such a little thing to give. So the last night—I—" Her voice faltered.

DOROTHY sat still and watched her uncertainly. Then with a rather timid gesture of protection she put her arms around her mother-in-law and kissed her.

Lady Castle mopped her eyes.

"Thank you, my dear," she said. "You'd better let me finish. He went away, and for a little while I didn't regret what I had done. I loved Richard as much as ever, and I couldn't see I'd done anybody any harm. I was very young."

She looked at Dorothy. "I was older than you. And not half so sensible. Then suddenly I realized I was going to have a child." She stopped, and then said in a low voice: "I didn't know whose child it was."

Dorothy drew in her breath. There was silence. "But surely?" she volunteered.

"I tell you I didn't know. I couldn't know. There was no possible means of my finding out. I lay awake night after night in the darkness, tortured with doubt and suspicion. I listened to Richard's quiet breathing and wondered hysterically what would happen if I woke him and told him that the child I was carrying might not be his. I imagined all his pride and happiness falling off him like a cloak, leaving him to freeze."

She gave a shudder.

"I'll finish quickly. I can't bear to go through that nightmare again. At the beginning I was nearly mad with fear and unhappiness. Towards the end I was almost placid. I didn't care much what happened; I was certain it was the child of the wrong man, and I was too dulled and hopeless to mind any more. Then Dick was born.

"They brought him to me and I stared at him. And then I began to cry hysterically. He looked at me for the first time with Richard's eyes. He was so like Richard that it was absurd. And I could do nothing but hold him weakly and sob for gratitude."

Dorothy took a deep breath.

"And so you see I am a very lucky woman. There is nothing to remind me of all that except my hair. It went quite white, and the doctors couldn't understand it. But I could," she added grimly.

THERE was the sound of men's voices on the stairs. She glanced quickly at Dorothy, who looked very white, with a moisture in her eyes.

"You can't cry now, my dear," she said briskly. "They've finished their billiards. Go over and play the piano a bit, if you like."

Dorothy walked over to the piano and sat down, just as the door opened.

Sir Richard entered, followed by Paul.

"I beat him hollow, didn't I, Paul?"

"You did, sir," Paul answered.

"Come and tell me all about it," Lady Castle commanded her husband.

As he sat down beside her and began to talk, she watched, out of the corner of her eye, the pair across the room. She saw Paul bend low and say something into Dorothy's ear. For a moment Dorothy stopped playing. She saw her lift her eyes and look straight at Paul. Then she saw a quick, decisive, shake of the head. The music went on, and Dorothy did not look up again. Paul stayed a little longer by the piano, and then walked away rather stiffly. His face was pale, and his eyes were cold and angry.

Lady Castle walked slowly up the stairs to bed that evening.

When she reached her room she sank into a chair and gave a great yawn.

Flossie pounced upon her mistress and began to undress her. "My, you look tired!" she said. "Wearing such stays at your time of life," she grumbled as she tugged at the laces.

With her face bare of make-up, wrapped in her dressing gown, Lady Castle looked a very small, tired old lady. Flossie tucked her into bed and smoothed the pillow.

"Wearied out, you are," she said with angry tenderness.

Lady Castle gave a sudden, gay laugh. "Flossie," she called, "I'm thinking of going back to the stage."

Flossie snorted. "Think you'll be playing the juvenile lead next, I suppose?"

"No," Lady Castle said thoughtfully, "not exactly. But I haven't forgotten how to act."

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Make Mine a Speakeasy

Continued from page 31

would be in a speakeasy. She was upset—almost to the point of open revolt. Gently, but firmly, I urged her into the car and drove to a palatial place in the Fifties. My mother trembled as we passed through an iron gate.

"Supposing," she said, "they raid the place, dear?"

"They won't," I reassured her. "And if they do—so much more fun. We can throw things at the raiders."

A nice man named Tony recognized me and slipped the grilled door for us. Poor mother was overcome by the splendor of the vestibule. A marble staircase wound around an ornamental newel. Rich red velvet divans lined the walls and at the foot of the stairs was a lime-lighted painting of an odalisque having a swell time after business hours in a harem.

We ascended a graceful flight of stairs to a bar. Here was no sordid den of drinkers, with a red-faced bartender and hairy-armed truck drivers. The bar was semicircular, of fine walnut topped by polished black marble. A gorgeous mirror of a hundred panes reflected a spotless array of crystal, glassware and cunningly shaped bottles of almost every know hue.

Smart, slim young men in uniforms of green jackets with red lapels, snow-white shirt bosoms and faultlessly pressed black trousers with patent-leather pumps, served our table, which itself was a hand-carved work of art—Grand Rapids, perhaps, but the rapids were quite grand.

A Paris Original

Mother and I had a glass of sherry each; clear, golden sherry with a rich tang to it.

Then we proceeded to a spacious room alight with silver and napery to eat as delicious a luncheon of filet mignon as any artist could cook or appreciate. I had a pint of perfect Chablis, and I could tell Mother was impressed because, while she declined wine, she joined me in a cordial—a beautiful confection called brandy float: crème de menthe in crushed ice with a top layer of old brandy.

As we left, leaving a reasonable amount of currency behind, I asked Mother, who had never seen a bar before, what she thought of a speakeasy.

"Wonderful," she said. "I'd like to come again."

I'm told New York is blessed with a large number of similar places. I can certify to several, and I'd like to visit all. But I'm not an industrious drinker. There are months on end when I never touch a drop; but that's chiefly because when I'm working in Hollywood there are so few places—and those private homes—where a drop can be touched in the right surroundings.

The real speakeasy, as it is known in New York, San Francisco, Chicago and, they tell me, likewise in Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans, is the place I indorse: a humane and civilized contribution to our American social system for which we are deeply indebted to the "noble experiment."

I abhor bootleggers. I realize they're a necessary evil in our present set-up of liquor control, and I suppose it's through their enterprise that I'm supplied with the light California Rhine wine that I like to drink occasionally with dashes of mineral water when at home. The good-class speakeasies, too, I suppose, must get their supplies from bootleggers. But so do the fine cafés of Paris and Budapest and London obtain their food and drink from persons with whom it is unnecessary to be acquainted.

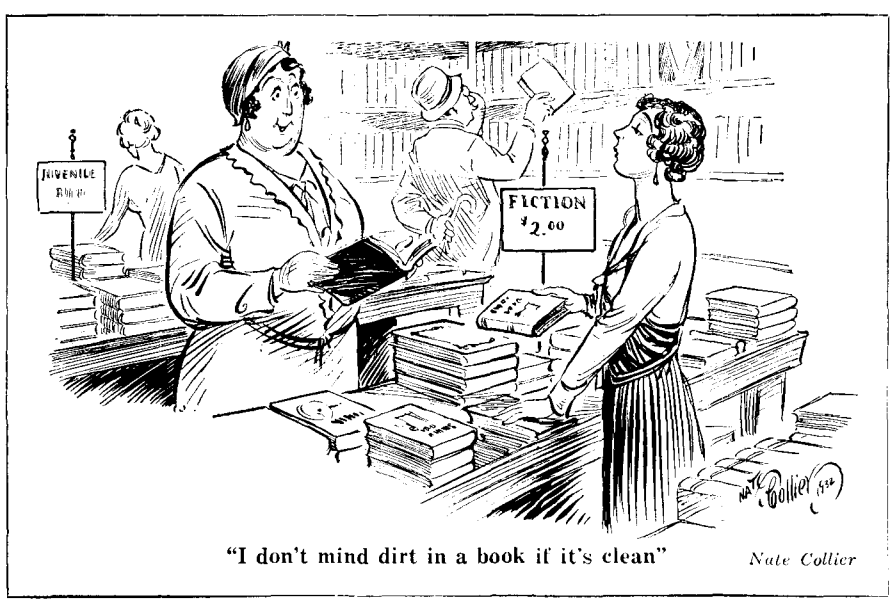
But the men who operate these rendezvous are artists one likes to meet.

I began my acquaintance with them in Paris, where I went for my honeymoon when I married Austin Parker. We had a marvelous time abroad. We've since been divorced; although we remain good friends. Austin would write each morning, so I learned to ride a bicycle through the Forest of Fontainebleau from Barbizon, where we lived. I discovered the Vanne Rouge, an enchanting little café where they specialize in Avignac Brandy 1865. They serve this in a huge tumbler almost the size of a washbowl, so that you can swirl the lovely stuff around and scent its aroma as you sip it.

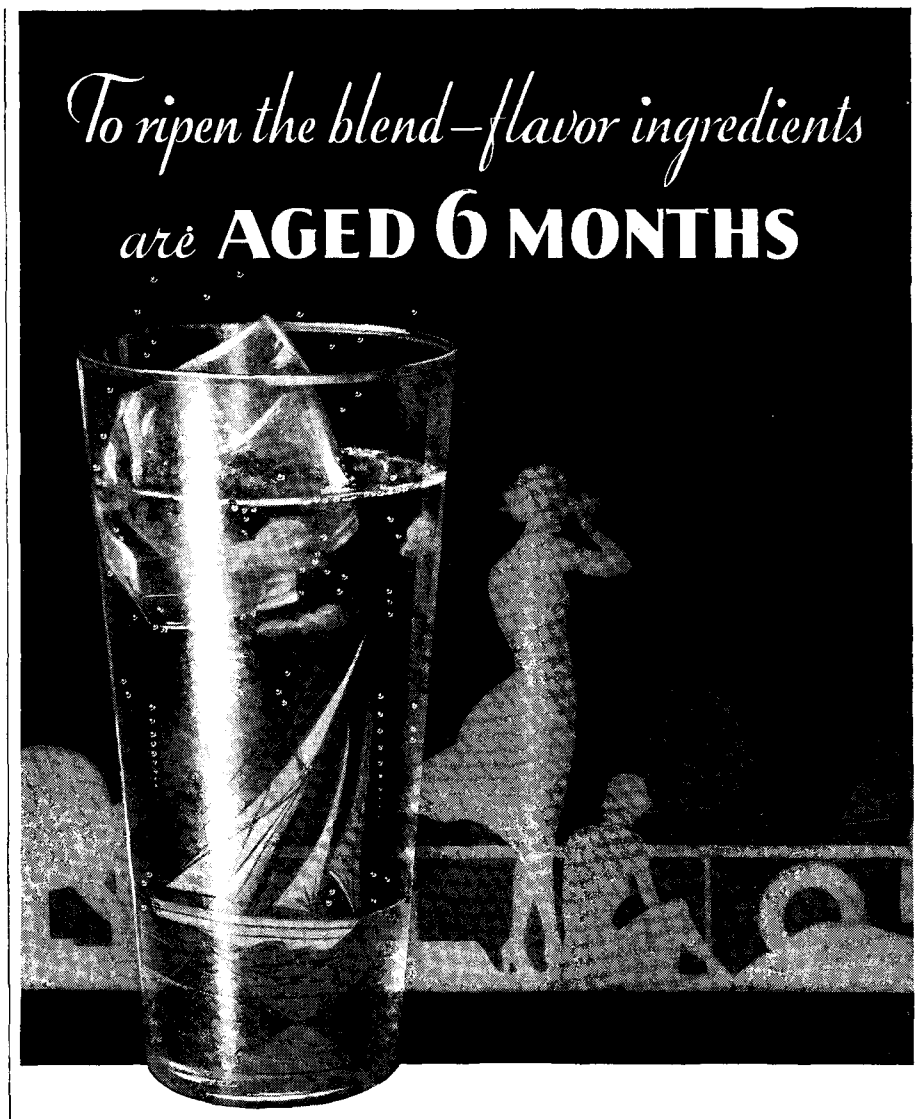
I've only been able to find the equal of that place, where the merriest intellects of Paris would gather, in the quality speakeasy. Indeed, the Vanne Rouge is a quality speakeasy, even though you miss the Tony at the door, and there is no slipping of locks nor precautionary glances for raiding dry agents. It's a speakeasy in the literal sense that speech within its hospitable walls is really easy. It flows and entertains and is never loud.

When friends first invited me to lunch at what they called "a nice place," meaning a speakeasy, I had misgivings. But once inside I found all sorts of interesting men and women. There were business men—executives of well-known corporations who found it easier to talk

(Continued on page 41)



"I don't mind dirt in a book if it's clean" *Nate Collier*



IT is unhurried care that makes Clicquot's flavor so different. There is no rapid road to mellow flavor. It takes time. Not until the choice flavor ingredients have been *AGED 6 MONTHS* is the blend sweetened and combined with sparkling water. Then it is ripe and mellow. Delightful to sip and appreciate. Don't you agree that this unhurried method should produce a better blend? It does! *Aged flavor* is mellow flavor—the secret of Clicquot Club's long-time popularity wherever good things are served.

On the air! Eskimo Night Club NBC network every Friday P.M.

That EXTRA Something: *Finest of real fruit flavorings . . . . . True Jamaica ginger root . . . . . Mellowed and ripened by Time . . . . . Pure refined sugar . . . . . Sparkling, crystal-clear water . . . . . Bottled in brand-new bottles.*

CLICQUOT CLUB
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Three delicious blends PALE DRY · GOLDEN · SEC

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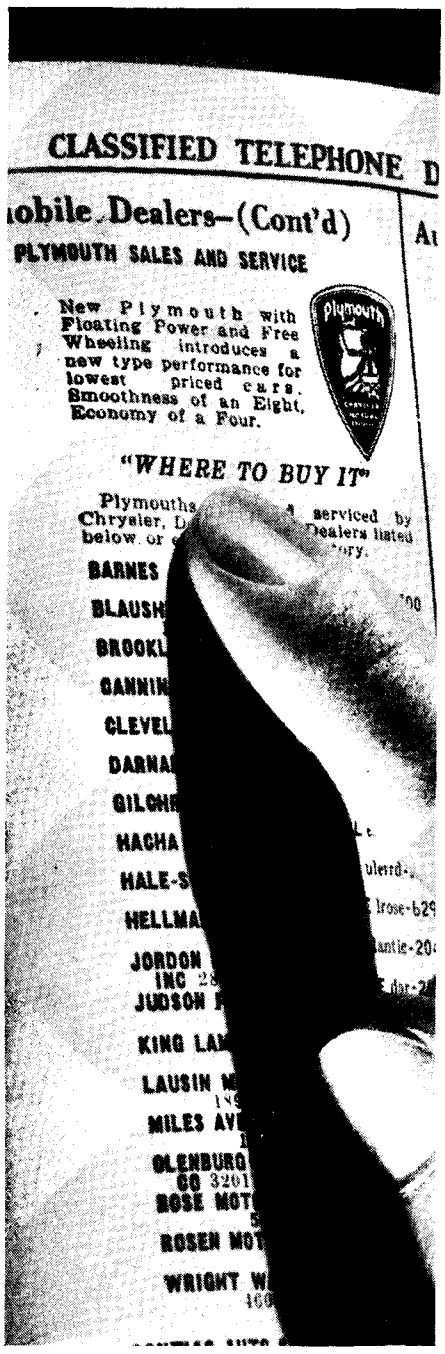


A QUICK WAY TO FIND THAT LOCAL DEALER

Next time you want to locate an authorized dealer or service station, look in your *classified* telephone book. Under the trade name of the product you want, you'll find a list of local dealers—names, addresses and telephone numbers.

Look for Raybestos, Stromberg-Carlson, Enna Jettick, Sherwin-Williams or any one of many others.

(Continued from page 43)

business in a speakeasy. There were publishers, advertising agents, traction magnates, sales managers, rubbing shoulders at the bar or sitting at little tables side by side with lawyers, littérateurs, dramatists, editors, theatrical producers, painters and well-known figures—as the cliché goes—of stage and screen.

Their conversation was sensible, exhilarating—principally, for that first visit was in the daytime, about business. As a matter of fact, my own initiation to the speakeasy de luxe was for business purposes. I signed my first picture contract in one.

I returned at the cocktail hour when offices were closed, to find an equally acceptable gathering of men and women. But their talk then and at dinner was not so much about business as about politics, the theater, the newest good book—whose author was invariably a patron of the place.

Purposely eavesdropping to sample as much conversation as possible, I overheard a man, obviously an expert, discussing the diamond on a pretty woman's finger. His neighbors were arguing what should have been done to improve the last act of a play they had been assigned to criticize the night before, and beyond them a middle-aged man was explaining to a charming girl the subject of the painting in the vestibule, adding a biography of the celebrated artist who had painted it. That artist was also a frequenter of the place.

When a woman, especially one supposed to be an artist, has done her shopping and seen the plays that interest her—during the days when outdoor recreations like tennis and golf and swimming are impossible—she may want to find good companionship, and that abounds in the well-conducted speakeasy.

I can always find company. Ordering a sherry or a pint of sauterne, I chat with fellow patrons about the things that interest all intelligent persons. Invariably you'll find charming girls who can talk about something besides their clothes. That is civilization. The company is fine, the food excellent, the surroundings elegant and the conversation bright.

A Cue for Gossips

I've never seen any but smartly dressed women in speakeasies. True, now and again you see a female face that hardly reflects happiness. I've observed a husband and wife—the wife's eyes roaming as talk lagged, apparently in search of somebody more interesting to look at than her husband. The men, as a rule, seem quite satisfied with their drinks. Not many drink to excess.

It's quite general in the better-class places to refuse to serve patrons who have had enough. The proprietors want no tipsy customers scattering their steps over the sidewalks homeward bound.

I've observed many people, especially middle-aged women, in convivial mood, even in that state of euphoria called being "teed," but rarely as stupefied as I've seen them on home drinking parties. The more sordid places, where waiters and sometimes hostesses get commissions on drinks, are careless in serving inebriate guests; and there are those other spots, reminiscent of what I've heard about the saloon back-room, where speakeasy belles are as much a part of the business as the bartenders. With all these I have no patience. They have no part in the tolerable, the desirable side of the prohibition picture—the havens of refreshment that are run by gentlemen for gentlemen. They have no code, and their liquor isn't cut—it's minced.

If I were prohibition administrator I'd close up every place that sold only spirits. I'd compel every speakeasy proprietor who wanted to remain in business to sell good wine and beer and the best of food in refined surroundings.

In case I may appear to be posing as an authority on modern drinking conventions, let me add that I crusade for the speakeasy with the spirit of an amateur, aware of the social debt I owe it in having provided me not only with refreshment but with enlightenment. I have met the finest minds I know in the finest cafés.

In the first year following prohibition I lived in Greenwich Village. It was my ambition to be a dancer, and the school where I studied was near a grocery store that harbored an Italian wine parlor. In the store one day a dignified gentleman eyed me with more than usual interest. The storekeeper told me afterwards that this gentleman wanted to know who the little blonde girl was. The storekeeper told him. This gentleman was an artist who paid a daily visit to the wine parlor. He asked me if I could bring my mother to his studio and pose for him. I did. He made several pictures of me; but what interested me more was the knowledge he imparted of good wine. He had lived in Italy, France and Spain. He knew all the vintages and how to judge them. He knew how to drink because he knew when to stop drinking. He was an example of the true *bon vivant* for whom the select speakeasy operates.

I have pretensions to be an artist; but I can do no work if I've had a drink. I feel, then, in a mood for pleasure, not business. When, in a rather indiscreet moment, I said in Hollywood that I was going to New York for my annual visit to the stores and the speakeasies, wild stories instantly circulated. When an actress frankly acknowledges that she likes an occasional stimulant, it's surprising how quickly gossips interpret occasional as a synonym for habitual.

Ironically, during a hard season when I was riveted to the water wagon, something happened in a performance that might have sent the gossips whispering that I was tight on the stage. Every leading actress encounters that slander at some time. In this case there was some ground for it. We were playing The Last of Mrs. Cheney. In one act, I had to sit at a piano and do a Brahms suite while bantering with a lover. I don't play the piano well at all, so we had a ghost do that. His cue came to him where he sat backstage when I pressed an electric buzzer with my foot. Something went wrong with that buzzer. I pressed the button as my hands swept over the keys. No music came. This upset me so that I forgot my own lines, and finally had to grab my lover and almost yell:

"For heaven's sake, feed me my cues."

He thought I was quite mad. I jumped from the piano and instantly music began. In my hurried movement I'd kicked the connecting wire of the buzzer so that it functioned. The audience roared, and there was nothing left for me to do but stagger through the love-scene lines as best I could.

I've seen too many fine artists spoiled by success who, in turn, spoil themselves with drink, to subscribe to the cynical aphorism that if drink interferes with business, give it up—the business. Drink is a social solvent or a medicine; apart from these two uses it's a pernicious habit.

That's why I'm for the elegant speakeasy where the women of fashion now find they have to go to meet their kind. It's bad form to drink too much, just as it seems to be out of fashion not to drink at all, unless obeying doctor's orders.

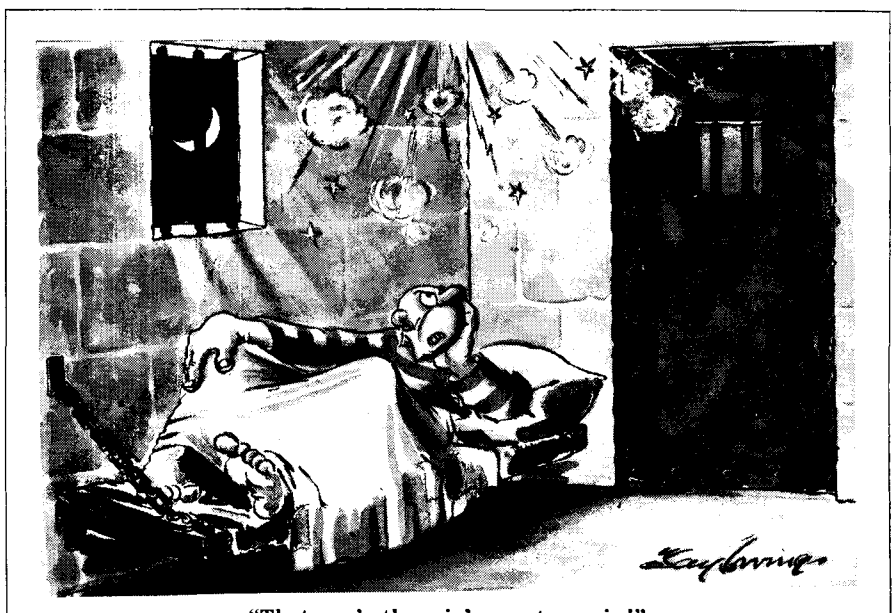
Cocktails for the Baby

If it means anything, my annual pilgrimage to the oases of Manhattan, while stimulating to the mind, is also beneficial to the figure. Wine is a logical part of the female diet. When I'm balancing my food with moderate wine-drinking, I gain no weight and actually clamor for desserts. I've found a favorite—something excelling the best I've tasted in the best cafés in Europe. It's called cherry jubilee. It's made by putting blobs of vanilla ice cream into glass bowls; then taking a pound of red cherries—fresh or canned, but preferably fresh. Put them in a chafing dish with a half-cup or full cup of brandy. Burn the brandy until the cherries are thoroughly warm; then blow out the brandy flames and pour the contents of the chafing dish over the ice cream. The result—try it; but you'll have to go to the very best speakeasies to get the very best results. And if you can't do that, there's no harm in thinking of it.

A well-known leader of the women's dry movement wrote me a sharp rebuke recently.

"Thank heaven," she concluded, "that women like you are too selfish to have children."

She's taking up heaven's time to no purpose. I've just adopted a baby boy. I wrote and told her so. He's two months old. I told her that. I also told her this: that when he's old enough to take his orange-juice and tomato-juice cocktails I'm going to take him with me to my favorite speakeasy if it's still open—and if it isn't I'll find another. Because I know there he'll get the best there is.



"That guy's throwin' a party again!" *Jay Irving*

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 22

they almost break your heart when they are that way. On one late afternoon walk, coming back from the Kleisers'—their mother had died suddenly just after Bessy, that was their cousin that lived with them, married the man her sister was engaged to before she ran away with Joe Ruddell—

"You see I'm all mixed up in village affairs. Well, anyway, coming back from the Kleisers' I heard the little peepers just going it, down at the pond. It sounded too wonderful. And that day, when the sun was bright, you could see how red the willows were—

"I am not going to sit here all summer idle, waiting for Dr. Sassoon to discover things. There are many ways I could make money here, and I am going to try one or two. I have told Eve and Elinor that I would take children to board for the summer—or an old lady. And when the cherries come along I can make cherry butter; my mother's mother used to make it, and it is simply delicious.

"All this is a very funny experience to me, and funniest of all is to think how it commenced. Whatever happens, I shall always be glad of it. I say 'whatever happens,' because it is impossible for me to think that the original terms of our contract—you know what I mean—will not be changed. I wish you would think of this; of course you do. It makes me horribly nervous and jumpy sometimes, when I am going off to sleep, to think about—well, December twenty-seventh, and I can only say that I am sure in any reasonable court such a thing would not hold for a moment.

"Foxaway is beginning to look lovely. If we could only get Ingersoll to work for more than one day at a time we could get the yard cleaned up.

"My money—your money—is holding out well. If you do not leave Hobart until April, you will have this letter before you sail, to wish you a marvelous trip, and to assure you that all is well here. Mother sends her kindest regards with mine."

THIS letter was mailed on the last day of March. On almost every day that followed, Norah thought of Barry, and imagined more letters with fresh news, exciting news. The apple trees began to bud and the cherries and plums were balls of snow; there was shy grass, there were dogwoods in bloom. Running water sounded in the dusk. Norah's heart swelled like the blooms themselves; she could hardly endure the miracle that met her at every door and window.

After a while there was lilac and bridal-wreath—too much of them, too deluging a river of bloom, scent, color, singing and flying sound for human hearts to bear. The skies were all blue, the little river was a sunny mirror between reeds; birds flashed down to it, and flowers bent over and dabbled themselves in its coldness. And still the richness, the prodigality of beauty increased; trees opened wet little fans of green to the moist, warm air; lilacs waved in their clean, leafy tents; buttercups fringed the roads.

The kitchen windows were wide open now; the upstairs shutters thrown back; sunshine and fresh air streamed through the house, and Mrs. Oliver had a rug and a big chair in the side yard, and sat soaking in sweetness and beauty through the long sunny hours of the spring days. She and Norah moved upstairs and established themselves in one of the largest bedrooms; even Eve came back, discouraged as to job-finding, disgusted with Elinor's complacency and Elinor's husband, and fussed for days over the arrangement of her own room.

"Suppose we went in for jams, Mother; we could probably get one of the big New York firms to handle them. The Foxaway Gooseberry Green. The Foxaway Strawberry Scarlet."

"I thought you were going to try the chicken-raising, dear."

"Oh, well! The jams could be a side issue."

"AND what about the children you were going to board?" asked Eve.

"Oh, well, children are no trouble."

"And then how about the Foxaway Sunday Lunch, two dollars? That chicken and salad and biscuit lunch—"

"Yes, I know." Norah fell into thought, and Eve said:

"And after all, it isn't your place, you know. Mr. Dunsmuir will be back—"

"He may be delayed. He said, in that letter I had from Hobart, that he wasn't sure Sassoon would want to spend next winter in Ross Bay, and if Sassoon did, he didn't think he, Mr. Dunsmuir, would stay."

"It's funny," Eve said suddenly.

"What's funny?"

"Oh, *you*—! You being here in this old place; you being his secretary without ever having really been his secretary. I should think people would think it was—funny."

"People?"

"Well, everyone."

"Coming just when it did, it seems to me providential," Mrs. Oliver said.

Norah was not listening. In her mind she was formulating various advertisements. Nothing so disfiguring as a highway sign, "Eat Dinner Today at Foxaway." Nothing like that.

But there might be a modest card nailed up in the post office or near it, and there might be newspaper advertising in the city. Elinor's boisterous husband was a newspaper advertising man; he could advise her. It would be great fun, when Barry came back, to have some money in the bank; to be able to say to him, "I've proved that a woman *can* make a go of anything she attempts, if she wants to hard enough."

Besides that, there might be real need. When he had written from Hobart of his extended plan, he had said nothing of money. Norah had rather timidly inquired at the local bank later, feeling that he might have mailed a check to her account there.

Now, early in May, there was still no money, and it behooved her to make some. She put forth feelers. Foxaway Fresh Eggs. Jersey Milk for Sale. Children Boarded for the Summer, or During the Absence of Their Parents. Summer Boarders. Foxaway Cherry Jam. Country Week-ends a Specialty. Flowers! Let Us Keep You Supplied.

These offers went down to Elinor's husband, Bill Gunther, who found them very funny, but paid for their insertion in the newspaper, which more than atoned for his levity. In June a very rich woman came to see Norah, bringing her two little boys, and a very poor woman came with a small red-headed girl. The rich woman, after an inspection of Foxaway, explained apologetically that she had thought it was all different, more organized, more elaborate and more expensive. Fifty dollars a month was—well, not enough, if Miss Oliver understood what she meant.

The other woman loved everything, and all but cried with joy over the bread and milk and prunes that Norah made her share out in the sun at luncheon-time. But she had thought—she faltered—she had thought that it was a sort of—well, a place that did not cost so much, that was part charity. Norah, her heart aching with shame and sympathy, asked her what she had expected to pay, and Mrs. Train said hesitatingly that—well, last year she had paid five dollars a week.

Barbara Train came flying back at this point from a hasty first examination of Foxaway, "Mother, there is a baby calf—truly, *truly*. And, Mother, baby chickens!" and in the end it had been arranged that Barbara should stay at Foxaway and help with the dishes and be a good girl for Miss Norah at five dollars a week.

Norah wrote Barry a frank, seriocomic letter about her experiments and her difficulties, and sent it to Hobart. She described Barbara, Pauline, her mother's great-lady fineness; she described the astounding courtship of Uncle Rod and the Widow Taft. She sent her letters to Hobart, feeling that after all Barry might not get them, for no ship would go down to Ross Bay on a mere mail or pleasure trip, after the Ladysmith took them down in June, and came back, leaving Sassoon and seven other men, possibly including Barry, on the icebound peninsula. But if she were late starting Norah hoped her letter would reach him first. He *must* gather from what she said that there was need of money.

IN EARLY June the newspapers had the story of the departure from Australia. And then on the last day of the month there was other news. The Ladysmith had been lost, in a heavy storm just outside the ice pack; two Norwegian seamen, sole survivors, had been picked up in one of her lifeboats, after drifting seven hundred miles. Plans for a rescue expedition were already under way; but, although every effort to search the Antarctic seas would duly be made, small hopes existed of the survival of Sassoon or of the men who had accompanied him.

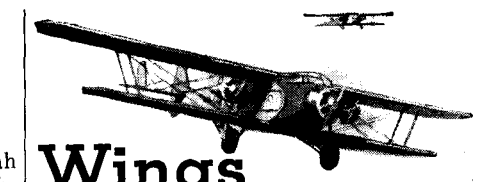
Norah, reading the morning paper, stood still in the warm spring sunshine, outside the post office, and tried to assimilate this amazing fact. Barry dead! Barry struggling in icy ocean water in the darkness of the night, washed overboard, or sucked in under the sinking Ladysmith. It was unthinkable.

Sobered, she walked slowly home. Even knowing that he had faced the danger of death almost hourly on this expedition, somehow she had always felt that Barry would come back; any other possibility had never even occurred to her.

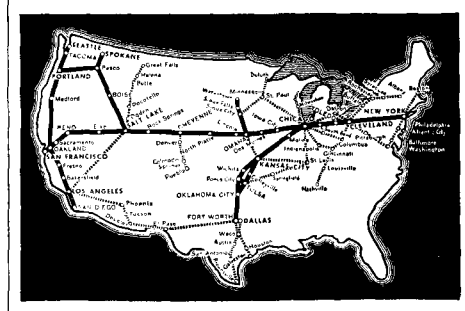
And now he was dead, and fate had given another queer spin to the wheel of Norah's life. Her shadowy wifehood was over before it had begun; no one need ever know now. He had come into the pattern oddly, abruptly, and had played his part, and now he was gone again. But what about Foxaway? While the village discussed the strangeness and sadness of the death of the last of the Dunsmuirs, Norah mused seriously as to her position here. In the eyes of the world and of her own family, she was merely Mr. Dunsmuir's secretary. Would they let her go peaceably on here at the farm, with Mother and Pauline, or would they tell her that she must move on?

And if they did, would she be wise to

(Continued on page 46)



Wings for America Give you TIME to spare



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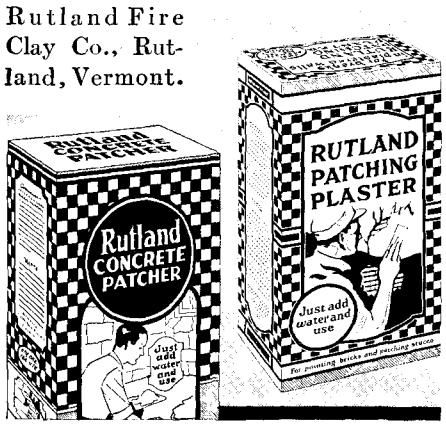

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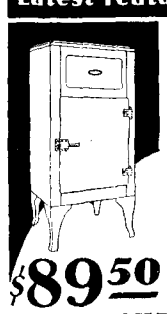

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(Continued from page 45)

tell them of the marriage of Barry Dunsmuir? Norah would stop at this point, shuddering. Oh, she couldn't do that!

What would her mother think, what would everyone think, of the girl who had kept all this a secret for no reason at all? The world always thought it knew good reasons for such senseless behavior. Norah would be marked for life, here in the village where she had felt so sheltered and so happy. "She got herself mixed up in some way with young Dunsmuir," the women in the post office would say. "After he died she came out with the whole story, or with what she said was the story! Her mother didn't know one word of it till 'twas all over!"

"WELL, what of it?" Norah would demand of herself fiercely, when her uneasy reflections reached this point. "What of it? I don't care what people think! If it's that, or leaving Foxaway, I'll tell everyone everything."

At intervals in the pondering of her own problem, she thought of Barry. It was too bad to go out of life like that, eager and interested and vital as he was! She wondered if he and his adored leader had been together at the end; had they had time for one shouted message of courage and good-by, before the waters took them; had Barry had a moment of believing in God, after all? In the sweet June nights, when the warm moonlight streamed across the window sill of her upper bedroom, and made patterns through the pear-tree leaves on the shabby old carpet of the floor, Norah would kneel a few extra seconds at her prayers, remembering Barry.

About a week after the newspaper story of the lost Ladysmith two callers appeared at the farm, in the late afternoon peace and beauty; two girls, dainty in flowered chiffons and summer hats, parked a small twinkling car at Norah's gate, and came up the garden path, between the phlox and peonies, looking interestedly about them as they came. One was a pale, rather unfriendly looking girl of twenty-eight or -nine; the other, a year or two younger, had ringlets bunched on her neck, and a round, rosy face upon which was a sweet and sentimental expression.

"You're Miss Oliver?" the older girl asked. She sighed, smiled appealingly. "I'm Hazel Dunsmuir," she said, extending her hand. "I'm poor Barry's cousin—his only cousin. Wasn't it terrible?"

"Awful," Norah said, nervously indicating the basket chairs under the big elm. They all sat down.

"THIS is Miss Swann, Miss Oliver, another person of whom Barry was very fond," Hazel said.

"*Please*—" Miss Swann said faintly, looking away. Her eyes watered.

"I think he had a premonition of it!" Miss Dunsmuir said boldly.

"Barry?" Norah asked involuntarily. Instead of answering, Hazel looked at her in surprise.

"Did you know him so well?" she asked abruptly.

Norah was scarlet.

"Since he was lost," she responded with composure, "I've always thought of him as 'Barry Dunsmuir.'"

"I see," Hazel said. "You were his secretary, weren't you?"

"I was to be— I hadn't really started. He engaged me in December, and then he went away on the twenty-seventh—"

"I know when he went away," Hazel put in neatly. "I was the closest relative he had!"

Norah making no comment on this, she added:

"We're at Glen Gardner for the summer, and I hoped to see a great deal of Barry!"

"He loved this place," Norah observed mildly.

"Oh, why wouldn't he?" Lucille Swann said emotionally. "He talked of it continually." She wiped her eyes, looked away again.

"You knew," Hazel began directly, her eyes on Norah, "that he had left it to me?"

Norah's heart sank. Foxaway, with its elms, its lanes and fences, its silvered old roof and square-paned windows, was hers no longer. No, but she—she was Barry's legal wife, after all. Hazel knew nothing of that claim—

Her confused thoughts kept her silent.

"I asked him for it, outright," Hazel confessed frankly. "I love the old place—it's the family homestead, and we're all *devoted* to it!"

"You wouldn't rent it, I suppose?" Norah asked hesitantly.

"Not for five hundred a month!" Hazel answered with a triumphant laugh.

"I've grown fond of it, too," Norah admitted. "I've got my mother here, and we've been taking it, room by room—clearing it out. We feel as if it were home."

"I'm sorry," Hazel said politely, stiffly, with a touch of triumph again in her voice.

"There are books—family letters and diaries here," Norah went on. "We've been straightening it all out."

"My mother and I intend to put everything in order," Hazel countered quickly. "If you'll just leave things as they are—" she added significantly. Norah's ready color flamed again.

"Barry—Mr. Dunsmuir had asked me to get the place ready for him," she said, with a stiffness equal to Hazel's own. Hazel was ready for her with a firm, light "Ah, well, since he's not coming back—" and Norah felt that she hated her.

"Hazel, the dreams—the dreams—the dreams!" Miss Swann put in at this point. Her sensitive eyes were again filled with tears; she was looking off into the greenness, the rich, flowery beauty of the gardens and the surrounding woods and hills; her hands were clasped, her voice filled with longing.

"Ah, you poor thing!" Hazel said affectionately.

"One means to be—game, about it," Lucille Swann managed to enunciate faintly.

"You *are* game, you're being a wonderful sport about it!" Hazel assured her warmly. She turned to Norah, spoke with a touch of crisp authority, as she got to her feet. "We'll be going now, Miss Oliver," she said. "This makes Lucille here feel too bad. But you'll let me know, at the hotel in Glen Gardner, what your own plans are, won't you? Mother and I don't want to hurry you, but we would like, of course, to take possession as soon as we can!"

STANDING, Miss Swann had clasped her hands on her breast.

"To think of the might-have-been, Hazel!" she breathed.

Hazel put a comforting arm about her, turned to Norah in explanation.

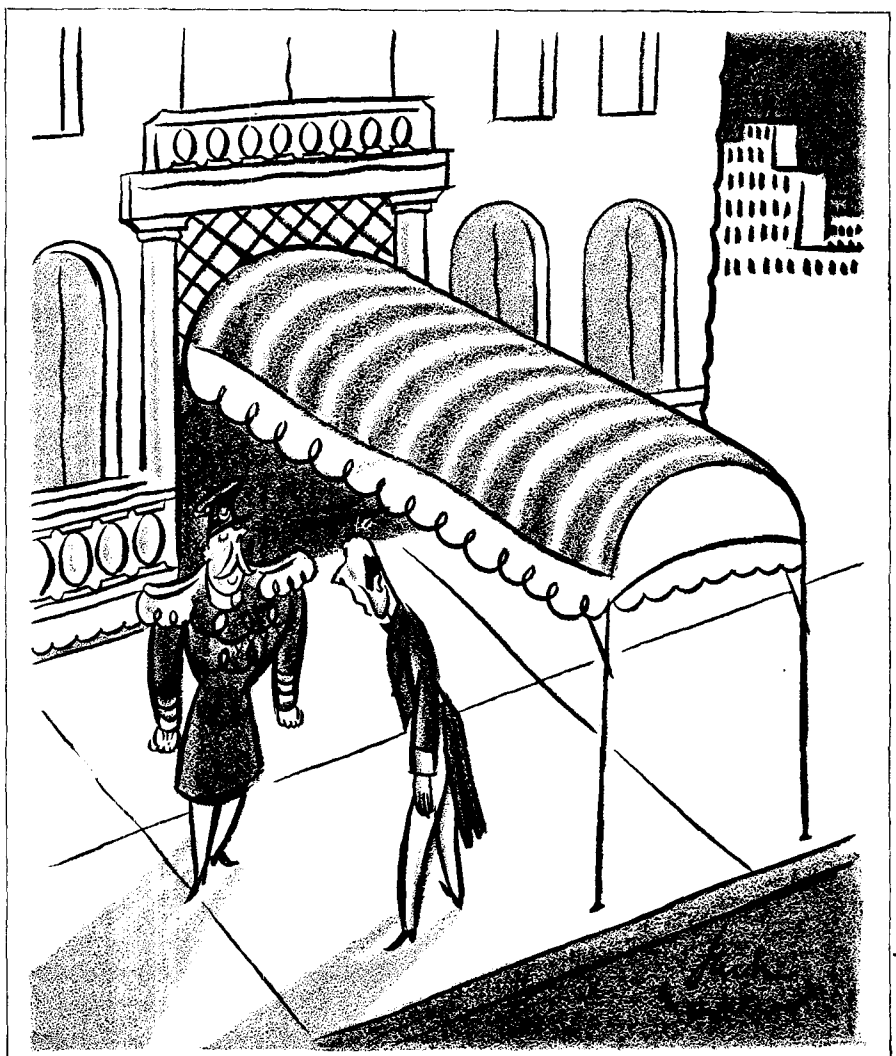
"I suppose you knew that my cousin Barry and Miss Swann were to have been married this summer?" she asked, in her careless, superior manner. "That's why—all this is too much for her!"

"Going to be married?" Norah said, with the world going around her in lazy, dizzying circles.

Lucille herself answered with her sad, brave smile:

"We cared for each other—oh, dearly! I was to have been his wife—this was to have been our home!"

(To be continued next week)



"The Duff children will be out shortly to draw pictures on the sidewalk" *Jack Markow*

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The Chartreuse Pajamas

Continued from page 9

hairy and primitive. Perhaps he saw a gorilla.

Before he left, he said to the blackmailer, "After we've gone, go out and find a telephone. Call up the police radio station and give this young lady a clearance on that wallet-stealing charge. Get me?" He glared at the scoundrel a moment longer. Then, to Professor Gayle's boundless amazement, he placed the flat of his hand against the fellow's face and sent him sprawling into a chair.

BACK in the car, he said to Miss Merrivale, in the casual voice of a man who has lightly performed a routine task, "Well, that's that. What now? Do you have to go home?"

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't sleep."

"I've got a suggestion. I'd like you to meet my grandmother. That may sound strange; but the fact is, you're a girl after her own heart. She used to be pretty good with a gun herself, back in pioneer days. She will be ninety tomorrow and she's a perfectly grand old girl. She won't mind being waked up. And I want to get this champagne off my hands, and then—"

The voice of the police broadcaster broke in:

"Calling all cars. Attention all cars. To broadcast sixty-eight. A robbery of a jewelry store in San Fernando. By three men. They got away in an old black Stinson touring car. License not known. They are heading south."

"I'd adore meeting her," Miss Merrivale said. "But I think I'd better phone my—"

Another broadcast intervened, again calling all cars:

"A tan Le Farge sedan. Mentioned in broadcast sixty-five regarding a woman bandit on Camino Real. License in the four column. Nine X like in X-ray six four four three. A large trunk on behind. Driven by a man wearing a dark felt hat. There may be a woman wearing a white satin gown and an ermine wrap. Names unknown. This car may be stolen. It is wanted in connection with the killing at the Balboa Arms, thirteen O six North Vine. There is believed to be a dead man in the trunk. It is a large square sample trunk. This man and woman are armed. They are dangerous characters. Be careful."

Miss Merrivale gasped, "What did you say was in that trunk?"

"Champagne! Champagne for my grandmother! We've got to get rid of it. We've got to get rid of that trunk!"

"Are you sure it's champagne?"

"Do you think I'd carry around a dead man?"

"How do I know? You've been wonderfully nice and brave, but, after all, who are you?"

"Daniel Gayle."

"Not Professor Gayle!"

"Yes."

"It's too bewildering," Miss Merrivale marveled.

As they whizzed through Cahuenga Pass, Professor Gayle saw something white and gleaming fly out the window and into the ditch on Miss Merrivale's side. Then something white and fuzzy. One was her gown. The other, her ermine wrap. She grabbed his hat and threw that into the ditch.

"Now," she said, "if we can get rid of the trunk, we're safe. I no longer have a white satin gown or an ermine wrap. You no longer have a dark felt hat and you soon won't have your dead man or your grandmother's champagne or whatever it is."

Professor Gayle stopped and backed into a lane where there was a clump of bushes. They would do nicely. But he did not get out. A headlight was approaching from the direction of Hollywood. A motorcycle headlight!

"He'll see us," Miss Merrivale cried, "when he passes!"

"I'll double back," the professor said excitedly, "and go around Burbank. I know some back roads. Why didn't I think of it before?"

He turned back toward Hollywood. Headlights were now coming from both directions. One pair behind them grew brighter and brighter in the mirror. Behind those were others, strung out along the road.

The nearest pair were not fifty feet behind when something crashed through the back window, crashed on through the windshield. Glass flew.

Miss Merrivale cried, "Bullets! Throw that pistol into the ditch!"

He slowed to discard the pistol. The car behind them passed. It was a black touring car. It swayed wildly. There were three men in it. The car cut in ahead of the Le Farge; turned sharply left toward a dirt road. And before Professor Gayle could apply his brakes, he had sideswiped the rear end of the touring car. Over it went in a swirl of dust! Crash!

And suddenly the night was swarming with motorcycles and policemen. They surrounded the car ahead. The professor's headlights, undamaged, brightly illuminated the scene. Pistols glinted and glittered. Three men clambered out of the overturned car and held their hands over their heads.

A uniformed man said to Professor Gayle, "Nice work, lad." Another policeman said, "Hey! Here's that tan Le Farge with the trunk on it! Sergeant!"

The professor climbed out with his hands in the air. Miss Merrivale joined him beside the road. They were searched for weapons. The sedan was searched for weapons. But the officers found nothing but a brown paper bag containing half a dozen eggs, some oranges, a slice of ham, some butter, and the half of a loaf of bread. They put the bag back. It might be evidence.

The professor felt a nudge. Miss Merrivale whispered, "Champagne?"

He looked at the trunk. To his horror, he saw that in the back of it, near the bottom, was a round clean hole. A bullet hole. But that was not what horrified him. From this hole slowly oozed a sticky dark liquid!

And champagne is not a sticky dark liquid.

THE policeman did not touch the trunk. The professor and Miss Merrivale were ordered back into the sedan. With a policeman at the wheel, and an escort of four motorcycles, they were taken to Hollywood headquarters.

The prisoners rode in the front seat with the policeman. Professor Gayle presently felt a hand creep into his. It did not feel like a policeman's hand. He gave it a reassuring squeeze. And was squeezed reassuringly in return. . . .

The desk sergeant, listening to an account of their capture, grimly ordered that the trunk be brought in. The professor heard the trunk being opened. But he dared not look. He could not bring himself to look. Gripping his lower lip in his teeth, he stared at the desk sergeant.

Miss Merrivale laughed hysterically. The desk sergeant said, "Good Lord!" Professor Gayle stared at him, then at the trunk. The lid was up. Its contents were exposed in the pitiless glare of the hundred-watt light hanging over the desk.

The trunk was full of kiddie cars. Unpainted kiddie cars. Kiddie cars of all sizes. And to the handle-bar of each was wired a can of red enamel.

The telephone on the desk was ringing. The sergeant picked up the receiver and, glaring at the professor, said yeah seven times. He hung up the receiver and said to the roomful of officers, "This isn't the death car. They picked up the tan Le Farge with the stiff in the trunk in Pasadena. What have you got against this guy?"

It appeared that the case against Professor Gayle had collapsed.

A motorcycle policeman came in with a soiled white satin gown and an ermine wrap which he had found, he said, in Cahuenga Pass.

The desk sergeant now glared at Miss Merrivale. "These are yours, aren't they?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Wait a minute," a young man in plain clothes said. "A clearance came through on that girl fifteen minutes ago. That guy found his wallet in the bottom of his car."

But the sergeant wasn't satisfied. "What's your name?"

"Rhoda Merrivale."

"I thought so. You're listed as a missing person. Your aunt—"

"I'll clear that up if I can use a phone," Miss Merrivale said. She dialed her aunt's number. "Hello, darling," she said presently. "I hear you're worried. I'm quite all right. I'm with some friends. I don't think I'll be home for some time. Don't wait up. Oh, no, darling, it's just a quiet little party. We're just sitting around talking."

AS SHE replaced the receiver, Professor Gayle gently removed the telephone from her hands. He dialed Tony Lorber's number. Tony's wife answered. She sounded sleepy, but she became wide-awake when she heard the professor's voice: "Dan, Tony's not here. He called me to tell you he's taken a truck and driven to Newhall. To your grandmother's. It seems he made a mistake and didn't discover it until after you'd left the factory. He was terribly sorry. Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing. Not a thing," the professor assured her. He hung up and looked around at the desk sergeant. "Can we go?"

It seemed the police were through with them. The police had nothing on them. They were free.

Seated once again in the tan Le Farge, with the trunkful of kiddie cars once again strapped to the trunk rack, the professor grinned at the girl in chartreuse pajamas.

A calm voice under the dashboard said, "Calling all cars. Attention all cars. The tan Le Farge with a large trunk on back mentioned in broadcast sixty-five is clear. This car is clear. License is Nine X like—"

Professor Gayle turned the radio off. He said, "Well?"

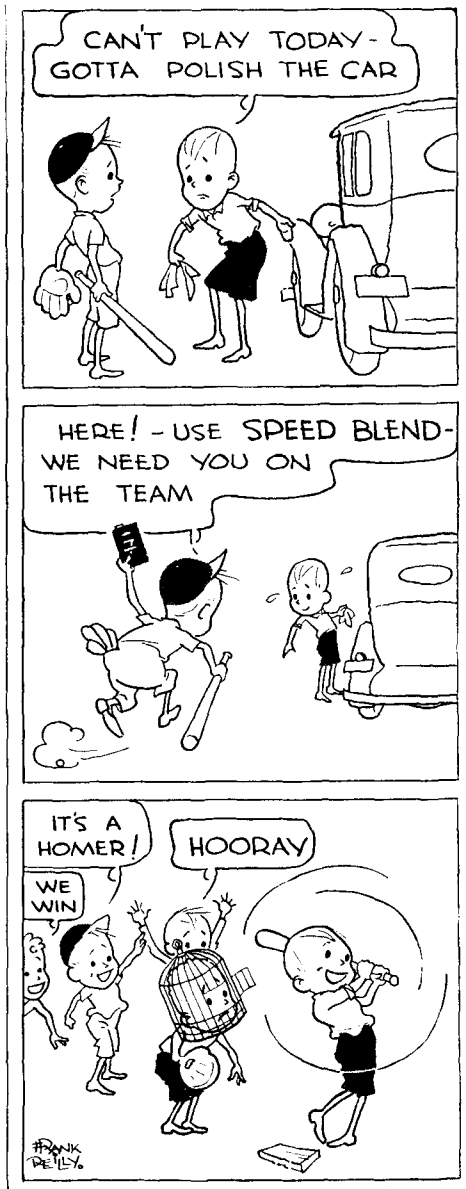
Miss Merrivale said, with a smile, "Well, Professor?"

"I've got a swell idea," he said. "If we drive like the devil we will be in the desert in time to eat breakfast at sunup."

There was a speculative look in Miss Merrivale's eyes as she regarded him.

"In these?" she said.

"We'll stop in Newhall," the professor said, "and borrow a pair of grandmother's overalls."



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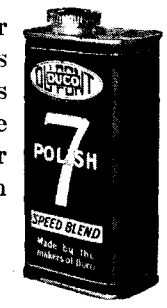

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Are we too Clever?

Continued from page 11

Then war was upon us. England ceased to be the only great creditor nation. The United States, with its mighty force and power, disputed, and in many ways obtained, the primacy in world finance. The war also brought with it the hideous novelty of war debts and reparations upon a gigantic scale.

From these war debts and reparations the United States and France were almost the sole beneficiaries. In addition, the United States, by its exports, by its marvelous possessions of wheat and cotton and other prime commodities, had a large favorable balance of export trade. Lastly, the United States was inveterately wedded to high and ever-heightening protection. In consequence it was only partially and with very great difficulty that any payment of the interest due to the United States could be made across the exchanges by goods.

But all this process was masked and was withheld from our eyes by the fact that up till 1929 the United States reloaned to Europe and the world upon the most lavish and most generous scale. In fact, they reloaned all that was due to them in war debts and reparations, all that was due to them in return for their exports and all that was due to them in the compound interest and profit upon their great foreign holdings.

Then came the Stock Exchange crash of October, 1929. The enormous fall in the value of American securities took place. There was a sense of deep impoverishment throughout the land. The process of re-lending to Europe and other foreign countries came naturally to an abrupt conclusion, and instantly the already slender supply of world gold began to flow across the Atlantic in payment of war debts. Compared to what was and is owing to the United States, the spare gold of the world was of course only a trifle. But as it was drawn into the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank what was left in the world became scarcer.

Gold Versus Wealth

As it became scarcer, it became dearer. As it became dearer the value of all other commodities measured by it became cheaper. A similar process has been consciously set on foot by France for military and political reasons, and by some other countries. In consequence, the price of gold throughout the world has risen in the last two years by nearly forty per cent, or, in other words, the value of all other commodities and services in terms of gold has fallen by the same amount.

This is the terrible event, this is the hideous process of deflation which has written down, and is every day writing down, the value of all our possessions and exertions, not only in the countries which lack gold, but in those which have it in superabundance. This is the process which has flung millions of men out of employment in every land; has stilled the traffic upon the railways; has quenched the blast furnaces; has dried up the springs of human action, and has threatened every country and every institution successively with insolvency. This process has only to be continued long enough to isolate the nations one from the other, as they were in mediæval times, to destroy international trade, to lead to a general repudiation of debts through obvious inability to pay by debtors and by debtor countries of all kinds, and to reduce this fair modern world with all its knowledge and science and measureless possibilities to the barbarism and barter of the Dark Ages.

Happily, the remedy is in our own hands. There is still time to arrest and reverse this hateful process, to restore a fair standard of values throughout the world, and to bring back again the sunshine which has been darkened by clouds of human folly.

Let me remind you of the existing distribution of gold throughout the world. Out of eleven and one-half billion dollars of monetary gold. France and the United States together possess seven billions. That is to say, two countries hold two thirds of the entire world supply, leaving the forty-five other countries of the world, comprising more than nine tenths of its population, and perhaps four fifths of its wealth, a little more than one third. During the last three years the gold of the two gold-holding countries has increased by leaps and bounds, while the gold of the rest of the world has decreased until it has reached a point where it is tied up by the various governments.

Unfruitful Hoards

Thus, while the policy of the thirteen years since the war has been singularly ineffectual in paying off the debts of Europe to the United States, or of Germany to the victorious Allies, the process of reparations and war-debt payments in the last two years has whisked away from the rest of the world a very large proportion of its remaining gold and concentrated it in the hands of the United States and France.

But that is only half the story. If when the gold had arrived in New York and Paris it had been permitted to play its part as the foundation of a greatly expanded credit, and if all the gold in the world, no matter where stored, were playing its part as a measure of human effort, an important natural reaction would have followed. But both in France and the United States it was found necessary to sterilize a large proportion of the surplus gold. This sterilized gold was put into vaults and lay there idle, without drawing interest, sustaining credit or playing any part whatever in the world's economy. There are at this moment billions of dollars in gold in Paris and New York which is as much withdrawn from world currency and affairs as though it had never been extracted from the virgin rocks of The Rand. Anyhow, an amount of gold has been sterilized which more than equals the entire output of The Rand mines for the last fifteen years. That is what has happened to gold, has distorted it as a measure of value, and has rendered it incapable of discharging its primary function.

Meanwhile, what has been going on in the United States? When I was there a little more than two years ago, the securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange, including the Curb and Bond markets, were valued at nearly ninety billion dollars. Today they are valued at about twenty. I am not going to deny or palliate for a moment the excessive speculation and wild forcing up of values which characterized the earlier part of 1929. Undoubtedly in the United States and other countries we overran the piper, and a period of severe correction and adjusting was at hand for all. This would have been hard to bear in any case. It would have meant an enormous amount of suffering to many classes in many lands. But what has made this period of correction unendurable and possibly even fatal (for the tale is not yet told) has been the fact that, in addition to the correction and writing-down of wild speculation, there has been the horrible undertow of deflation due to the automatic sequestration and hoarding of gold.

We have to account for the loss of seventy billions in the nominal values of American securities. Even if you assign half of this to the necessary process of self-correction, it leaves a deflation of thirty-five billions in the stocks of a single country which is mainly due to the artificial enhancement of the price of gold by forty per cent or, in other words, the depreciation of possessions and services in the same degree.

In the face of figures such as these, almost astronomical in their magnitude, can we wonder that even the most prudently conducted institutions have felt their foundations trembling? And in their face do not war debts and reparations assume their proper proportion? Do we not see them as an element in world trade, puny in size, but potent in mischief?

I do not regard what happened in the United States in 1929 merely as an orgy of speculation, for which we are all now suffering a just punishment. On the contrary, the United States in 1928 was nearer to solving the great problem which had baffled the world since its foundation. She had nearly bridged the gap between the consuming and the producing power.

Here we saw the breadwinners of twenty-five million homes engaged in the production either of food or raw materials or of four or five hundred standardized articles, by the most scientific methods and on a gigantic scale. We saw these same breadwinners buying these articles with the wages they received for making them, using them in their homes, and investing their surplus in the shares of the various companies for which they worked.

The United States had reached nearer to the harmonious circle of human transactions than any other community has ever done in the whole history of mankind. They had almost reconciled the interests of capital and labor, and we saw the days when employers were eager to maintain a high level of wages so that their workmen could buy the things they made, and to shorten hours of labor so that their workmen should have time to use and enjoy these things. Labor was itself consciously interested in the efficiency of production, from which it felt itself a direct beneficiary. The United States had got its elbows on the ledge of the greatest advance that has ever been made in human economics.

What of Supply and Demand?

Unhappily, through excess, through errors, through faults which everyone is now only too ready to stigmatize, the great effort was broken. The American people were forced off the ledge. They fell down to the bottom of the crag, where we all lie together in misfortune today; and where the first thing we have to do is not to kick one another.

But the way to world prosperity has been shown and other attempts will be made to follow it. Many a brave ship tried in vain to cross the Atlantic Ocean before Columbus discovered the New World that was waiting all the time to reward success.

It is said that we had forgotten grim laws of supply and demand, as if these laws were absolute, constant, limiting

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factors forever beyond the reach of human control. There is no limit to human demand, and there is no limit to the power of mankind to meet that demand. For hundreds of years, in the Middle Ages, the laws of supply and demand were stationary. Everything worked, year after year, at a uniformly low level, and all the populations lived miserably. Then, on a sudden, wages began to rise, enterprise began to quicken, all kinds of new articles and utensils appeared in the cottages or dwellings of the working people. All kinds of new luxuries and comforts opened to the rich and the middle classes. The laws of supply and demand suddenly began to work on a much larger and expanding scale.

The Way Out

What had happened? A few small ships had come back from across the Atlantic Ocean full of gold and silver, and a gradual, subtle process of inflation had set in. It could not have been the trade of the New World which had refreshed the Old. These poor little ships could only bring spoonfuls of merchandise, and every voyage took over half a year. What they brought was the precious metals which altered, in the sense of expanding, the standards of value throughout the world, and made in those generations expansions in the good living of the human race which have never since been lost.

What to do? In my opinion it would be sufficient at this stage if two or three of the principal governments of the world were to proclaim their intention of revaluating commodities and services upon, let us say, the 1927 or 1928 level; and then if sufficient financial experts were selected and told to devise steps by which this should be done, and the form of international currency that would be required to keep a stable standard of value thereafter, they would not be set an impossible task.

There are probably several ways of accomplishing this purpose once it is clearly defined and authoritatively set forth. Nor would there be great difficulty in procuring the agreement of a sufficient number of powerful nations to a workable plan. If once the English-speaking peoples made up their mind and were agreed between themselves upon a practical plan, there would not be very great difficulty in getting one or two of the others to come in too. In fact, there would be an ugly rush to "join the Board."

The governments of the United States and Great Britain ought through their agents, the Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of England, to come to the definite conclusion that commodities must be revaluated up to the 1927 or 1928 level, and that thereafter sufficient currency must be available to provide a stable measure for prices. If we two were agreed, it would not be long before the Bank of France would wish to be included in our consortium. But, anyhow, our two nations in accord would be quite powerful enough to restore to human society the enormous benefits of which it is now deprived.

This is the One Task that lies to our hand.

It is "Do or Die."

There's always one Witness

Continued from page 16

to change what he had meant to say he realized how much, denying, he would have confessed—"that could've seen me in a place I wasn't at, doing something I never done! You're lying, Tupper, trying to scare me."

"I give up lying a long ways back, Varney, after I found out it was no use trying to dovetail made-up stories into true ones. You can fix up a lie so it'll fit snug into all the facts you know about, but there's always bound to be facts you don't know about, big facts—like this witness that was up on Polder's Hill last night when you were there, that seen you kill Wayne Polder, that'll swear to it, yes, and get believed—and little facts, hundreds of 'em, that you can't figure out ahead and that won't fit into the slickest lie that was ever made up. Hundreds of 'em, Varney. Here's one of 'em."

He lifted the folded newspaper from the stand beside the radio.

"Forgot to bring home the tubes you went down to town to get. But you didn't forget to stop at the mail-box and fetch home the paper. It was you that fetched it, wasn't it, and you had it with you when you got home from that trip to town?"

Varney could not speak. It was Gilday who answered, his voice queerly quiet: "Yes, he fetched it. But what of it, Sheriff?"

"He could dovetail the tubes into his lie, but it never struck him that he'd have to make this here paper fit into it. How could he look ahead and guess that Amos Boughton might get mired down, crossing the swamp, and never put this paper in your box till 'most nine o'clock? How—"

Varney's sudden leap carried him to the door. He darted out. Old Gilday's instinctive movement of pursuit was halted by the sheriff's hand.

"I left Dan McKim and a couple more waiting out yonder," Tupper said. "Figured I could maybe scare Varney into running for it, if it was him that killed Polder. Wouldn't wonder if it was, now."

Gilday stared. "But you know it was him! You know Ame Boughton never put the paper into my mail-box till an hour after Varney claims he found it there. You said—"

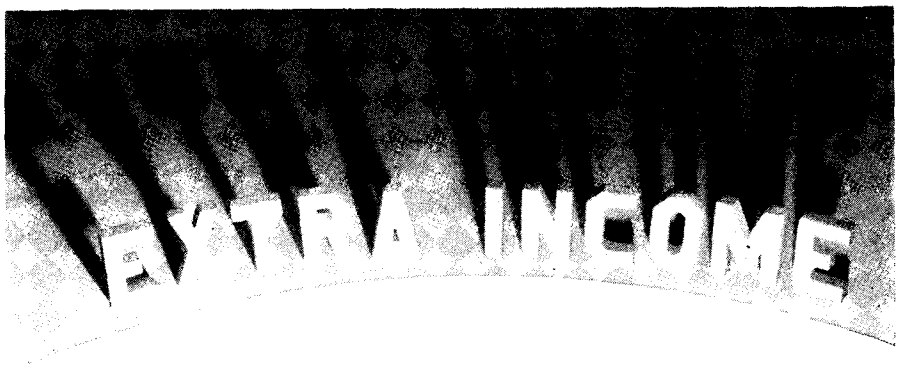
"Didn't say that, Gilday. Only asked you how could Varney look ahead and guess that Ame might get bogged down. I wasn't at your mail-box around eight, last night, and I didn't know whether the paper was there by then or not, so it was easy to figure that if Varney wasn't there when he claimed he was it was one of the things he wouldn't know, either. And not knowing, he couldn't tell, for sure, if his slick lies would dovetail into it. And maybe he might get scared enough to try and run, so's we'd have a chance to prove that it was him. Wouldn't wonder, now, if we could do it."

"BUT—" Hannah Finn's eyes were round—"but you said you had a witness that seen Varney kill Wayne Polder."

"I said there was one. Didn't lie. There's always one witness to—"

He stopped, bent his head as if to listen, waddled to the door and threw it open. Two men were splashing across the dooryard, holding another between them, a man who struggled uselessly in their hands and whose voice, high and sharp with fear, was screaming something about self-defense and not having meant to do it.

"There's bound to be one witness to any murder," Tupper said soberly. "And it's a queer thing how often he'll tell you just how and why he done it."



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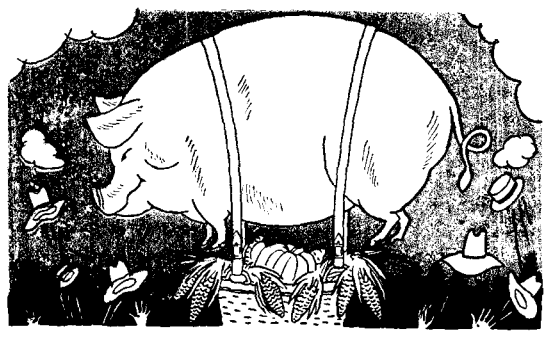


The Friendly Hog

A SMART politician remarked recently that the price of pigs may prove to be one of the strongest influences in the election of our next President.

If the summer's rise in the prices paid for hogs continues until November, unquestionably the temper of voters in the Middle Western states will improve. Already the better prices have brought new hope, not only to farmers but to all that vast chain of interests dependent upon the farmer for a living.

Actually, hogs are one of the farmer's largest money sources, besides providing a most important source of food at home. During the five-year period of 1924 through 1928, American farmers consumed nearly $300,000,000 worth of hogs at home and got a gross income of a billion and a half dollars from those sent to market.

Hogs consume a large part of the corn crop and consequently a rise in the price of bacon means a very important increase in the farmer's income.

Throughout the hog-raising states public feeling is already much happier because of price rises. Bankers are more confident concerning their loans. Merchants see old debts paid up and a market for goods needed now.

So they are cheering the onward march of the hog. Meanwhile Democrats and Republicans look on with interest, not to say alarm. For who can tell in August what hogs will do in November?

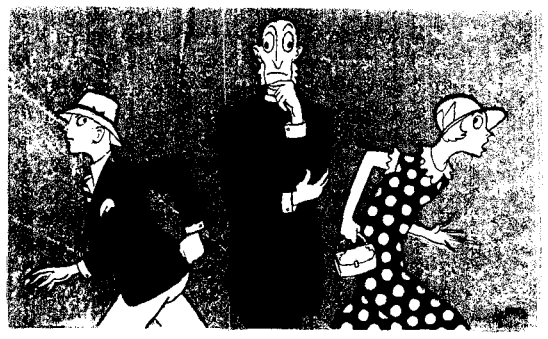
The Marriage Business

LIKE all important human activities, the business of marriage is off. Last year, according to the census takers, there was a drop of something over six per cent from 1930. This year the decrease will doubtless be even more marked.

Even though weddings are fewer, it is a safe guess that those who have had the courage to sign the marriage contract during these years of disillusionment have chances of happiness and of success much greater than would have been possible in fatter times.

With shrunken incomes and workers more abundant than jobs, men and women inevitably now face responsibilities and obligations more soberly. Unquestionably there are fewer frivolous marriages in hard times. Equally certain is it that those who have undertaken the great adventure have done so with a livelier sense of the need of managing their affairs skillfully.

The making of a home is a great enterprise and it justifies all the struggle and sacrifice entailed. They are fortunate who are reminded by the very times that without effort and good management they cannot have and hold this good relationship.



Happy Days

JUST three years ago the great bull market reached its top. Much strange talk was heard during those exciting days. We had reached an economic New Jerusalem. Riches without work or saving seemed at hand.

If you contrast the conversation you heard in the summer of 1929 with what has been current during recent weeks and months, you have difficulty in realizing that the same people are talking about the same country.

We were then on the heights. We are now passing across the valleys. The conditions which produced the great prosperity, however, still exist.

We have learned by experience and undoubtedly we shall in the future avoid some of the mistakes of the past. But we shall move forward along the same road upon which we were traveling three years ago when prosperity was so generally distributed and fear for the future had been all but forgotten.

Just call to mind the factors which made us prosperous in 1929 and we see clearly how certain it is that these same influences will continue to work for us.

The biggest single factor was mass production. Through scientific invention and industrial organization we had learned how to produce good things cheaply and abundantly. We knew how to make enough of everything essential to life and comfort and to satisfy the reasonable wants of a population vaster than any ever counted by American census takers.

We have not forgotten the technique of mass production during these three years. On the contrary, our industrial technique has advanced. We are in a better position today than ever before to make what is necessary to good living. No one disputes this.

The second great influence behind our prosperity was the discovery that high wages and a wide distribution of profits were essential to successful mass production.

That was a new discovery. The principle of high wages was a break with the past. It was incompletely adopted even in 1929 but it was a logical and necessary conclusion from mass production. We can't have mass production without mass consumption. Mass production and class consumption make wrong arithmetic.

The payment of high wages was interrupted but it has not been stopped. It can't be stopped in a long future.

Mass production and wide consumption made possible by high wages explained our prosperity three years ago. It is as certain as anything in nature, as the law of gravitation itself, that these two factors will again and again make us prosperous.

Good times were interrupted largely by a breakdown in credit. We brought that on ourselves. Times were very good and prospects were encouraging.

So we forgot practicable limits of growth and gambled on the future. Every class of men and women was infected with this fever. It is the fashion now to look for scapegoats, but in 1929 few were immune to the speculative fever. Farmers bought land which they could not pay for as freely as others speculated in market securities.

Credit was expanded beyond all reasonable limits, and so collapsed. Our struggle since has been to restore credit.

This has been difficult, but essentially it is not half so difficult as the working out of the technique of mass production or the discovery that high wages and widely distributed profits are the soundest economics.

Credit is merely faith, and the man or the woman who lacks faith in the productive power of America simply does not understand his land or his countrymen.

It has been difficult to restore credit, because so many far-flung factors influence it. During the last three years, however, much progress has been made in the effort to cure the conditions which unfavorably influence our credit system.

The general reduction of prices undoubtedly has been the largest single influence for making secure future credits. This has been a drastic and tragic process. Prices, however, are so low now that loans made on present valuations are safer than ever in the memory of living men.

No informed person doubts that over a period of years prices will go up and not down. During many years we shall be in a period of rising prices. How soon a particular price will go up is, of course, any man's guess and no man's knowledge, but of the general tendency there can be no uncertainty.

The immediate problem is to correct all those remaining conditions which stand in the way of a price rise and a consequent expansion of credit.

The virtual settlement of the reparations issue between Germany and France was a historic milepost on the road to recovery. That settlement will benefit millions who never heard of it.

If an issue so confused by war passions could be reasonably arranged, so too can other issues even though some are still clouded with political prejudices.

It is not beyond our capacity to evolve a foreign trade and a debt policy which will serve our interests and improve our credit. It is certainly not beyond our capacity so to contrive conditions that farmers obtain prices which fairly compensate them for their labor and investments.

We shall find no insurmountable barriers once we are clearly determined to use our common intelligence to solve the lingering problems. Our guess is that already we have reached that determination and with faith in our future we shall quickly move on to better days.

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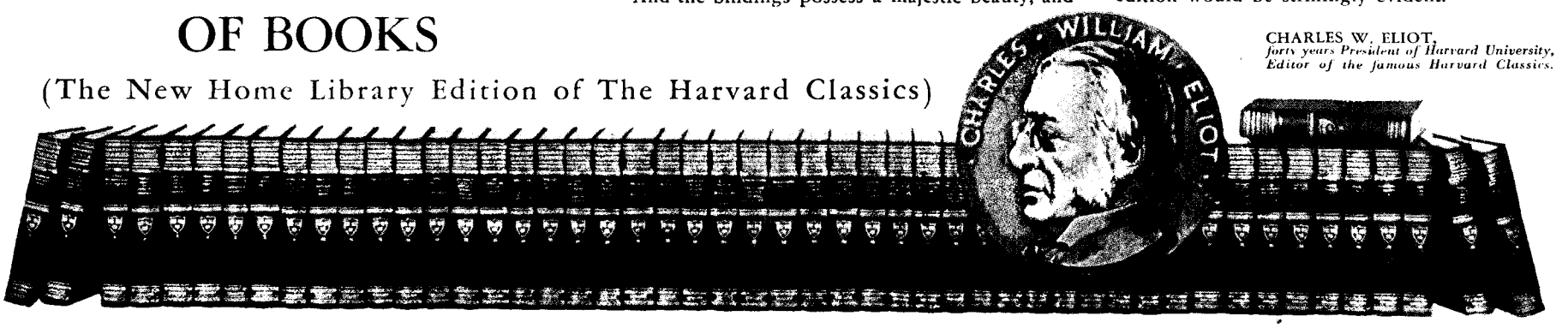

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2,250,000 genuine Frigidaires are now in use

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It's true you can buy refrigerators at lower prices than Frigidaire. You may be told that they are just as good as Frigidaire. Some of them may even resemble Frigidaire. But here are the facts.

Even a casual comparison will show that Frigidaire offers "most for your money." Frigidaire is powered with *two* cylinders instead of the usual *one*. And you can easily see the greater convenience of Frigidaire's all-porcelain cabinet with the Cold Control, the Hydrator, the waist-high shelves and the Quickube Ice Tray.

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